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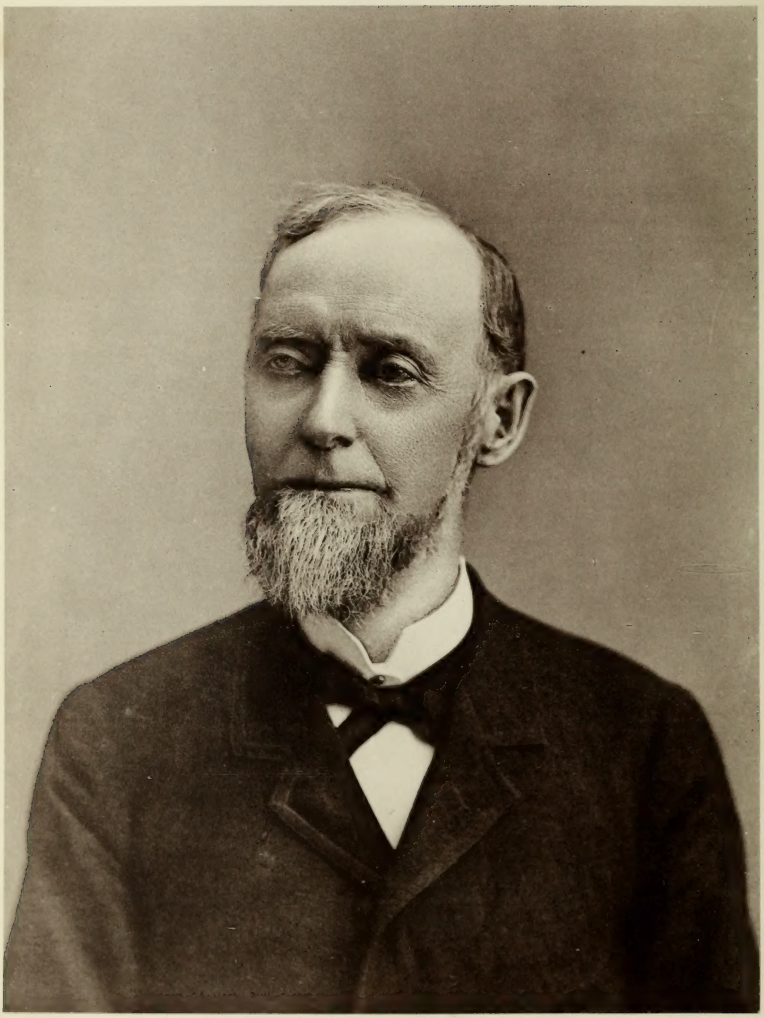

HON. ORRIN POPPLETON.

Born April 22, 1817; died March 18, 1892. Biographical sketch page 340.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

COLLECTIONS AND RESEARCHES

MADE BY THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

Vol. XVIII

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THE BRETT-LITTLE YEAR
OF
FORT WAYNE AND DETROIT

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PREFACE.

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In presenting this the eighteenth volume of Pioneer and Historical Collections, the committee of historians feels confident that it will be found equal to any which have preceded it, in the value and interest of the historical matter here gathered.

This volume is not of itself a history, but a part of the "Collections" from which a history of Michigan may be written. These papers relate to its earlier and later settlements, to the character of the settlers from those of the earliest French to those of the latter days, to the hardships they endured, their character and the wonderful development of the resources of the State through their agency, including the establishment of its schools, educational and charitable institutions, which the pioneers founded and fostered.

These "Collections" are of great value from the fact that the material has been obtained from the actual pioneers, the men who participated in the transactions and helped to make the history.

The committee tenders the thanks of the society to all who have so generously assisted in preserving and presenting the valuable papers published in this volume.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Preface	iii
Contents	v
List of officers elected, June 4, 1891	vii
List of members, continued from page IX, vol. 17	ix
Minutes of Annual Meeting, 1891	1
Report of the Recording Secretary	30
Report of the Corresponding Secretary	33
Report of the Treasurer	34
Report of the Committee of Historians	35
Report of the Memorial Committee:	
Allegan county—*Don C. Henderson*	105
Bay county—*W. R. McCormick*	108
Branch county—*Harvey Haynes*	111
Calhoun county—*John F. Hinman*	116
Eaton county—*David B. Hale*	135
Emmet county—*Isaac D. Toll*	145
Genesee county—*Josiah W. Begole*	146
Ingham county—*C. B. Stebbins*	168
Ionia county—*Albert F. Morehouse*	180
Jackson county—*Josiah B. Frost*	184
Kalamazoo county—*Henry Bishop*	215
Kent county—*Wm. N. Cook*	227
Lenawee county—*Francis A. Dewey*	251
Monroe county	254
Oakland county—*O. Poppleton*	262
Saginaw county—*Chas. W. Grant*	285
St. Clair county—Mrs. *B. C. Farrand*	297
St. Joseph county—*Calvin H. Starr*	298
Tuscola county—*Wm. A. Heartt*	299
Washtenaw county	301
Wayne county—*J. Wilkie Moore*	304
President's Address—*John Harris Forster*	309
Letter from Dr. *O. C. Comstock*	312
Memoir of Lois B. Adams—*A. D. P. Van Buren*	312
Memoir of Hon. Henry Fralick—Rev. *R. C. Crawford*	318
Memoir of Joseph Marvin Sterling—Lieutenant Governor *John Strong*	321
Memoir of Hovey K. Clarke—*Detroit Tribune*	326
Memoir of Gen. Henry Hastings Sibley	328
Memoir of Judge Isaac Peckham Christiancy—*Detroit Tribune*	333
Biographical Sketch of Hon. O. Poppleton—*By himself*	340
Biographical Sketch of Hon. William F. Jenison	344
Sketch of Uzziel Putnam, Sr.	347
Sketch of William Baldwin Jenkins	348
Sketch of Lewis Edwards	350
Twice a Pioneer—*Henry N. Lawrence*	355
Pioneer Recollections—*James H. Lawrence*	360
The Connection of the Pilgrims with Michigan Institutions—Judge *Albert Miller*	374

	Page.
War Times in the Copper Mines—*John Harris Forster*	371
The Press of Michigan—A Fifty Years View—*S. B. McCracken*	382
The old Academy and Seminary the Classic Schools of our Pioneer days—*A. D. P. Van Buren*	397
History of Co-Education in the University of Michigan—Mrs. *L. H. Stone*	415
Pioneer Farming—*A. C. Glidden*	418
Michigan then and Michigan now, 1825-1891—Rev. *R. C. Crawford*	422
Early Recollections—Mrs. *Betsey Webber*	428
Residents of Bay County in 1847—Judge *Albert Miller*	432
The Old Court House in Saginaw—Judge *Albert Miller*	445
Settlement of Williamstown—Pioneer Life—*Wm. M. Carr*	448
Address, to his Wife on the Fiftieth Anniversy of their Wedded Life—*Goodenough Townsend*	453
Early Recollections—*Elias S. Woodman*	455
Childhood's Recollections of Detroit—Mrs. *E. M. S. Stewart*	458
Address at Annual Meeting of the Jackson County Pioneer Society, June 12, 1891-Hon. *Eugene Pringle*	465
Address at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Organization of the Baptist Church at Portland—*Albert F. Morehouse*	471
Poem read at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Baptist Church at Portland—Mrs. *S. M. Williams*	482
Eearly History of Macomb County—Hon. *Warren Parker*	485
Short History of Benzie County—*Charles Burmeister*	502
Some of the Early Settlers of Northfield, Washtenaw County—*George Sutton*	507
Battle of the Bee-Tree at Sutton's Corners, Northfield, Washtenaw County—*George Sutton*	509
An Old Time Murder in Northfield—*George Sutton*	511
Some of the Beginnings of St. Joseph County—*Calvin H. Starr*	513
First Settlement of Sturgis Prairie—*Kalamazoo Telegraph*	518
Early Elections in Farmington, Oakland County—*P. D. Warner*	521
Landscape Paintings—*Mary Foreman*	525
Pioneer Picnic at Long Lake, Kalamazoo County, August 15, 1889	534
Pioneer Picnic at Long Lake, Kalamazoo County, August 14, 1890	540
Our Union Schools—The People's College—The Development of our Second Pioneer Decade—*A. D. P. Van Buren*	561
Reminiscences of Kalamazoo—*Jesse Turner*	570
A Glimpse of Kalamazoo in 1846—*George Torrey*	589
Early Days of the First Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of Kalamazoo	592
History of the Congregational Church of Kalamazoo	594
Primitive Kalamazoo	595
Reminiscences of Kalamazoo as a Colony—*Ira Smith*	597
Our Forerunners. Something about a vanished people	600
Some Beginnings in Kalamazoo	605
Settlement of Branch County—*Bronson Journal*	608
Fourth of July Celebrations at Jackson in 1829 and 1830—*Jackson Citizen*	612
Old Homesteads and Old Residents of Jackson—*Jackson Courier*	614
Annual Meeting and Picnic of Jackson County Pioneers—*Jackson Patriot*	616
Detroit in 1796—*Detroit Free Press*	619
Tales and Traditions of Northern Michigan. Mackinac Island, King Strang the Mormon, and O'Malley the Irish Dragon—*Detroit Free Press*	623
The Murder of King Strang—*Detroit Free Press*	626
A Michigan Monarchy—Sketch of James J. Strang and the Mormon Kingdom on Beaver Island—*New York Times*	628
St. Marys River and Sault Ste. Marie—*Detroit Free Press*	638
The Island of Mackinac—*Detroit Free Press*	641
Beautiful Belle Isle—*Detroit Free Press*	646
Some Lives worth living—*Detroit Tribune*	649
Ypsilanti Academy—*Melvin D. Osband*	657
Edward Tiffin's opinion of Michigan in 1815—*Wm. R. Bates*	660
Why Birmingham was not located on the Jas. R. Cooper Farm—*O. Poppleton*	662
Fifty years continuously in Business in Birmingham—*O. Poppleton*	663
History of Fort Gratiot—*Detroit Free Press*	667
Michigan's Greatest Thief—Some romantic incidents in the life of Silas Doty	676

OFFICERS AND COMMITTES OF THE MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ELECTED JUNE 4, 1891.

PRESIDENT.

John H. Forster ..... Williamston.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

Henry N. Lawrence ..... Lansing.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

George H. Greene ..... Lansing.

TREASURER.

Merritt L. Coleman ..... Lansing.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Allegan	Don C. Henderson	Allegan.
Barry	David G. Robinson	Hastings.
Bay	Wm. R. McCormick	Bay City.
Berrien	Thomas Mars	Berrien Centre.
Branch	Harvey Haynes	Coldwater.
Calhoun	John F. Hinman	Battle Creek.
Cass	George T. Shaffer	Redfield.
Clare	Henry Woodruff	Farwell.
Clinton	Samuel S. Walker	St. Johns.
Crawford	Dr. Oscar Palmer	Grayling.
Eaton	David B. Hale	Eaton Rapids.
Emmet	Isaac D. Toll	Petoskey.
Genesee	Josiah W. Begole	Flint.
Grand Traverse	Reuben Goodrich	Traverse City.
Hillsdale	F. M. Holloway	Hillsdale.
Houghton	Thomas B. Dunstan	Hancock.
Ingham	C. B. Stebbins	Lansing.
Ionia	A. F. Morehouse	Ionia.
Iosco	Otis E. M. Cutcheon	Oscoda.
Jackson	Josiah B. Frost	Jackson.
Kalamazoo	Henry Bishop	Kalamazoo.

Kent	William N. Cook	Grand Rapids.
Lapeer	Joshua Manwaring	Lapeer.
Lenawee	Francis A. Dewey	Cambridge.
Livingston	Chas. M. Wood	Anderson.
Macomb	Harvey Mellen	Romeo.
Manistee	T. J. Ramsdell	Manistee.
Marquette	Peter White	Marquette.
Montcalm	J. P. Shoemaker	Amsden.
Menominee	James A. Crozier	Menominee.
Muskegon	Henry H. Holt	Muskegon.
Oakland	O. Poppleton	Birmingham.
Oceana	Oliver .K White	New Era.
Ottawa	A. S. Kedzie	Grand Haven.
Saginaw	Chas. W. Grant	Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee	Alonzo H. Owens	Venice.
St. Clair	Mrs. Helen W. Farrand	Port Huron.
St. Joseph	Hiram Draper	Colon.
Tuscola	William A. Heartt	Caro.
Van Buren	Theodatus T. Lyon	South Haven.
Wayne	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Albert Miller	Bay City.
R. C. Crawford	Grand Rapids.
O. M. Barnes	Lansing.

COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

Michael Shoemaker	Jackson.
Chauncey W. Wisner	Saginaw, E. S.
A. D. P. Van Buren	Galesburg.
Frederick Carlisle	Detroit.
Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, *Secretary*	Lansing.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF MICHIGAN PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

[Continued from Page IX, Vol. 17, Pioneer and Historical Collections.]

Number.	Names.	Place of Birth.		Date of Birth.			Place and Date of First Residence in Michigan.				Present Residence.	
		Town or Village.	State.	Month.	Day.	Year.	Town.	County.	Date.	Year.	P. O. Address.	County.
758	Benj. F. Stamm	Washingtonville	Pennsylvania	June	10	1819	Detroit	Wayne	Nov. 15	1855	Detroit	Wayne.
759	E. T. Mugford	Portland	Maine	Jan.	14	1829	White River	Oceana	Aug. 16	1854	Hart	Oceana.
760	J. W. Garvelink	Doetinchem	Netherlands	Dec.	5	1833	Fillmore	Allegan	May	1847	Fillmore	Allegan.
761	George T. Shaffer	Springfield	Ohio	Oct.	9	1822	Calvin	Cass	May 10	1832	Redfield	Cass.
762	Alcy J. Shaffer	Urbanna	Ohio	Oct.	18	1828	Jefferson	Cass	Mar. 20	1834	Redfield	Cass.
763	John R. Benson	Manchester	England	June	5	1837	Mt. Morris	Genesee		1840	Mt. Morris	Genesee.
764	Mrs. Mary Ann (Turner) Shaw	Cazanovia	New York	May	25	1816	Waterloo	Jackson		1836	Lansing	Ingham.
765	Edwin T. Dickson	Wayne Co.	Indiana	Aug.	2	1821	Lagrange	Cass	Oct.	1828	Berrien Cent'e	Berrien.

MICHIGAN.

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 3 AND 4, 1891.

Lansing, Wednesday, June 3, 1891.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in the Plymouth Congregational church, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The president, John H. Forster, called the society to order, and the session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music—a duet was rendered by Mrs. Genevieve Stealy and Miss Nora Towne.

The following officers were present:

Ex-Presidents—Albert Miller, M. H. Goodrich, M. Shoemaker, O. Poppleton. *President*—John H. Forster; *Recording Secretary*—Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney; *Corresponding Secretary*—Geo. H. Greene; *Executive Committee*—Albert Miller, R. C. Crawford, and S. D. Bingham. *Committee of Historians*—M. Shoemaker, A. D. P. Van Buren, Harriet A. Tenney. *Vice Presidents*—O. Poppleton, C. B. Stebbins, A. F. Morehouse, Josiah B. Frost.

The president then read a short address.

The annual reports of the recording and corresponding secretaries and the treasurer were read and on motion each report was adopted and ordered filed.

Music—solo, was sung by Miss Black.

The report of the committee of historians was read by the chairman, M. Shoemaker, and on motion was adopted.

Music—violin solo was rendered by Mrs. Ella W. Shank with piano accompaniment by Mrs. Hyatt.

The reports of the memorial committee by counties, Mr. Geo. H. Greene, chairman, were then presented as follows: from Allegan, Bay, Branch, Calhoun, Eaton, Emmet, Genesee, Ingham, Ionia, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Kent, Lenawee, Monroe, Oakland, Saginaw, St. Clair, St. Joseph, Tuscola, Washtenaw and Wayne.

The reports were on motion accepted and adopted.

Rev. R. C. Crawford (Referring to the decease of John H. Crawford.)—May I say just a word right here. He was my uncle, and yet we were boys together. My father was the oldest of a large family and he was the youngest. In his boyhood he was a small fellow and as full of fun as a toad of warts. He could compose poetry and sing it right from the start when he was a boy, and as an illustration of his ability in that direction I want to give you an instance. The temperance society commenced its work in our township and a Baptist deacon by the name of Hall was raising a barn in the summer, an old-fashioned bent barn, and he had signed the pledge, and up to that date there never had been a building raised in the township of Troy, and I presume not in Oakland county, if there had in Michigan, where they hadn't whisky. We had put together the bents and Deacon Hall said he would raise his barn without whisky or he would not raise it at all. Some said he could not do it. He said he would. The afternoon came and we gathered, boys and men, and the barn went up, but it went up amidst a great deal of hilarity, and a great deal of sport and a great many witty sayings, and when they came to put on the rafters, the last rafter, they turned it bottom side up and pinned it fast, then they run the whole length of the village to try and name the barn. They hadn't any bottle of whisky to throw so they took a pail of cold water.

Well, uncle John, boy as he was, was equal to the occasion, and previous to this there had been an old Christian preacher through our section who used to sing a great deal, and he had got up one of his rhymes and had the tune, and he composed a sort of parody on the old man's hymn; the old man's hymn was: "Unto you, oh men, I call, weeping, wailing, groaning." That is the way it commenced, so uncle John gets onto the building and commenced to sing,

> "Unto you, oh men, I call, weeping, wailing, groaning;
> We have raised a cold water barn for Mr. Hall,
> Weeping, wailing, groaning."

And so he went on through, went through the whole thing—a perfect

parody on the song. When he got through with his song then the question came, what shall we name the barn? Several boys called out "Michigan Drought," and they gave three cheers and threw the pail of water as far as they could throw it, and that ended the whole affair. That is one specimen of his poetic genius.

"Early reminiscences" was read by Mrs. Betsey Webber, of Lansing.

The president appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year as follows: M. Shoemaker, O. Poppleton and Albert Miller.

Music—solo, by Miss Florence Seage, with piano accompaniment by Prof. S. Ganung.

On motion the society adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The president called the society to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. C. H. Beale.

Music—organ voluntary by Prof. Stuart Ganung.

"War Times in the Copper Mines of the Upper Peninsula" was read by John H. Forster.

Music—quartette, a song, was rendered by Mrs. Genevieve Stealy, Mrs. Emily M. Coleman, Messrs. L. M. Sherwood and John J. Stealy.

A memoir of Joseph M. Sterling of Monroe, was read by Lieut. Gov. John Strong.

A paper entitled "Settlement of Williamstown," was read by Wm. M. Carr of Williamston.

The president called for five-minute speeches.

Ex-Governor Alpheus Felch responded as follows: I am sure you cannot expect me to make much of a speech, I am too old for that; but there is another thing about it, we who have stood the brunt of the battle, so far as the progress of the State of Michigan is concerned from the early days down to the present time, are never wanting in something, at any rate, if we are we don't talk about it. The years which have passed since the organization of the State of Michigan, I might say, before the territorial organization, for I was here under the territorial organization, the years which have passed since that time are full of history. They are full of more than that to those who are the ancient regime, that is, who are of that date. They are full of interesting matters of a personal character. I come to these meetings of ours, of the pioneer society. I come because I love to meet those who were in the early days of Michigan, among its prominent and active men; I come because I know those men have performed that

work that is worthy of the pen of the historian; I come because I know the work which they have done, the evidences of the work which they have done is all around us.

I remember the State, I remember it very well, when it was almost all a wilderness. I have passed through this country on horse-back when there was no other means of getting through. I have seen it in its state of nature, and now I see it totally changed. Who has done this work? Who has built up the State? Who has cultivated the land? Who has put the ships on the waters? Who has opened the mines? Who but the pioneers of this country, and is it not due to them, is it not right to say and think that they have performed a most noble work? Not work merely for their own personal interest, not that they have made themselves millionaires or famous men and wearing titles such as British men are accustomed to wear; not that they have done that, but they have done more. They have built up the State from nothing, and they have built it up into greatness. That is what I think of the pioneers of this country.

Mr. President what is history? What is it but that which tells of what pioneers have done? What is it but that which tells how nations have been built? What is it but that which tells us of those men who have not been merely warriors—for that is an inferior matter in my opinion—but of those men who have done better and nobler work by building up nations and advancing the cause of humanity, of the education of the public, of the enjoyment of the people of a country. If we were to lack historians, and I think the society which is now assembled —I think we might call them the historians of the country—where is the history written of these forty or fifty or sixty or seventy years of this country? It is written in the hearts, it is written in the memory of these men who are the pioneers of the country. They know the circumstances of it from beginning to end. They know the progress which has been made. They know more than that, the men who have done it. A nobler work was never done by any set of men in any country than that done by these men. We might find the history of the ancient nations, and read an interesting chapter of it (it is always interesting to us) but who knows the truth of it? Where is the pioneer who can tell us today of what occurred in the days of Greece? Where is the man who can remember and tell us anything about Carthage? Where is the man who can give us any knowledge of any of the history of the old nations of the world? All gone. That part of the history at least, remains unwritten. We have, it is true, most interesting history on all these subjects, but every man, I believe, who has investigated these matters, says that a very large propor-

tion of it comes from the fancy and imagination of the writer, or, at least, gathered from mere narrations which are simply fanciful in regard to the subject, but whether it so or not, that is, perfectly true, we can never know when we read a chapter in Roman or Grecian, or of the history of Carthage, whether we read the truth or not. If we read of a man who was said to be a great man and said to have done this thing and that thing, and the world admires him for it, how can we know whether it is true or not? Not so with us. What there is of this history of ours in Michigan has its existence—it is not fanciful, not merely made up for the purpose of making history, but it is written in the memory of those who saw it and knew it, and many of those who acted it.

It is to my mind a consoling thought that so many (although I know they are few) that so many still remain who know that the history itself is a fact, the early history of Michigan, who is able to put his finger on it and say, that I know is true, or, that I know is untrue. Mr. president, these meetings which we have here are, as I said before, very delightful occasions. Delightful I am sure they are also to others who are assembled. We know very well that we are soon to pass away. We may know it without regret. We know that we leave behind us something which we have endeavored to aid in promoting and creating; we know we leave behind us a country here, a State here which has scarcely its equal among the whole nations of the world, speaking of our nationality. We know when we look at our State, we have a State which has scarcely its equal among the great number of states that now floats on our banner, and for my own part, Mr. President, I rejoice that we yet live to see so many of us alive, to see the present prosperity of the country.

We have lived to see another thing which is gratifying to me; we gave the men who are now the leading men of this nation and of this State, our judges, our legislators, and men who now occupy our capitol places, gave the men who are now holding in their hands the destiny of this State. They have all grown up within our knowledge; they have grown up under our eye; they have all grown up under our influence, and I think we may say to ourselves that we are favored that we live to see a time when men of their capacity, men of their integrity, men of their honor, succeed to us who were here at the beginning; and it is gratifying to me to know that this great State is now committed to the hands of another generation—to the hands of a generation who, I have no doubt, will do their duty in honor to the State, and do a successful work in its prosperity. [Applause.]

A. D. P. Van Buren, spoke as follows: Mr. President, friends and pioneers—Gov. Felch's talk has been very interesting to me in the line

of argument, it is so true, the thought. I was thinking while he was speaking that we learn of each other. Way back fifty-five years ago when I came to Michigan we had but few books. I sometimes think it would be a good thing if the young men could be just introduced back to see where Gov. Felch was and Gov. Manning, and the elder of these men who came here early, when they began to make history of this State. It was at the beginning we had poor books; they learned to do things one from another, even teaching school; by practicing medicine we had to act as our own physician; I remember in the township of Battle Creek that my father and mother used to go out and dig roots and herbs to use as medicine, we had no physician, we had to doctor ourselves; if our shoes got out of repair some one had to mend them; we had no shoemakers. This was developing our resources, this was developing something that made strong men, and I think the men and women who came through pioneer days, who are still living, have got the best kind of an education.

I do not believe anybody loves books more than I do. I have spent a large part of my life in the schools, and I learn so much more from men today than I learned from books, that they are my best instructors. The man is superior to books. I learned more from Gov. Felch and other men than to go home and read books. I get history, facts that are true, here from the historians. They have got them, and there is a great deal to do yet. What California was forty-two or forty-three years ago with the gold in the mountains, there it was stored away under large deposits, so it is with the material of the history of this State, a great deal of it is where California gold was forty years ago.

Gov. Felch has within his recollection the whole history of this State and could write it today. I was talking with a man from Kalamazoo about the old chancery courts, a lawyer in full practice, but he didn't know much about it. The court, as now managed, the judge tries the case in common pleas, and then adjourn, dismiss the jury and it will be a court of chancery, and I told him I remembered the day Judges Felch and Manning came to Kalamazoo to hold a court of chancery by itself, which was the court. These things are all unwritten. Gov. Felch has promised me he would write that, and we may get it. It was an age developing resources, an age of instruction, when we learned to rely on ourselves like a Lincoln or Greeley.

Abraham Lincoln had no books or schools; a man who lives in Illinois now learns his grammar. Lincoln told secretary Seward one day as he met the gentleman who taught him grammar in younger days, "Seward speak to him, that man taught me grammar." There was self-instruction, that he had got knowledge that he could use. The man who earns the

most wealth is not the richest man, but he who saves it. The man who has the most wisdom is the man who makes the best use of it.

As I said before, it is good for our young men and women to go back and see what the principles were that actuated the men and women of that day, and what makes them such good citizens today. [Applause.]

Rev. W. H. Brockway said—In the fall of 1835 I wended my way into the Saginaw valley and helped to pull myself over those cow brushes, and among the first I became acquainted with, if not the very first, was the man you now call Judge Miller. We became friends and have always remained friends, though we have not lived very near much of the time, but we had a mutual friend that drove a great drove of cattle into that country and there was no hay to winter them with, but there was plenty of rushes grew through the marshes and low lands. The old gentleman—whose name I have not at my finger's end at this moment, but I remember the man well—I would like to have Judge Miller tell us. I think it would be a splendid reminiscence to hear how he got that drove of cattle through that cold winter on the flats and low lands of the Saginaw river.

Judge Albert Miller said: I am not very much accustomed to speak in meetings and some will wonder why in my crippled condition I leave my comfortable home and take my chances in a hotel, to come and attend these meetings. There are some good reasons why. I remember seeing so many gentlemen, so many faces around me that were associated with me in early days. My good friend Felch in 1847 was governor of the State. I was a member of the legislature that year. Before the session was out I had an opportunity of casting my vote for Judge Felch for United States senator, and I have always been proud of that vote.

The nagain, I meet my old friend Brockway; we were friends, but we were both young men and looking forward to see the development of this country, which was a wilderness; then we didn't know what it was coming to, but we anticipated great things and we have seen greater. About those cattle. That Thanksgiving day, 1835, there was a gentleman came to my house who had just driven into the neighborhood a drove of one hundred and fifty head of cattle and fifty horses, and there was not one particle of feed provided for them. He had been in the summer before and left some money with some parties there to put up some prairie hay to winter the stock which he should drive in there, but they neglected to put up the hay and he was there with his stock. He was somewhat "down in the mouth" and he didn't know what to do. He was a broker at New York, Albert H. Dorr, of the

wealthy firm of Tucker & Dorr. On Thanksgiving day he came to my house and insisted on my taking a lease of his farm, his prairie farm that he had purchased, and his stock, and I must write a lease that would suit myself. I sat down and wrote a lease for taking the stock for ten years, and I made this proviso, I would only take what would be alive on the next May, for I didn't know about the winter there and he didn't, and he assented to that. When he went away he left me three hundred dollars to do the best I could to winter the stock. I was only acting as his agent with reference to the stock until they should be wintered.

With that three hundred dollars I bought every bushel of grain and every pound of hay that could be purchased in the Saginaw valley and didn't use up all the money either, and I fed the hay and grain to the stock until the ice was frozen on the bayous and rivers so it would bear the stock, and in the meantime while that was going on I hired some Indians to show me where there was rushes in the vicinity where the stock could be wintered during the winter, on the rushes.

I went over the Cheboygan creek and looked over that country and there was nothing there, and finally I went east on the Quannicassee river about twenty-five miles from where I was residing, and there I found rushes in abundance. I was not afraid at all about the cattle if I could get them on the rushes. After the ice had started freezing I loaded our two loads of hay and had that driven on the ice to feed the cattle on the way, and we followed the river to the mouth and then followed the bay to the mouth of the Quannicassee, and the first night we fed out a load of hay. The first night I passed a haystack at Portsmouth and I fed that to the stock, and the next night we fed the loads of hay and the third night we were on the rushes, and the cattle, how they did like them. They were growing high and green and thick as a mat. And during the winter there was a heavy snow fall, and these rushes were above the snow and the cattle were doing well all winter. I put up a shanty and left two men to take charge of the stock during the winter. I used to go once a week to carry supplies for the stock. I gave orders to the men to go among the stock every day and see that they were all right, and endeavored to keep them tame. When I went down with my bag of salt I would go into the woods where the stock was, get onto the high roots out of the way, spread my salt beforehand and then call to the stock.

They had paths through these rushes where they went to feed, and as they came towards me to greet me and get the salt, it sounded like a railroad train of cars, almost, their tramping over the frozen ground;

and they would come around and endeavor to get near to me so I could handle them and pet them, seemed delighted to see me. They wintered remarkably well, but toward spring the horses, some of them, died; they should have been taken off the rushes and put on dry feed earlier, but the cattle wintered well.

When the ice began to break up there was no way of getting through, and I had to withdraw the camp and let the cattle take care of themselves. On a beautiful April morning about the middle of April, I got a young man to go with me named Benjamin Twamley, to cross over the prairie. We found a way during the winter where we could get across and go fourteen miles and get to the stock. Five miles of prairie and four miles of woods, and five miles of prairie before we came to the woods where the stock was scattered. We passed over and stayed at an Indian camp and the next day we spent amongst the cattle; it was raining all day and rained until Saturday night. We found the cattle doing well, but several dead horses, and we got on a knoll, intending to go home the next day, and we didn't want to go out of our way to go to the agent's camp to stay all night, so we camped on the dry snow, and we spread our blankets, lighted a fire, but the rain soon put the fire out, and about twelve o'clock at night the weather changed and the wind blew from the northeast, and we who have been in that region of the country know what a northeast storm is. But at any rate, in the morning when we awoke our blankets were frozen and we got up and had a scanty breakfast and nothing to do but go home.

We started and got to the Quannicassee prairie, and the rains had raised the waters so before we got across the prairie we went waist deep in the water. Then we got into the woods where it was comfortable, comparatively, and we had four miles in that travel. But when we came out on the Cheboygan prairie, next to the Saginaw river, the ice had frozen so it would bear, and the wind was blowing and snow flying, and we was pretty well used up then. We might have got in the woods and got comparatively comfortable, but we pushed for home and waited until about dusk and we came to Cheboygan creek. We crossed over it two days before on a tree that had fallen, and dry footed; but there was no sign of any tree or any thing else; it was open water running rapidly. I passed along and went a little above my knees into the water, and set up an Indian yell. I don't knew why I did it; I had no idea of any Indians, there had been none within miles of there that I knew of, but I was immediately answered by an Indian in the same tone I made the yell, and in three minutes there was a canoe

came alongside of me and took me into it and took me to an Indian camp where they came that day and made their tent to make sugar, and we went there and stayed over night. And by that means our lives were saved. There was no possibility of saving them without the assistance of that Indian.

The next day we went home. When I got home my countenance appeared like a person recovering from a fit of illness; the sufferings of that day had changed my countenance as if I had been through a fit of sickness. That is one of the stages of pioneer life, and many such I have been through, and is it any wonder my limbs fail me now? After passing through that ice and water that day there was no more feeling in them than in sticks; they just passed along mechanically.

So, Mr. President and pioneers, I delight in meeting with those old pioneers. Many of them I was acquainted with, some of them in some way associated with them in early life, and, as Judge Felch said, a nobler set of men never existed than the early settlers of Michigan. They came here, not because they could not get a living in a settled country, but they wanted to better their condition, to build up something, to make something for the future, and they have succeeded remarkably well. We could not have anticipated more than we see, and I rejoice to think I have lived to see the great improvements made in this country.

In 1847, that was the legislature that located the capitol of the State in the wilderness, I believe, where there was one log house and a saw mill. I advocated the location of the capitol here with all the force I had, because I knew that if the capitol of the State was located here somebody would know something about the interior of our State. Nobody did but the few who were scattered around in the vicinity, know anything about the value of it. But if the capitol was located here to get people in, our State would get settled, and it resulted as I anticipated. And now we shall be here but a little while to see all this, but it is a great gratification to me that I have lived to see the improvements, the anticipations more than filled, of my early days, in these days.

I recollect I used to say in an early day, that I did wish I might see Michigan as much improved as western New York was at that time. Well, it is far ahead of any part of the state of New York sixty years ago, and I have seen what I desired to see. Now I am ready to depart. It causes no sadness nor heartache. I know from this world I must soon pass, and I have hope that I will meet my Savior above, and there meet with friends who on earth I loved. [Applause.]

Rev. W. H. Brockway—At the time I first made my acquaintance with Judge Miller fifty-eight years ago, I was then not arrived at my majority in years, though I had been riding, as some people had said, "riding a circus," two years before I went to Saginaw, and I see men here whom I remember. It is a wonder so many are alive. One of the first men I formed an acquaintance with was the father of M. H. Goodrich, whom I see here today, out in Washtenaw county; then Judge Miller and then Stephen V. R. Trowbridge, and so many more I should recognize if I could see them; but I have no time and you would have no patience to spend a minute to do it at this hour of the night. But I did want to hear, I have thought of it a thousand times, how Judge Miller (not judge then, but simply Albert Miller) how he got his cattle through on those rushes and those swamps; and I don't wonder that the horses died, and it is a wonder the horses and all the cattle and Judge Miller himself did not die in that swamp.

Music—solo by a young lady student from the State School for the Blind.

On motion the society adjourned until Thursday morning, at 8 o'clock standard time.

THURSDAY MORNING JUNE 4.

The society was called to order by the President. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. H. Jacokes.

Music—solo, was sung by Miss Florence Seage.

"The old court house in Saginaw" by Judge Albert Miller was read by John H. Forster.

Judge Miller said—Before the article is read I will read a letter that is just handed to me from an old pioneer to whom I have been writing urging him to be present here, and he sends his regrets:

Fostoria, June 3, 1891.

Hon. Albert Miller:

DEAR FRIEND—I acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting letter, but cannot appropriately reply to it today. My health is very poor from the effects of a severe attack of chronic influenza or la grippe, in February last, from the effects of which I probably never shall recover. Feeling somewhat better after receiving the letter, I resolved to try to go to Lansing and meet you and other pioneer friends, feeling that it would, in all probability, be our last meeting. With this

idea in mind I addressed a postal to each of the survivors of the legislature of 1847, so far as I knew of them, and with the aid of information contained in your letter, expressing a hope that I might meet them there. This is now especially to request that should any of them be pesent you will inform them of my regrets in not being able to attend, and tell them that our anticipated union will probably have to be deferred until we have crossed the Great Divide.

Yours as ever,

ENOS GOODRICH.

Mr. Goodrich has always taken a deep interest in all pioneer matters although he has not been present at all the meetings, but would be very glad to be here, but it is not likely, from the tone of his letter, that he will ever be present with us. And so they are passing away.

"Pioneer Farming," by A. G. Glidden, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Mr. C. B. Stebbins—The reading of the paper reminds me of an amusing circumstance that occurred in 1840, coming up the lake on a steamer. There was a man aboard who was a minister, I believe. He was one of that sort of men that Josh Billings described as knowing a great many things that ain't so, told a great many stories and knew everything that needed to be known in this world, at any rate. And he was very anxious to impress any information that he possessed more than other men, upon the passengers, and he was therefore very active and social and told a great many stories, so that the passengers came to look on him as rather an intellectual crank, and teased him and made fun of him. At length he hit on this theme, and wanted to inform the travelers how they broke up ground in Michigan, and went on to describe and told how many yoke of cattle (doubling the actual number), and told what immense roots they got over, and the plows went right through the roots, and he got wound up to an enthusiastic pitch and someone asked "How did they do when they came to a big log?" He says "They went right through it."

Music—solo, "Bonnie Dundee," was sung by Mrs. Genevieve Stealy.

"Pioneer Recollections" by James H. Lawrence was read by Henry N. Lawrence.

Memorial of the life and death of Henry Fralick, Presidsnt of the Society from June 1885 to June 1886, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Rev. R. C. Crawford said—I also have a very brief letter sent me by the Hon. Harvey J. Hollister, cashier of the old national bank, giving an expression of his feelings, and I read it because it seconds or corroborates the statements I have made.

"DEAR MR. CRAWFORD—I find on reviewing a history of Mr. Fralick as given in the history of Grand Rapids, that the two principal points in his history that I had in mind, are quite freely covered, viz.: His great activity, always a busy man and his usefulness. I am confident that our city has never enjoyed the presence of a busier man, or one more useful in many ways.

"He was always willing to help along a good cause either in church or State. He never failed to put his shoulder to the wheel in a crisis. He was the first at church, the first at school meetings, the first at the poles, and the first at the fire, and the last man to go home from either of those places so long as he could be of any service. He was an honest man through and through. He was a loyal man. He hated a traitor, and no more active man could be found in the dark days of the war to assist the government in sustaining the Union. Those of us who are left of those who lived in those days, will never cease to be grateful to Mr. Fralick for his strong words of encouragement and active co-operation in the times that tried men's souls.

"HARVEY J. HOLLISTER."

Judge Miller—I wish to say one word in confirmation of what has been said of Mr. Fralick. I made my acquaintance with him in the legislature of 1847 in Detroit; he was chairman of the committee on schools and I was a member of that committee, and I was so struck with Mr. Fralick's integrity and strict justice between applicants for fees, etc., and the State, that I always admired him, and we have always had a friendly acquaintance, and there is no man I estimate more highly than Mr. Fralick, knowing him to be a man of perfect integrity.

Mr. Shoemaker—I was associated with Mr. Fralick a great many years on the executive committee of the State agricultural society. I was also associated with him for a number of years as a member of the committee of this society, and in either place there was no man who was more affected in the work or who rendered better service, or who was more highly thought of than was Henry Fralick. He was president of the State agricultural society at one time, and also president of this society, and was always active in the work of both.

Mr. Elias Woodman—I should do myself a great injustice to allow this occasion to pass and not pay my tribute of respect to a man whom I had been intimately acquainted with and connected with for over fifty years. I formed Mr. Fralick's acquaintance in the village of Plymouth over fifty years ago. I have done business with him as a merchant and I have done business with him politically. I knew him

intimately. We have spent hours and hours canvassing and discussing this question in relation to our public men being swept off by myriads by the demon intemperance. Knowing his political life and the temptations that beset him, I have often asked him "How have you survived?" "Simply by saying an emphatic no."

In 1850, as has been stated, I sat eighty days in the old capitol with him, as a member of the constitutional convention. There, as in the legislature, he was for the greatest good for the greatest number; strictly honest; under no circumstance would he sacrifice principle for policy. If it was right Henry Fralick's voice, his pen and his vote was always cast on the side of right.

I cannot, in my business relations with people of the State of Michigan, which has been extensive for fifty years, call to mind a man whom I think filled all the requirements of what constitutes a noble man, a man of honor, the noblest work of God, who filled it more in every particular and circumstance, than did the lamented Henry Fralick.

Early recollections by Elias S. Woodman, was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

The committee on nomination of officers for 1891–2 was read by the chairman, M. Shoemaker, and adopted. M. Shoemaker presented the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That the manuscript of all volumes of the Collections of this society shall, after being prepared, be submitted to and approved by the executive committee and committee of historians of this society before publication, and shall be printed as approved by them.

Music—solo, "Coming Thro' the Rye," Miss Nora Towne.

Mr. Woodman—As I shall not be present at the afternoon or evening session, and as there has been a change made in the officers of this society, our esteemed recording secretary has been changed after seventeen faithful reports, I move you a vote of thanks. It is poor pay, but it is better than nothing, to Mrs. Tenney for her faithful, impartial and noble discharge of her duty to this body of pioneers, during the time she has served it.

Mr. Shoemaker—In seconding that motion it may perhaps be proper to make an explanation to this society why this change was made. Mrs. Tenney while State Librarian and one of the officers of the society, as such could not draw pay, for the law expressly declares no officer of the society should draw pay. Mrs. Tenney desired to continue in the work she had done, but she felt she could not do so without pay, and it would have been wrong in the society to have asked her to do so, and, accordingly, with her consent and the approval of all the old

members of the committee, the change was made by which Mrs. Tenney will, under the rules adopted by the society, and under a resolution of the society, be appointed secretary of the committee of historians and, as such, paid hereafter for her work. The change has been made for the purpose of aiding Mrs. Tenney, and not for the purpose of removing her from office.

Mr. Woodman—I agree, and yet I am enlightened in a matter I was ignorant of. I supposed Mrs. Tenney did receive a small remuneration from this society. That being the fact, I agree with the committee that made the nomination, but at the same time, I consider the resolution as yet in order.

Mr. Shoemaker—I second it most heartily. The vote of thanks was carried unanimously.

Mr. Goodnough Townsend read an original poem addressed to his wife on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

On motion the society adjourned until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The president called the society to order and prayer was offered by Rev. L. Grosenbaugh.

Muisc—solo was rendered by Miss Black.

"Twice a Pioneer," or sketch of the life of Joseph William Lawrence was read by Henry N. Lawrence.

"The Old Academy and Seminary, the classic schools of our Pioneer Days" was read by A. D. P. Van Buren.

Pioneer Historical Poem was read by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music—duet by Mrs. Genevieve Stealy and Mrs. Emily M. Coleman.

Speech by Mr. Cornelius O'Flynn of Detroit.

Music—violin solo, Miss Mae Sipley.

Five minute speeches by pioneers present.

Mr. J. S. Cobb—Mr. President and fellow pioneers, it would be hardly fair not to respond to a call of this kind under the circumstances. It seems on this occasion it is a usage, and perhaps a very proper and suitable one, to refer to one's personal history and those periods in regard to pioneer life. In doing so I may state that something more than sixty years ago my father, a New England manufacturer, through the misfortune of losing his property, determined to go to the far west and seek a home. He was born and reared and did business,

until this resolution was reached, in that New England state known as the nutmeg State.

I remember that he departed some time in August, 1830, going by the way of the Connecticut river, the Hudson river and the Erie canal, over which we followed for more than a week, to Buffalo. As I remember we were three days on Lake Erie. And on the morning of the fourth day we reached Detroit and hired a lumber wagon. My father's family, consisting of a wife and six children, and his earthly possessions were all taken as far west as Ypsilanti on that day. A house and room was hired there and a cow bought, and provisions supplied for the family until my father should go west and seek some place for his future home.

I think, as I remember, he was gone about three or four weeks, and on his return he was driving two yoke of cattle behind which was drawn a wagon, the cattle and wagon which he had bought out at Prairie Ronde; and after disposing of little affairs there at Ypsilanti we started in that lumber wagon with the family, for Schoolcraft, two weeks on the road, and as I remember, there was no houses for sixty miles, no bridges and none of the evidences of civilization except a little road very little traveled.

I was at that age when I held little responsibility in the matter of labor, my wants were supplied and I had little to care for except to help to drive that cow. I know we reached a place where Marshall is now situated, and there was one little circumstance that helps me remember getting there. We found two men cutting the first tree to build a log house; they had found a bee tree, dug out what we recognize as the sap and the first taste of honey I had ever known was there, and I remember it as a boy then only eight years old. As I remember we traded a little bread. A third man had come there but had gone away to some place, where I cannot tell, to get provisions, and they had nothing to eat except this honey, for which our people exchanged some bread and divided.

We were two weeks getting through to Kalamazoo, and in crossing the Kalamazoo river just about sundown, the wagon struck the bank on the opposite side, and the cattle failed to pull us up the bank. I remember there was half a dozen Indians or more, the first I had seen, and they rowed out in the stream. Sitting on the banks was a friend of my father's and they drew the cattle out of the stream and the wagon remained there all night and was not disturbed. We found but two houses on that side, on that very beautiful place now known as Kalamazoo; they had been built about two weeks. We slept on the

ground that night, and the next day about eleven o'clock the wagon was drawn from the stream by the assistance of another yoke of cattle that we found three or four miles away, and we started for Schoolcraft. The only event I remember on the road was stopping at a colored man's house; a gentleman with a little more color than the average white man. I objected to the kind of dinner that they offered me, which was no less than bread and milk, which should have satisfied any man or boy; the bread had been burned so thoroughly, and the crust was so hard, that in the language of the day, I kicked, but as I had had nothing to eat that day I was compelled to eat it or do worse. We reached the north end of the prairie late in the evening, and the only circumstance I remember in connection with the place, was what my brother told me afterwards. He said the man there was very tall; that in the use of one of those common roller towels he always found the top cleaner than the rest, and he thought that was where he wiped his face on.

Judge Harrison had been a resident of Schoolcraft then about a year and a half; he was the first settler of southern Michigan; he was formerly from Ohio, a venerable man in years, and a very excellent man; and so far as I am from home it is safe to say his descendants have not maintained his character so fully as I could wish, as this gentleman here, who has been a resident of our country for many years, could testify. He died a few years ago at the age of eighty-four, a worthy citizen and an honest man.

We remained at the house, for three days, of Titus Bronson, afterwards the site of Kalamazoo was called Bronson; the place the site now occupies was known in those years as Bronson. The only circumstance I remember in connection with stopping there that night, was this one fact, that the bread was baked in an old-fashioned three-legged pot, was taken from that utensil that night, and my brother insisted upon it, and made me believe at that time, that he was the only man who could take the bread out of that pot, for the simple reason that the loaf was bigger than the top of the pot. You all remember the old-fashioned three-legged boiling pot, was small at the top and I was made to believe he was the only man who could get it out. He got it out successfully and we had some of it to eat. We settled on that prairie upon land that my father bought during that three weeks' time he was absent from Ypsilanti. He bought that land in the city of Monroe, not much of a city at that time; it was the only land office in the State, and had not been open for the purchase of land but a few days when he reached there, driving his cattle all the way from

White Pigeon. He drove them by the way of White Pigeon over the Chicago road to Monroe, and from thence across to Ypsilanti, and the land which he then bought has, up to this time, only been transferred through the probate court, and I am glad to be able to say that I own that property today.

My experience as a boy was not of a character that involved the hardships that many have recited here, and that lays in the fact that my age prevented me from enduring much of the hardships that came to those who were older, and the older members of my family endured. My father died within three years and left a family to struggle as best they could. I remember very well when I was able to begin work on the farm as a plowman. It was a plow that has been referred to here several times, with a wooden mold-board. My first plow on the prairie with a wooden mold-board was fashioned, as anyone knows who has had experience on the prairie, to shovel off the mold with a shingle, as that very tenacious soil held on to the end, and not only the wooden mold-board but the metal mold that followed thereafter. And the prairie has not yielded to the plows that were made to work this way, except by the use of the paddles to shove off the tenacious soil.

I don't know but what I have exhausted as much time as I can properly give to this subject, mainly a matter of personal reference to what is past. I can only say so far as Michigan is concered I am proud to believe it is one of the best, if not the very best State I have known in all my travels, and I have visited the coast, the Pacific coast, twice in my life, been east a number of times, and am acquainted more or less with the systems of other states. There is one more thing I would mention, it seems to me that those who have grown gray in Michigan, whatever work they have done, have reason to be thankful that we have lived in just this period of the world's history, for the simple reason that we started on the ground floor of that improvement which has characterized the age, and which has brought forth more advancement in civilization, and in arts and sciences probably, than any other period of the world's history; to have witnessed the advances which have been made, and appreciate them, and recognize them all along these years, has been a source of far more satisfaction, and is today in reviewing the past, than the young men who are here on the stage today and who live an equal period of life, will probably enjoy.

They look about them and see far more than they can appreciate in the way of improvement, in the line of scientific research in addition

to the arts, they cannot appreciate that it has added very much or materially to the wealth of the world. It does not awaken their curiosity; it does not add to their real personal satisfaction and enjoyment, as the condition of things which we who have grown gray in Michigan have been able to enjoy by the constant addition which has been made from, as I said before, the point at which we started down on the ground floor, and the real advances which have been made in this, the most wonderful period of the world's history.

Henry Osterhout—Titus Bronson landed in Ann Arbor from Ohio, and brought one single wagon, three yoke of oxen and a wooden plow to break up. He was the first man who brought potatoes to Ann Arbor—could not get them from Detroit or anywhere. He came there in 1825 and hunted around to find a place, and finally went out on the Lodi plains and broke up a quantity of land for potatoes, and although he had eighty bushels of potatoes you could not buy of him; he was going to plant them and make money out of them. He had made money in Ohio planting potatoes.

While hunting up a place he stayed at our house and furnished potatoes for his keeping. My mother took the eyes out of the potatoes and we planted them the first of anybody in Ann Arbor. He sold all the potatoes he raised, in the fall, except what the Indians and folks took, for seventy-five cents. He went off again with three yoke of oxen and made a claim at Kalamazoo.

Rev. R. C. Crawford—I wonder if any of these men know how a wooden mold-board is made. My father was a sort of natural mechanic and he used to do that kind of work. The plows were made by him. He would take his iron wedge and ax and go into the woods and find an oak tree with the grain twisted around, and when he found one that had the proper turn of the grain, he would go to work and cut away down below and then above, and then with the iron wedge slab off enough of the oak tree that was winding, to form the mold-board, and then with his tools at home he would form the mold-board in good shape into a plow. This is the way they were made. My father wooded the first cast iron that was brought to Michigan, which was called the old Wood patent. A man by the name of Ganung brought on a lot of shares from Lockport, New York, found out my father was in the habit of making old fashioned plows; so father went to work and made several of those but they wouldn't sell; everybody was afraid of those cast iron plows; they said they wouldn't stand anything.

My father prepared one for himself and his brother, who owned the adjoining eighty acres to my father's, and he did the first plowing,

his brother did, with the new plow, and when my father went for it to do a little plowing for himself he had a very fiery yoke of cattle, and when he turned the corner to go in from the main road to the home where he lived, back they started on the run, and they just laid right down to run. He put that cast iron plow right into the road, which was new, the road hadn't got packed down at all, and right in the center of that road was a little maple stump, about six inches through, the tree had been cut off low down so the head team would run over it. The plow went into the roots with such force that a new yoke that had not been worn but a few days, made out of curly maple, was split into five pieces and one ox lamed, which didn't get over it for three months, and the share never budged. And when that was known those cast iron plows of Ganung's went like hot cakes. That is the beginning of the cast iron plow in its use in Michigan.

To think of the changes that have taken place all along these lines, with my brother Cobb, I am glad to live in this age, glad that with these pioneers it was my privilege to start out in life at the period we did, as we were able to start from the lower floor and we have got pretty high, and if we keep going we will get a great deal higher yet before I die.

Mr. A. D. P. Van Buren—Being one of the committee of historians I am always inclined when I attend these meetings to get as much good out of them as I can. Pioneer history is the only history that don't repeat itself. It is said that human nature repeats itself, but in getting the history of the country, the pioneer history, you have to get it from pioneers; when they pass away the history goes with them. Gov. Felch referred to that last night.

The history of the Greeks and Romans, of Carthage and Venice and Genoa, what do we know about their early history? What would Connecticut give today if she had her early history where we have ours? Don't you believe her historians who are eminent men, and writers would be very busy in collecting of all such men as Gov. Felch, whose memory retains, from the first gleanings, all the history of this State from the wigwam to this capitol? Supposing Massachusetts or Connecticut had one of its citizens who had the history of its state, would they not be very busy in collecting all the available material the future historian wants? They certainly would.

California is doing us a splendid work in history. Just think of it, one man gives his whole time to it. California is getting her early history from 1849. What do we call 1849 here? That is not pioneer

with us. We had a pretty good start at 1849; but I remember eighteen-forty-niners when they left for California.

I say, fellow citizens and pioneers, we want the history of the organization of every town in the State, in our country.

A year ago I got the organization of Allegan county, the history of the organization of each township in Allegan county. The history of the bench and bar, and after that we got the history of the organization of every town in Kalamazoo county, and yet we think the pioneer work is finished. Why, it is only just begun in some of the counties. Here is Mr. Shepard of Grand Rapids; there is gold in Grand Rapids to be made useful for material for history. I speak of this because it is true, and that is what this society is organized for; that is why the legislature gives us an appropriation, because it is a valuable work, and we cannot be too strenuous in enforcing this.

New York has a splendid historical society, and their meetings are looked forward to with pleasure and gratification. Ours are good, but we ought to have better attendance each year; we ought to have our best men and women, they ought to be here; the occasion ought to call them forth.

I wish to say one thing in regard to our work. The paper I read today is the history of the old academy, and it is very complete. I can see I have just begun the work. I would like any one who has the history of Ann Arbor school, any other academy, the name of teachers, or anything about schools in Kalamozoo county to give it to me. I would receive it with gratitude and would be grateful to receive any information in regard to the old academies from 1830, down to 1840, or later.

Ex-Gov. Felch—Mr. President, the reference made by my friend Van Buren to Miss Clark's school at Ann Arbor calls upon me to say one word. I knew Miss Clark perfectly well, or, I should say, the Misses Clark, but Miss Mary Clark was one of the most interesting women I ever knew. She was one of the most learned women I ever knew. She was at home on almost every subject that can be found in the books, and not only that, she was perfectly familiar with everything there was in the common matters of life; and I never have enjoyed conversation with anybody more than with Miss Clark. I never knew her to be mistaken but once in my life, and I never knew anything but one she didn't know and that was in relation to a gentleman we had here in this State at one time, who was governor of the State, the territory, Gov. Horner, I suppose the gentlemen present remember him.

I remember Miss Clark called to see me, as she very often did when she had a question to ask and she knew more about it than I did. She said "I want to know if there was ever such a man as Gov. Horner in the State of Michigan?" I said "Yes, in the territory just before there was a state." "Why, Gov Horner, I never heard of him." I says "I am sure you did." "If I did I have forgotten all about him." "What brought it to your mind?" "I have been out west in Wisconsin," and in coming down on the cars a gentleman got on board who sat in front of her, and in the course of the ride they had some conversation and he told her in the midst of the conversation that he was once governor of Michigan, and she thought he was a crazy man. She thought she knew every governor, but didn't know governor Horner. I told her certainly there was a governor Horner, he was a celebrated character for about three weeks, and you ought to know he was, for such a long time as that. But she didn't.

Let me say a word about Gov. Horner. Gov. Mason, as you know, was captain-general in that hard war called the Toledo war. That was just before we became a state, and we all went to Toledo, and I believe that is all the military fame I can ever pretend to claim, was that I went to Toledo. I don't pretend to have done any fighting. I went to Toledo. Well, the Toledo war was rather a famous incident in the history of the country. Gov. Mason took a very prominent part and called out the militia and went with them to Toledo. When we came back we had a sort of review of the troops at Monroe and Gov. Mason made a speech, young man just of age, to the troops. That made him governor of Michigan as a State. He was acting governor of the territory as a secretary. Another consequence that came of it was that he was removed from the secretaryship of Michigan and this Gov. Horner was appointed in his place, by Gen. Jackson.

He came on here and he was not very well received. He was in Detroit but they didn't treat him kindly; he complained the hotels didn't want him, and I believe that is so, and he complained the people didn't want him and that was evident. He spent three weeks here and then went across the other side of the lake.

When we became the State of Michigan from the territory of Michigan, it did not put an end to the territory of Michigan; there was a territory of Michigan while we were a state, but that territory was the remaining part of the old territory which laid on the other side of Lake Michigan; that took him over to Wisconsin and after held fast there as a receiver of the land office in Wisconsin. That is the history

of Gov. Horner that Miss Mary Clark did not know about, and the only thing I ever knew she didn't know about.

Rev R. C. Crawford—I never knew why it was I loved Gov. Felch so well. Old soldiers have a great affection for each other. I was wondering whether you were in that crowd Sunday afternoon when some of the Washtenaw troops came over to our State and wanted to wrestle our men. There was a man came from the Washtenaw troops and wanted to wrestle with our Cal Green. He had heard we had a man who could take down any man alive. They went to wrestling and Cal laid him on his back once, and he said "I give it up."

On motion the society adjourned until evening.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The president called the society to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. R. C. Crawford.

Music—quartette, Mrs. Genevieve Stealy, Mrs. Emily M. Coleman, Messrs. John J. Stealy and L. M. Sherwood.

"The Press of Michigan:" A fifty years' view was read by S. B. McCracken of Detroit.

Music—orchestra, students from the State Blind School.

Five minute speeches called for.

John Strong, Lieutenant Governor—Mr. president and pioneers, I don't think I can say anything to make it interesting to you, although I suppose I am about as old in years in the State, but not in age, as most of you, having been here for sixty-one years in the State of Michigan. I was born in Wayne county within about four miles of the city hall. The city of Detroit at that time was a very small city; I suppose there was as many population as there is in Ypsilanti, but the buildings and improvements were nothing to compare. There were but two or three brick buildings in the city of Detroit when I first remember it. The government building and the barracks there, and the residence on the corner of Woodward avenue and Jefferson avenue where the Merrill block is now. Where the postoffice is was a farm and orchard. I remember going there one fourth of July and picking apples, they were very green but we boys did the best we could with them.

I remember the State of Michigan way back before the time of any railroads, or any roads, except the bush roads leading into the city of

Detroit. I have seen the State grow up and I have been with it. My interest is always with it, always with the residents of the State. I have met with pioneers here once or twice before, and it has been interesting to me to hear the old gentlemen relate back to periods, but never particularly interesting to me to try and relate my own. I would much rather hear the talk. I came to hear, this evening, and not to talk, so if you will excuse me I won't try to talk.

E. T. Mugford—Mr President, ladies and gentlemen, I don't know as I can talk as I have heard some of you here today. I am not a pioneer of the southern part of this State, but I do claim to be a pioneer in the northern part of this peninsula.

I came into Oceana county in 1854 when there was hardly a tree cut north of Grand Rapids, and I followed the section lines through at that time to White Lake, now called, in Oceana county. I went to work there for a man named Ferry, Thomas W. Ferry's father, he was but a boy at that time, and I worked putting up a saw mill at that time and at that place, and at Muskegon I helped put up one of the first steam saw mills that was put up at that time. From that I went on to Pentwater and worked for Charles Mears putting up a saw mill for him at that time, and in the fall of 1858, the land in that part of the country came into the market. It was on the 16th day of August, I remember it well, that I had made up my mind with a few others who were then working with tools with myself, that we would take up portions of land. I remember well when we went up and took our little ax, so we could be there the 15th, as there was a great many had land warrants and were determined to put it on that land to try to drive away the preëmptor.

Quite a number of us went up and selected the land and came back and trotted away from here to Ionia, and there took up land and went to work again. I went over to Chicago and bought myself four barrels of goods. We had no teams to get in to our place, only to lug it on our backs. I remember that fall I got up my little shanty on my land and got my wife and one child and got into my cabin, thinking whether we should stay there during the winter or not. I had to get my supplies in and, of course, I had to be away from home a good deal, and I remember one morning as I left home and went to Pentwater to bring up some goods, some business matter kept me late at night and I had to stay. It was Saturday and I had to stay over night, but just as soon as the day peeped I was up and started home with my load on Sunday morning, and when I got up within a mile and a half of my place there was no road. We had to follow the section line, a trail

we had made by passing to and fro that fall from August, and probably this was about the first of October.

When I got up to my house the door seemed to be open, the bed seemed to be disturbed, but no one there, and I began to look around for my folks, and finally two miles from there I found my wife and little child. The wolves had come around the shanty at night and she got up with her little child and walked through the woods and the wolves all around her. She was pretty scared. She got through the woods and got to our nearest neighbor's. I have lived on that place to this time.

This winter my people have seen fit to have me represent them to this legislature, and today I am glad to be here with you. I have enjoyed myself largely and it has done me good to say the few words I have. I am in hopes I may meet you at some future time, and I may prepare a paper by the next meeting and give some facts about Oceana county. I am president of our society in Oceana county and have worked a good many years to get things started and organized, and we calculate to meet once a year in our county.

Judge Albert Miller—It has become a great State for lumber, and I was one of the pioneers in the lumber business. I, with a couple of partners, built the second saw mill that was ever built in the Saginaw valley, where since there has been milling constructed that has manufactured one thousand million feet of lumber in a year, and I claim to be one of the pioneers of those lumbermen.

In July, 1836 I laid out the town of Portsmouth, which was the first move ever made towards building a town at the lower end on the river where Bay City now stands. What is now Bay City was an Indian reservation. What is Bay City was included in the forty thousand acre Indian reservation. I knew there had got to be a town at that end of the river. After my project was made, to make it appear I was in earnest about it, I commenced making some improvements, and a saw mill was necessary before any buildings could be erected there; and a few days after I laid out the town of Portsmouth there came a man from Rhode Island, and I went from Saginaw with him and he looked at that place and was pleased and purchased some lots. I told him I was going to build a steam saw mill, and he said "I want to be interested in that mill and help put it up." Time passed along and I did not sell much property, but went to Detroit to make arrangements with reference to building a saw mill. On my way—there was no way for traveling except on foot or on horseback—near Pine Run I met this same Barney, this man from Rhode Island, who wished to

be interested in the saw mill, with an apprentice or journeyman who came from Rhode Island with him, and he was a carpenter and joiner, and I said to him "here is a good plan," and made arrangements that he should go to Portsmouth and erect a frame to a saw mill and fit it to machinery, and I would go to Ohio and Detroit and procure machinery for that saw mill.

I went to Detroit and found nothing there that suited me. There was a little engine but it had only power to carry one saw. From there I went to Cleveland to get the mill iron. There was none in Detroit, no foundry that would cast the iron I wanted. And while on the boat going to Cleveland I heard of an engine that could be purchased at the mouth of Huron river in Ohio that had been in a saw mill and grist mill and distillery there, and I stopped and bought the engine. The proprietor was going to send a vessel up to Port Huron for lumber, the man who sold me the engine, and he said if I would have it all taken down and put on his vessel in two days he would take it to Detroit for me. I paid two dollars a day, the highest price for labor, and some worked with one kind of tool and some with another, and some without any, and in that way we got the machinery, all that I intended to take, on board the vessel within two days, and it was started up and was landed on the dock at Detroit. I came up to Detroit and the trouble was to get a vessel to bring my machinery to Portsmouth. Well, I paced up and down through the mud; there were no pavements and no sidewalks; I just had to roll up my pantaloons and put them inside my boots and wade through the mud.

I was two weeks trying to charter a vessel, none could be found, and at last a vessel came in and the captain refused to go out again, and the owner told me they would charter the vessel,—a vessel of sixty tons, the "Elizabeth Ward," built by old Captain Sam Warner—they would give me the charter for eight hundred dollars if I would find the men to man the vessel from Detroit to Portsmouth. I started out to get my machinery there. I knew that Barney would have the frame ready, and I must have the machinery there anyway, and finally I asked him what would be the price of the vessel. He said he would sell it in four installments at the rate of twenty-five hundred dollars for the vessel. I said I would not take a charter, I would purchase the vessel.

I went up town and found some friends who would assist me in the purchase, and went back and told him I would purchase the vessel. He recommended a man for a master of the vessel. I was a stranger

in Detroit then. In the meantime I had purchased about four thousand dollars worth of goods in Detroit to set up and sell in my new town of Portsmouth, and I hired millwrights and engineers and sailors at twenty shillings a day, and hired this captain that he recommended to take my vessel to Portsmouth.

Well, on the 23d day of November, 1836, I saw the vessel loaded with the four thousand dollars worth of goods and other supplies for carrying on the work of my machinery and everything, and they started from Detroit with a fair wind, sailing up the river. I turned after seeing the boat off and went to the livery stable and got my pony and started on horseback to get to Portsmouth by the time the vessel arrived there. From that time it turned very cold. It had been very wet and the roads intolerably muddy, but when they froze up they were so rough it was almost impassable.

I got along and arrived at last at Flint on my pony. My friend said "You may as well leave your pony here as leave it in the woods, for it is not possible for a horse to go through the woods from here to Saginaw." On consideration I concluded that it was so; the whole country was covered with water, and the ice was not frozen hard enough to bear a horse, but hard enough for him to break through and cut his legs off. In all this trial and trouble I had in getting my things together I had worn myself out. I did not feel as though I could walk from Flint to Saginaw; but I was at home in a canoe as if in a rocking-chair, and I purchased a canoe to go to Saginaw by way of Flint river, and I got along about twenty-five or thirty miles down Flint river and found the ice had blocked up the river entirely. I hauled my canoe ashore and put my paddles under it and left it and started on foot following the river. I could see no trail and had to be guided by the river. I came to a bayou, and I could not see the end of it, and didn't want to undertake to go around it, so I waded in, and there was a skim of ice which I broke with my arms as I went along, and at last got across on the other side. I passed along and that night I got to a shanty where there was an old settler lived and I stayed with him over night and he partially dried my clothes, and the next day I went on to the Saginaw river—the river is twenty miles long—and there was no road on either side of it, and there was neither boating nor traveling and I was pretty nearly frozen. I took a course I never had followed before; but I knew there was some way of getting around, and I got across some of the creeks the best way I could and finally arrived at Portsmouth.

I was completely used up, and I thought if I could only get home

where mother was and lie down I could be content. When I got there there was a little log house and the men were working on the mill, and there were sixteen boarders in that little log house and my brother's family and my mother, and it didn't seem like home to me at all. I was homesick, but I said nothing about it. And every day I would send some one down to the mouth of the river. The river was frozen then so they could walk on the ice. I told them to go as far as they could on the ice and see if they could see anything of the vessel. No sign. There was mail then came from Detroit to Saginaw once a week and I would send parties up to Saginaw to see if there were any letters for me, and once I sent up some young men who got belated and lay on the prairie all night and nearly froze to death; but finally I got a letter stating that my unfaithful captain had sailed the vessel to Port Huron instead of pushing on to Portsmouth, and laid up the vessel there, and sent to Detroit and got his family and brought them to Port Huron and was living in clover on board the vessel with his family. That thing would not do. There were all those men under wages and something must be done. The river had frozen so it would just bear for a man to walk on it from Portsmouth to Saginaw. I started on foot from Portsmouth to Detroit to see my parties there, and I got to my brother-in-law at Reed Point, two miles above Saginaw, and then tired nature would no longer obey the will; I was laid up and went to bed and lay there three weeks before I was able to be out.

As soon as I was able to be out and on my feet, I went to Detroit, and arriving there I found a friend had been to Port Huron, discharged the captain and paid all the men and stopped some of the expenses, but there was the vessel with machinery and things on board at Port Huron.

It happened that winter of 1836–7 there was a great deal of snow; excellent sleighing; there was a long period of winter. The idea was to build a saw mill to have ready for use in the spring, so when the sleighing became good I hired teams and took my iron work and machinery and everything I had on board the vessel, through St. Clair, Macomb, Oakland, Genesee and Saginaw counties down to Portsmouth. I paid as high as fifty dollars for a load, and it was a pretty expensive job, and every pound of iron that was put in that mill was hauled by sleighs that way. Mr. Barney had built the frame and done his part nobly, and the mill was put in operation and commenced sawing on the first of April.

I suppose some of you old gentlemen remember the financial crash

of 1836, 1837, 1838 and along there? I was in that. When I got my affairs around there was not a market in the world that I could sell the best market lumber that ever went out of Saginaw river to pay the freight on it. I have lived through it all and I am here today, but I know something of pioneer life.

The President, John H. Forster—I think our venerable friend Judge Miller is composed of tough fibre, it was originally tough fibre and it has been hardened by these privations. I knew about Portsmouth a good many years ago. It was my lot to spend one summer there among the marshes and frogs, and I came away with the impression that it was the vilest country I was ever in. I was on the United States survey, and I surveyed the head of that bay on both sides or helped to do it; I surveyed the river, Saginaw river, up as far as Portsmouth and beyond, taking the topography and the soundings and everything of that kind.

Our camp was established on the only hard ground that we could get this side at the mouth of the Kawkawlin river, on a sand hill there, and the water was so vile we suffered from thirst, and we put up a filter there. We got fever and ague, many of us; I got the billious fever terribly, and was so sick I was finally taken in a boat up to Bay City and Dr. Smith took me in hand, and by dosing me with blue pills pretty thoroughly, brought me out in the course of a week.

There was an old gentleman by the name of Williams at the mouth of the Kawkawlin river and a little Scotchman of the name of Frazier, and he was very kind to us, and he thought we ought to come there and settle. He offered us some things, bread and eggs. Those marsh lands were replete with frogs. We would not have taken the whole country. We measured the land near the mouth, and it was difficult to find land enough to measure a short piece. We were very glad men when we had completed the job and pulled up north and got in pure water.

A few years ago I went to Bay City to attend a convention and when I got to those Saginaws and Bay City, I was astounded at the developments which had been made there for thirty-three years. I had heard much about the Saginaws but I didn't know what the neighbors and those people had done in the swamps. But one thing remains to do, that is, I hear it here in Lansing, that the water is still bad; I hear some of the democrats complain that the water is still bad up there and they have not tasted water for years, and they bring that practice down here and say that the water is bad down here.

Remarks were also made by S. D. Bingham.

Music—trio, "Old Oaken Bucket." Messrs. L. M. Sherwood, M. H. McPherson and John J. Stealy.

"Childhood's Recollections of Detroit" by Mrs. E. M. Sheldon Stuart of Michigan Centre was read by B. F. Stamm.

Music—orchestra, by students from the School for the Blind.

The President said, Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

After the benediction will close our exercises for the 17th annual meeting of this society. However others may feel, allow me who fills the chair, to say that the last two days have been very happy and fruitful days to me. I shall carry away with me to my home most pleasant recollections, and I hope as we separate you may all find your respective, and some distant homes, safely; that God will be with you and keep you until the next years' meeting and for all time.

After the benediction the society adjourned.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

The following report is submitted for the year ending June 3, 1891:

MEMBERSHIP.

There are now seven hundred and fifty names enrolled upon the membership book of the society. Since the last report the following names have been added: Hiram Draper, Asher Bonham, Wm. L. Worthington, Jeremiah H. Gardner, Joseph Russell, Lewis H. Beesen, William A. Heartt, John A. Crossman, D. C. Walker, Wm. S. Turck, James H. White, Daniel Striker, Sarah E. Striker, Hiram C. Hodge, William N. Cook, John A. Fairfield, Joseph Estabrook, Jacob Den Herder, Jesse Eugene Tenney, D. B. Cook, Cornelius S. Barrett, Oliver P. Arnold, Johnston Bennett.

DONATIONS.

The usual donations of books, phamplets, newspapers and manuscripts have been received and the list is herewith added.

LIST OF DONATIONS.

PRESENTED BY THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

Annual report of the board of managers of the society, Jan. 14, 1890.

Annual report of the board of managers of the society, Jan. 13, 1891.

PRESENTED BY WM. N. COOK, Grand Rapids:

An engraving of D. A. Blodgett.

PRESENTED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DELAWARE:

Ancient families of Bohemia manor; their homes and their graves, by Rev. Chas. Payson Mallery.

Diary of Captain Thomas Rodney, 1776-1777, by Cæsar A. Rodney his great grandson.

PRESENTED BY GEORGE H. GREENE, Lansing:

Genealogical. Sarah Ann Budlong, wife of Abel Whitney, Adrian.

PRESENTED BY JAMES JUNIUS GOODWIN:

The Goodwins of Hartford, Connecticut, descendants of William and Ozias Goodwin, 1891.

PRESENTED BY THE HARPER NORMAL SCHOOL AND BUSINESS COLLEGE:

Harper normal school and business college Journal, May, 1890.

COMPILED AND PRESENTED BY THE SECRETARY, F. G. ADAMS.

Transactions of the Kansas state historical society embracing the fifth and sixth biennial reports, 1886-1888.

PRESENTED BY ABEL WHITNEY, Adrian:

Letter Book of the Erie & Kalamazoo Railroad Bank, 1830-1841.

Portrait and biographical album of Lenawee county, Mich.

PRESENTED BY THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

History in the reading circle, by George E. Howard.

Report of the secretary of the Nebraska state historical society for the biennium ending January 13, 1891.

PRESENTED BY E. J. PINK:

An eraser, the property of Rev. Father Köhler, S. J., who was a passenger on the Coburn when she was lost, and is supposed to have perished.

Box of matches taken from the wreck of the steamer Independence after lying on the bottom of St Mary's river 30 years.

PRESENTED BY THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

An address deliverd by Daniel E. Wager, before the society. "Col. Marinus Willett, The Hero of the Mohawk Valley."

New York Home Journal, August 20, 1890. The Lost Ten Tribes, by Gen. C. W. Darling, corresponding secretary, Oneida historial society.

PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR, WALTER R. NURSEY, Escanaba, Michigan:

Sketch of the Iron Port of the World.

PRESENTED BY H. H. HOLT, Muskegon:

Muskegon News, Sept. 6, 1889, "The Anniversary of the organization of Muskegon Co."

PRESENTED BY L. C. STORRS, Lansing:

Proceedings of the national conference of charities and corrections at the 14th annual session held in Omaha, Nebraska, August 25-31, 1887.

Same for 16th annual session held in San Francisco, Sep. 11-18, 1889.

PRESENTED BY THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C.:

Annual report of the board of regents of the Smithsonian institute for the year ending June 30, 1888

PRESENTED BY BUREAU OF INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE:

Walter of Henley's Husbandry together with an anonymous husbandry, seneschancie and Robert Grosseteste's rules.

PRESENTED BY THE WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY:

An address delivered before the society by Prof. Thomas Santee. Notes on the tornado of August 19 1890, in Luzerne and Columbia counties.

MISCELLAENOUS PRESENTATIONS.

Michigan at Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, June 12, 1889. Proceedings incident to the dedication of the Michigan monuments upon the battle field of Gettysburg.

Proceedings of the Michigan press association at the 22d annual meeting held at Grand Rapids, July 9, 10, 11, 1889.

Michigan Manual, 1891.

Michigan in the war, 1861-65. Compiled by John Robertson, Adjutant General. Revised edition,

Record of baptisms, marriages and deaths and admissions to the church and dismissals therefrom transcribed from the church records of the town of Dedham, Mass., 1638-1845. Edited by Dow G. Hill.

Third report of the custody and conditions of the public records of parishes, towns and counties by Robert T. Swan.

Annual report of the Commssioner of Mineral Statistics of Michigan, 1881 and 1882.
Fifteenth annual report of Maurice Thompson, state geologist of Indiana, 1886.
Annual report of the operations of the United States life saving service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883.
Seventh annual report of the Toronto public library, 1890.
Reminiscences of pioneer life in Portland, Mich., by Mrs. Sarah Perrin. Written in 1874, printed in 1887.
State Republican, Lansing, August 27, 1890: "Successful test of the electric street railway cars."

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

The executive committee and committee of historians have held three meetings in joint session since the last annual meeting of the society as follows:

They met on December, 18, 1890, to transact business connected with the publishing of volumes sixteen and seventeen of the Pioneer and Historical Collections.

They met on January 20, 1891. After transacting some business of minor importance, the following motion and resolution was adopted:

On motion of Albert Miller it was

Resolved, That the secretary of the committee of historians take charge of and retain in her possession or care all of the manuscripts intended for publication in the Pioneer Collections until the joint committee shall otherwise direct and another appropriation is secured for the publication of the same.

Mr. E. C. Hinsdale offered the following:

Resolved, That owing to the present lack of money in the treasury, and that while the committee duly appreciate the labors of their proof reader Emily P. Cook, hitherto employed by them, they cease to employ her from and after the close of January, 1891; and

Resolved, That the sum of $25.00 be paid her from the treasury of the Society for said month of January.

Adopted.

The committees met on June 2, 1891, for the purpose of completing arrangements for the annual meeting of 1891.

The bills paid by the committee will be found in the report of the treasurer, and the balance of the work accomplished during the year will be found in the minutes of the annual meeting and in the annual report of the other officers of the society sumitted at this date.

MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY,
Recording Secretary.

LANSING, *June 3, 1891.*

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 3, 1891.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

In accordance with the usual custom I herewith submit my report of so much of the society's doings as has been entrusted to me.

There has been about the usual amount of correspondence during the past year but nothing of a very special nature.

The file of letters and communications are herewith submitted, filed in the usual manner for easy reference; all requiring answers have been promptly attended to, and all donations entrusted to my address have been duly acknowledged.

Notices of this meeting have been forwarded to each member of the society; the leading newspapers throughout the State, members of the Legislature and State officers, also a special notice to the vice presidents requesting them to furnish a memorial report to this meeting of the deaths of pioneers in their respective counties.

A copy of the proceedings of the last meeting as published in the city papers was forwarded to the officers, committees and vice presidents soon after the close of the meeting.

I have to report the deaths of members of the society for the past year as follows:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
25	Isaac P. Christiancy	Lansing	March 12, 1812	Sep. 8, 1890	78	1836
91	Henry A. Shaw	Eaton Rapids	June 21, 1813	Jan. 29, 1891	78	1842
176	Moses Kingsley	Kalamazoo	March 5, 1810	Jan. 7, 1891	81	1830
187	John W. Breese	Kalamazoo	April 27, 1819	Sep. 10, 1890	71	1845
312	Isaac T. Hollister	Laingsburg	Nov. 29, 1801	Dec. 7, 1890	89	1846
349	Ephriam S. Williams	Flint	Feb. 7, 1802	July 20, 1890	88	1815
387	Francis B. Bangs	Eaton Rapids	March 23, 1819	May 20, 1891	72	1828
396	Mrs. Joanna R. Holden	Grand Rapids	March 10, 1800	Jan. 2, 1891	91	1845
400	Peter Lowe	Mason	May 21, 1812	April 7, 1891	79	1834
404	Harvey Morehouse	Lansing	Aug. 23, 1807	May 9, 1891	84	1848
475	Joseph M. Sterling	Monroe	Aug. 18, 1818	May 18, 1891	73	1835
526	Henry Fralick	Grand Rapids	Feb. 9, 1812	March 14, 1891	79	1827
715	George Thurston	Kalamazoo	April 11, 1808	March 19, 1891	83	1818
736	Asher Bonham	Nottawa	Oct. 27, 1808	March 9, 1891	83	1835
754	Jesse E. Tenney	Lansing	July 23, 1816	Nov. 1, 1890	74	1847

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. H. GREENE, *Corresponding Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

Lansing, Mich., June 3, 1891.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your treasurer submits the following report, Merritt L. Coleman treasurer, in account with the society, from June 11, 1890, to June 3, 1891:

RESOURCES.

To balance on hand June 11, 1890		$1,729 88
Receipts for membership fees	$30 00	
" from sale of pioneer and historical collections, vols. 1 and 2	2 25	
" " general fund, appropriation for 1887	500 00	
" " " " " 1888	500 00	
" " " " " 1889	500 00	
" " " " " 1890	500 00	
" " publication fund " " 1890	200 00	
Total receipts		4,032 25
Total		$5,762 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid from general fund:		
for expenses of executive committee	$48 80	
" " committee of historians	60 75	
" " annual meeting, 1890	94 70	
" postage and rent of posoffice lock drawer T with two keys	13 34	
" engraving	16 00	
" filing and recording	61 54	
" proof reading	250 00	
" collecting manuscript	191 42	
		$736 55
Paid from publication fund:		
for printing and binding	$3,906 01	
" manuscript	141 67	
		4,047 68
Total disbursements		$4,784 23
Balance on hand June 3, 1891		$977 90

MERRITT L. COLEMAN,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF HISTORIANS.

1144446

Lansing, Michigan, June 3, 1891.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

The committee of historians would respectfully report that volumes fifteen and sixteen of the "collections" of the society have been published since the annual meeting of 1890.

Volume fifteen has 751 pages, and is composed entirely of copies from papers on file in the archives of the Dominion of Canada, at Ottawa, relating to the war of 1812, and to the relations of the British government with the civil and military authorities of the United States previous to and during the years 1812–13–14.

This correspondence commences as early as 1793, and occupies sixty-three pages, coming down to the declaration of war.

The papers relating to the campaign of 1812, including reports of battles by the officers engaged, the correspondence of the war department, reports of officers in the Indian service, proclamation of Gen. William Hull, reports connected with the surrender of Detroit by Gen. William Hull to the British forces, occupy pages from 63 to 210.

The papers of the same character for the year 1813 are contained in pages from 210 to 467, and those for 1814 from page 467 to the close of the volume. The volume being of great historical value. The committee make reference to the following papers as being of particular interest.

"Extract of a statement of the Province of Upper Canada, sent with the approbation of Lieut. General Hunter to Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, Commander in Chief of British North America, in the year 1800." (Pages 8 to 24.)

"Relations with United States." (Pages 56 to 60.) From General Isaac Brock, York, Upper Canada, Dec. 2, 1811.

"Memorandum to be submitted to His Excellency, the Governor in Chief, by desire of Major General Brock." (Pages 65 and 66.)

"Colonel Elliott to Major General Brock." (Pages 66, 67, 68.) Amherstburg, 12th January, 1812: *Battle of Tippecanoe.*

"Sir George Prevost to the Earl of Liverpool." (Page 87.) Military Posts, Quebec, 18th May, 1812.

"Indian Speeches." (Pages 88, 89, 90, 91.) June 8–16, 1812.

Gen. William Hull to W. Eustis, War Department: "Camp Necessity. Near Blanchard Creek, June 24, 1812;" "Camp at Fort Findlay, on Blanchard's Fork 35 miles from the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, June 26, 1812." (Pages 92 to 94.)

"A Proclamation by William Hull, Brigadier General and Commander of the North Western Army of the United States: "Head Quarters at Sandwich, July 13, 1812." (Pages 106–7.)

Captain Charles Roberts to Colonel Baynes, Fort Michillimackinac, 17th July, 1812: "Capture of the Fort by his forces." (Page 109.)

"Capitulation agreed upon between Captain Charles Roberts Commanding his Majesty's forces on the one part, and Lieut. Hanks Commanding the forces of the United States of America, on the other." (Page 110.)

"Major General Isaac Brock, to Sir George Prevost, Head Quarters Detroit, August 16, 1812: *Capture of Detroit.* (Page 132.)

"Conditions proposed as the basis of a Convention between the citizens of Detroit and Colonel Proctor." (Page 133.)

"Observations by Tanpoint Pothier at the request of His Excellency, Sir George Prevost, &c. &c. &c., on the capture and state of Michillimackinac when he left it." Montreal, 8th September, 1812. (Pages 141–2–3–4.)

"Colonel Henry Proctor to Major General Brock, Sept. 9–10, 1812: Capture of Chicago." (Pages 144–5–6.)

Major A. C. Muir to Colonel Henry Proctor: "Old Delaware Town 12 miles above Fort Defiance on the Miami river, 40 miles from Fort Wayne, 26th September, 1812." (Pages 148–9.)

Major A. C. Muir to Colonel Henry Proctor: "Miami River 2 miles above Fort Miami, Sept. 30, 1812." (Pages 151–2–3–4.)

Chief Justice A. B. Woodward to Colonel Henry Proctor: territory of Michigan, October 8, 1812: "Massacre at Fort Dearborn." (Pages 159–60–61.)

Major General Isaac Brock to Sir George Prevost, Fort George, Oct. 11, 1812: "Capture of His Majesty's Brig Detroit and the private Brig Caladonia." (Pages 164–5.)

N. Boileau to Mr. Joseph Roe Interpreter, La Prairie du Chien: "Indian Affairs." Portage Des Sioux, Dec. 12, 1812. N. Boileau, Agent, to the Great Chief of the Quinibagoes, Souix Portage, 10 Dec., 1812. (Pages 186–7–8.)

Major General Henry Dearborn to Sir George Prevost, Head Quarters Albany, Dec. 26, 1812: "Exchange of Prisoners." (Pages 205–6–7.)

"Instructions for Robert Dickson, Esq., appointed Agent for the Indians of the nations to the westward of Lake Huron. Quebec, 14 Jan'y 1813, George Prevost, Com: of Forces." (Pages 219–20–21.)

Colonel Henry Proctor to Major Evans, &c. &c., Fort George, Sandwich, January 24, 1813: *Battle of River Raisin.* Colonel Henry Proctor to Major General Sheaffe, Fort George, Sandwich, January 25, 1813: Battle of River Raisin; Massacre at River Raisin; Defeat of General Winchester; "Return of Prisoners taken after the Action at Reviere au Raisin, on the 22d January, 1813;" "Return of Arms, Ammunition, &c., taken * * * * * River au Raisin on the 22d January, 1813." (Pages 226–7–8–9–30, 235–6–7–8–9–40.)

Chief Justice A. B. Woodard to Hon. James Monroe, Michigan, January 31, 1813: Four Military errors of the American General caused the defeat of the American Forces at the Battle of the River Raisin. (Page 234.)

Brigadier General Henry Proctor to Major General Sir Roger H. Sheaffe, Sandwich, April 17, 1813. (Page 273.) Sandwich, April 3, 1813. (Page 275.)

"Return of killed, wounded and missing of the Army under the Command of Brigadier General Proctor, at the Battle fought at the Miamis, 5th May, 1813." (Page 237.) Amherstburg, 13th May, 1813. "A Concise account of * * operations at the Miamis." Noah Freer, Esq., Military Secretary, Peter D. Chambers, Major D A Q M. General. (Pages 289–90–91.)

Brig Gen. Proctor to Sir George Prevost, Sandwich May 14, 1813: Report of operations and battle of May 5th, on the river Miami twelve miles from its mouth Fort Meigs. Extract: "*Tho' our attack has not answered the purpose intended, I have the satisfaction to inform your excellency of the fortunate results of an attack of the enemy, aided by a sally of most of their garrison, made on the morning of the fifth inst by a reinforcement, which descended the river, a considerable distance in a very short time, consisting of two corps of Kentucky militia Dudley's and Boswill's, amounting to 1,300 men, under Brig. Gen. Green Clay. * * * After a severe contest though not of long continuance, the enemy gave way and excepting the body of those who sallied from the fort must have been mostly killed or taken.*" * * * * * "*I had not the option of retaining my situation on the Miamis, if it had appeared to me a judicious measure.*" This report is on pages 293–4–5–6. Is very interesting and for the truth of history should

be compared with the account of the same operations and battle in U. S. histories of the war of 1812.

Mr. Askin to Mr. Cameron, Michigan, June 3, 1813. (Pages 310–11.)

Battle Fort Meigs. Indians. List of indian warriors going to Detroit. (Page 322–3.)

Brig. Gen. Henry Proctor to Sir Geo. Prevost, Sandwich August 9, 1813: *Attack upon fort at Lower Sandusky and repulse by the Garrison.* This report is an elaborate effort to mitigate the severity of the defeat and is an interesting historical document. (Pages 347–8–9–50.)

Major Gen. Henry Proctor to Major Gen. De Rottenburg: *Battle of Lake Erie at Put-In-Bay.*

British Fleet "Detroit, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, Hunter, Chippewa, Erie, six sail under Captain Barclay" defeated and captured by the American vessels under command of Commodore O. H. Perry, Sept. 9, 1813. (Pages 377–8–402.)

James Monroe to Maj. Gen. James Wilkinson: on Exchange of Prisoners surrendered at Detroit by Maj. Gen. William Hull, Sept. 14, 1813. (Pages 385–6–7–8–9–90.)

Battle of the Thames or Moravian Town. Defeat and capture of the Army of Gen Proctor by Gen. Harrison. October 5, 1813. (Pages 399–400–2–7–8–427–8–9–30–436–7–8–9–40–1–4–5–6.)

Captain Alexander Mackintosh to Capt. Richard Bullock, on board the Nancy. Hired transport 16th, October 1813. Five miles from St. Joseph's. Expedition to Rapids of St. Clair River. (Pages 412–13.)

Lieut. Gen. Gordon Drummond to Sir George Prevost, Kingston, January 21, 1814: Report "The security of the Right Flank of the Army, and the preservation of intercourse with, and influence over, the western Indians, being objects of the very first importance, it is proposed to undertake an expedition against Detroit, and the Enemy's vessels in that Quarter, as the only means by which these ends can be obtained." Report on the means and manner by which the attainment of these ends is to be accomplished. (Pages 473–4–5–6.)

"Names of Indian Chiefs of the Western Tribes" to visit Quebec. (Page 491.)

Battle near Delaware, near River Thames, Canada, on the 4th of March 1814. Repulse of the British. Captain Alexander Stewart to Major General Riall, Delaware, March 6, 1814. Colonel Jno. L. Breton to Captain Foster, Delaware, March 8, 1814. (Pages 508–9–10–11–12–13–14–15–16–17.)

Indian Speeches. (Pages 558–9–60–61.)

Speech at Michilimackinac, by Lieut. Col. McDonall. (Pages 581–2–3–4.)

Surrender of Fort Shelby, July 19, 1814, Prairie Du Chien, by Capt. Joseph Perkins, commanding United States troops to Lt. Col. W. McKay. (Pages 620–1–2.)

Col. Wm. McKay to Col. McDonall, July 27–29, 1814. (Pages 623–4–5–6–7–8–9.)

Lieut. A. H. Bulger to Lt. Colonel McDonall, Michilimackinac, 7 Sept., 1814. (Pages 641–2–3–4.)

"Capture of United States Schooners Scorpion and Tigress."

Volume 16 has 746 pages.

The historical importance of this volume is of the highest character in the light its contents throw upon the transactions connected with the transfer of the military posts and territory in Michigan and in the northwest, after the close of the war of 1812, and in accordance with the terms of the the treaty of Ghent, in showing the tenacity with which the officers and government of Great Britain retained possession and the reluctance with which each and all of the posts and territory belonging to the United States were finally surrendered; in many cases long after peace had been established.

The correspondence of and with the British authorities relative to removal of troops and the delivery of Michilimackinac and other posts cover near 200 pages.

Following this is the correspondence relating to the settlement of questions arising under the treaty of peace, extending from 1815 to 1819.

That relating to the action of the governments with the numerous tribes of Indians in Michigan and the northwest territory will be found of great interest.

The committee quote the following extracts from the correspondence published in volume 16 for the purpose of presenting in a more condensed form the action of the British authorities and officers in connection with the transfer of the military posts and particularly the reluctance with which that of Michilimackinac was relinquished,

The extracts from the letters and reports of Lieut. Col. R. McDonall will be found to be not only interesting by reason of the tenacity with which he held the post, but even more so from its unique character in the treatment of all subjects to which it alludes. It is well worthy of careful perusal.

(Extract.) PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, an accusation has been exhibited by Robert Dickson Esq. Agent and Superintendent of the Western Nations, on the part of our Soverign Lord the King against Joseph Rolette, native of Quebec, in the words and manner following.

"I charge Joseph Rolette native of Quebec, and now residing at the Prairie des Chiens, with seditious words and discourse tending to excite insurrection against His Majesty's Government, also illict, illegal and dangerous conduct towards the Indians, His Majesty's Allies, and I pledge myself to prove the same by evidence."

AND WHEREAS it is necessary, as well for the sake of the accused, as for the security of His Majesty's possessions in this part that the said accusation should be forthwith examined and enquired into, I have thought fit to direct prior to any other steps being taken, that the said charge be made the subject of investigation before a Military Court of Inquiry; to be assembled for that purpose on Thursday next the 5th Instant at 9 o'clock in the morning in Fort McKay. And for the more effectual ascertaining the truth of the said charges the court is hereby empowered to examine into the same upon oath. Of which all persons bound to give evidence thereon, or in any manner concerned are to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my hand in Fort MaKay Prairie des Chiens the 3d. January 1815

signed A. BULGER
Capt. Commg. Fort McKay
& the British Possessions
on the Mississippi.

COURT OF INQUIRY.

Proceedings of a Board of Inquiry held on the 5th January 1815 and continued by adjournment to the tenth of the same month, at the Garrison of Fort McKay Prairie des Chiens in the conquered Countries pursuant to an order from Captn A. Bulger Royal New foundland Regt. Commanding on the Mississippi. (Vol. 16–Page 1 to 32.)

MEMORANDA. (Pages 67, 68, 69.)

"*Memorie delivered to Sir George Prevost at Quebec March 28th, 1815, at his particular request on Mr. McGillivray's expressing strong apprehensions the Frontier would not be properly established on the troops being removed from Michilimackinac.*

The unfortunate cession of the Fort and Island of Michilimackinac to

the United States by the late Treaty bids fair in its consequences to cut off our intercourse with all the southern and western Indians for the Americans aware (from the circumstances of the late war) of the influence established by means of the Trade carried on by Canadian Merchants and their Agents resident among the Indians, will naturally use every means to prevent a recurrence of this influence, by which alone in any future contest between the two countries, the friendship of the Indian nations must be determined, and experience has shown how much the safety of Upper Canada depends upon that friendship.—With a view to those considerations the question now is, in what manner are we to avail ourselves of our remaining influence—for although it will be extremely difficult, if at all practicable, to persuade the Indians that Government have not at the, Peace broken faith with, and left them, in the power of their implacable enemies—still there must be a remaining attachment, which in good policy we ought to cultivate and improve—to do this, it appears essential that some trade should be carried on with them from Canada, and that a respectable Military Post should be established on the Frontier—at which Post the different nations should receive liberal presents of merchandise annually from the commanding officer on the station. On negociating a commercial treaty with the United States, as they have much to ask for, it is still in the power of Government to make some stipulation by which British subjects may be permitted to carry on trade from Canada to the Mississippi and Missourie, by way of Michilimackinac, and for relieving the said trade from at least a part of the present duties, which amount to about 30 per cent on all goods imported into the United States and Indian country, and which of itself if continued would operate as a prohibition. The protecting such a trade connected with a respectable Military Post on the Frontier would still prevent the Americans from ever alienating the minds of the Indians.

To obtain this desirable object I am of opinion that the Fort should be built immediately on the Line of Boundary and as near to Michilimackinac as may be found practicable."

DOWNING STREET, (Page 70.)
5th April, 1815.

SIR

I have the honor to transmit herewith a warrant authorizing the restitution of all Territory Places and Possessions taken from the United States of America during the late war in uniformity with the

Treaty of Peace signed at Ghent on the 24th Dec. last, a copy of which I also enclose. I am to signify to you the pleasure of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent that you should adopt such measures and give such directions as may be necessary for carrying into effect the stipulations of the said Treaty.

I am Sir

Your most obedt. Servt.

BATHURST

Lt General

Sir Gordon Drummond, K. C. B.

MR. MC GILLIVRAY TO COLONEL HARVEY. (Page 75.)

(*War-1812.*)

MONTREAL, 19th April, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received the honor of your communication of the 15th Instant, with the inclosures, and my best acknowledgments are due to His Excellency Sir Gordon Drummond, for his protecting care of the Interests of the Northwest Company, by giving to that concern in some measure, the means of influencing by their opinions the decision of the officers of Government appointed to fix the station most proper for the Troops to occupy as a Frontier Post, after the Island and Fort of Michilimackinac shall be evacuated, so as to afford the greatest degree of Protection to the Northwest & other Indian trade.

From the moment the nature of the Treaty was known in this Province—this important subject has much occupied my thoughts, and on my expressing to Sir George Prevost my apprehensions that in consequence of the Cession of Michilimackinac—all the Influence of Govts. for the future, would be lost with the Indian nations, he desired I would commit my Ideas to Paper—And as the best answer I can give to the letter with which you have favored me, Conceiving also it will be acting up to the Intentions of Sir Gordon Drummond, I beg leave to enclose a correct copy of the paper I wrote, in compliance with the late Governor's request.

In the opinions given it will be easily perceived that I had more in view the pernament security of the Upper Country, than any present advantage to the Northwest Company, for the trade of the Mississippi, or from Michilimackinac to the South or North, is not carried on by that concern, but I happen to think that the security of the

Frontier of Upper Canada, & perhaps of the greater part of that Province depends on the Friendship of the Indian Nations, and if the British Government should unfortunately lose that Friendship, All the Tribes will be against us. Whenever it may please the *Worthies* at Washington to declare War, in which case no Englishman or Canadian can show his face, either in the *Northwest* or Southern Country—Much good management will be required in the present year to reconcile the Indians to the great disappointment they will feel on being placed by the late Treaty on so very different a footing from what they were promised all along, and as they are not to be spoken to with effect empty-handed—the supply of Indian Presents for the ensuing season should be very liberal & exceed those of any former year—a very early supply is essential & will be anxiously expected by Col. McDonall, for they are bare of everything, both at Michl. and in the Interior particularly. I would therefore take the liberty of recommending that the quantity of Indian presents originally intended should be augmented, and above all that a supply should go forward by the very first trip of the Schooners from Natua-saskie.—

In the article of the Treaty relating to Indians they are supposed to be placed as they were in 1811, as to *rights & privileges*—If the Post of Prarie des Chiens is to be occupied by American Troops, it never having been so occupied before, on our leaving it—I am of opinion that the spirit of this article will not be complied with, for every Military Post established in their country certainly deprives the Indians of some of their Rights and Privileges—if these words were intended to have a meaning in the Treaty—another Post of the same kind, has been established on the Rio des Moine not very distant from the Prairie des Chiens, and also subsequent to 1811.—* * * *

COL. HARVEY W. MC GILLIVRAY

MEMORIAL OF MR. RICHARDSON AND MR. MC GILLIVRAY. (Pages 77-8-9-80-1.)

MONTREAL, 20th April 1815.

SIR: * * * * * * * *

We therefore, being members of the N. W. Co. (although Mr. R. is not an agent thereof) and also deeply interested in the Indian Trade heretofore carried on from Michilinck., which we see is upon the point of annihilation by the late Treaty, if the preservation of Indian rights therein stipulated for, be not meant to exclude Military Posts and Custom Houses of either nation within the limits thereby

secured to the Indians; do most earnestly entreat of His Excellency, Sir Gordon Drummond, that he will be pleased to re-consider the question of delivery of the Post at Michilimc. to the Americans, unless he has an instruction from His Majesty's Government, positively directing the speedy delivery of the *Post of Michilimacknac by name*, and not by general words conveying an implication that the said Post is intended.

In respect to avoiding the giving of offense to the Americans, we know them too well to believe, that it is possible to do so, if they shall feel it expedient to raise or effect to raise a pretext for seeing in any of our proceedings a wish to offend them. The surest way to avoid just ground of offense to them, is to do what is just & right to ourselves and Indian allies, under existing circumstances, for there is no instance of an unnecessary concession being made to the States that did not engender a demand for a greater sacrifice on our part—therefore it is peculiarly necessary to be cautious in giving away to them upon any point, wherein a false step once made cannot be re-traced.

From these considerations we hope that in giving our ideas with freedom upon the interpretation of the late Treaty respecting the Post of Michilimackinac, we shall not be thereby understood as wishing to interfere or suggest any difficulties, that may not be fairly made by our Government, and that would not most certainly be made by the Government of the United States, if the question was reversed.

There are two articles in the Treaty which bear directly upon this point—In the 1st thereof it is stipulated that "all territory, places and "possessions whatever taken from either party by the other during the "war, or which may be taken after the signing of the Treaty shall be "restored without delay &c such of the Islands in the Bay of Pass-"maquady as are claimed by both parties, shall remain in possession "of the party in whose occupation they may be at the time of the "ratification of the treaty until the decision respecting the title to the "said Islands shall have been made in conformity with the 4th article "of the Treaty—and that no disposition made by this Treaty as to such "possessions of the Islands and territories claimed by both parties shall "in any manner whatever be construed to effect the right of either."

And in the 6th Article is stipulated thus "and whereas doubts have "arisen what was the middle of said River Lake and water communi-"cations, and whether certain Islands lying in the same were within "the dominions of his Britannic Majesty or of the United States; In "order therefore finally to decide these doubts they shall be referred "to two commissioners &c &c. The said commissioners shall by a

" report or declaration under their hands and seals designate the bound-
" ary through the said river Lakes and communications, and decide to
" which of the two contracting Parties *the several Islands lying within*
" *the said river Lakes and water communications do respectively belong*
" in conformity with the true intent and meaning of the said treaty of
" 1783, and both parties agree to consider such designation and decision
" as final and conclusive.

There then are two Articles in contradiction to each other, for by Article 1st Michilmc should be restored without delay, as it certainly was taken during the war,—but by the 6th we ought to retain it (being an Island in Lake Huron) until the decision of the commissioners be given as to which of the Parties the several Islands in the said Lake do belong.

Now it is an invariable principle in the constructions of Acts of Parliament—Treaties—or deeds of any kind, that where any articles therein formed are conflicting in their words, the meaning, shall be taken according to the fair interpretation of the Article inserted posterior to that raising the doubt, and consequently the 6th Article overrules the 1st where apparently discordant.

In support of this idea we beg to state that as the Islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy were made a special exception as to the operation of the general clause of restitution therein contained, so in the 6th article the Island of Michilimackinac would have been made a special exception as to the general provision contained in that article about the decision of the Commissioners respecting Islands in the River Lakes &c (Lake Huron of course inclusive) if it had been meant that Michilimc. was not to be governed by such decision.

This is further strengthened by the consideration, that although in the preamble of 6th article doubts about *certain Islands* only are spoken of, yet in the enacting part thereof, the decision of the Com'rs is to be as to *the several Islands* (meaning every Island) *in the said River Lakes &c.* For it hardly requires an argument to prove, that the enacting part is to prevail against the preamble on all occasions, because the former merely gives a reason good or bad, for the propriety or necessity of a legal provision upon the matter in question, and when such provision is made, & it is to be construed by its own language—

But in order to remove all suspicion about the purity of the motives inducing the interpretation above said, as to the right of retaining the occupancy of Michilmc. as one of the Islands in Lake Huron until the decision of the commissioners be had as to the final right thereto—provided such a retention be contrary to positive instructions. Then we

would beg leave to suggest that it may be proposed to, and made a condition with the Gov't or officer of the United States, that the withdrawal of our garrison from Michilimc. after the erection of temporary cover for them elsewhere, shall be made dependant upon the further condition, that the said Island shall not be occupied by any American garrison—and that no British or American Authority Military or Civil of any kind especially a Custom House officer shall exercise any jurisdiction therein from the time of the evacuation by our troops until the decision of the commissioners—In this view of the subject, Saint Mary, and not the Island on the North side of the Detour should be our temporary Post or station until such decision.—We know not of any measure that could have so strong an influence in reconciling the Indians to the Treaty or preserving their attachment to us as this.—

Where doubts exist they should (with such a Govt & people as the Americans) be construed in such way as to err upon the safe side regarding ourselves and our Indian allies, as if this opportunity be lost we shall never have such another in our power.

We hope that his Majesty's Government may have directed some steps to be taken to assure the fulfilment of the American part of the stipulation about the Indians, respecting the Lands whereof they have been unjustly deprived—for if not there cannot be a doubt that the American Government will continue to evade their every part of it, whilst we are scrupulously fulfilling ours.

JOHN RICHARDSON
W. MCGILLIVRAY

P. S.—We omitted to mention one thing highly important to the trade, which is, that if His Excellency cannot delay the delivery of Michilm'c beyond the time required to erect temporary cover for the Troops and Stores—that at all events no American Custom house officer be allowed to act in any shape whilst our Garrison remains there, and we hope that His Excellency will instruct Lieut Colonel accordingly, as nothing would appear in the eyes of the Indians so derogatory to our consequence as a nation.

COL. HARVEY TO MR. RICHARDSON AND MR. MC GILLIVRAY. (*Page 80-1.*)

QUEBEC 24th April 1815

GENTLEMEN

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th and Mr. McGillivray's of the 19th Inst:, both of which as well as

the Memoir which accompanied McGillivray's letter have received the attentive consideration of His Excellency Sir Gordon Drummond, by whom I am directed to observe in reply that altho': your reasoning has failed in convincing Him that the Island of Michilmackinac has ever been considered as one of the Islands "in Dispute" or that either the Letter or the spirit of the article which you quote would in fairness of construction warrant His Excellency in so regarding it, and that therefore He *is not* called upon by a regard to National good Faith, to "restore it without delay" Yet His Excellency influenced by a consideration for your wishes and the obvious interests of the Northwest Company which he admits to be intimately connected with those of the Indian tribes friendly to Great Britain and consequently closely blended with the interests of these Provinces and of the Empire, *has been induced from these considerations to cause an intimation to be made to the officer in command at Michilmackinac, which will have the effect of delaying the surrender of that Post for a period sufficient to afford His Excellency ample time to refer to His Majesty's Government, and* to receive distinct and specific Instructions on a subject which he feels to be of such importance and which His Excellency will endeavor to bring under their consideration in as grave and comprehensive a manner as he can.— * * * *

Lieutenant Colonel McDonall will be instructed not to permit the Establishment of Custom Houses or any Custom House officer of the American Government to act in the Island of Michilimackinac so long as it shall remain in the occupation of a British garrison.

(Signed) JOHN HARVEY
Lt. Col: Dep: Adgt: Gen:

John Richardson, and
William McGillivray } Esquires
North West Company

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO CAPT. BULGER. (Page 87.)

Extract of a letter from Lt. Col. McDonall to Capt. Bulger Comg. Fort Mc Kay dated Michilimackinac 1st May 1815.

The official dispatch from Lt. Genl. Drummond to which I alluded in my last has not yet arrived, but this day an American vessel from Detroit, has brought me a duplicate of the same, confirming the previous report of a Peace, and a mutual restoration of all Forts and Places taken on either side. You will therefore adopt instant and immediate

steps for the evacuation of the Prairie des Chiens bringing with you the stores. The Guns Captured in the Fort must be sent down the Mississippi to St. Louis if practicable, if otherwise to be brought to Mackinac.

The whole of the western Ind. Department will accompany you to join me at this place.

That rascal Cowen, whom you may recollect in charge of Provisions at Nottawaysaga has been five weeks on the road from York with the despatches and has not yet arrived.

The utmost pains must be taken that this Peace should be generally promulgated, and every nation be cautioned how they infringe it, but above let them not imbibe the fatal error, that the supply which is sent them is an inducement to further hostilities.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO CAPTAIN BULGER.

(*War–1812.*) (Pages 89–90–1.)

MICHILIMACKINAC 5th May 1815

SIR

In my letter of the 2d Inst I communicated to you the orders of Lt Genl Sir Gor. Drummond as conveyed through Lt Col. Harvey Dy Adg Genl. for the giving up of Fort McKay to the Govt of the U. States with the guns which were in it at the time of its capture.

Tho' I have not myself yet seen the Treaty of Ghent at full length a circumstance which I exceedingly regret yet from the heads of it as stated in several of the papers there can be no manner of doubt that the Indians are to be put upon the footing they were on, before the war There is therefore a strange inconsistency which I cannot yet account for in the order of Sir Gordon Drummond directing Fort McKay to be given up to the Americans. It may have been the result of inadvertance & not recollecting that it is situated in the heart of that Country which belonged to the Indians in 1812 and is guaranteed to them by the recent treaty, should this appear to you to be clearly and unequivocally to be the case, from no demand being made for it or preparation to take possession or any correspondence upon the subject.

There then can be no doubt that the literal meaning and spirit of the treaty as understood by both Governments is that the Indian Country alluded to shall be mutually evacuated by both partys. In that case you will take immediate steps for destroying the Fort and

withdrawing the garrison, taking care that the guns, gun carriages, and ordnance stores taken with the place be correctly restored to the American Govt. by the best and most convenient mode, either by sending them down the Mississippi or if that is not practicable by bringing them to be given up at this garrison, acquainting the officer commanding at St. Louis of the arrangement made.

Should the nature of the Treaty made (certainly not such as the Indians had a right to expect) excite in them such a degree of irritation and ferment as evidently to endanger the safety of yourself and Garrison, should the Fort be given up to the Americans and such a disposition on the part of the Indians would undoubtedly manifest itself, also in acts of hostility to the Detachment of the U. States troops coming to take the possession & tend to impail and interrupt the good understanding subsisting between the two nations, you will in that case on yourself and Mr. Dickson being clearly convinced of the absolute necessity of the measure, take the necessary steps for withdrawing the Garrison destroying the Fort and disposing of the Guns as before directed, taking the earliest opportunity of informing the Govt. of the U. States of the delemma in which you are placed and of the measures, which you have been compelled to adopt in consequence.

It is of great importance that you clearly comprehend these instructions—the substance of which I recapitulate.

1st. The order of Lt. G. Sir Gordon Drummond must be carried into effect, if so understood and required by the Government of the United States provided that the thing is practicable without committing to eminent hazard the safety of the American Detacht or of your own Garrison thereby having a tendencey to interrupt the harmony so recently restored.

2d. Should the order alluded to have originated in mistake, (*which appears probable from the nature of the treaty*) & the cession of Fort McKay not be required or demanded by the Govt of the U. States, you will then on that fact being clearly ascertained destroy and evacuate the fort as before directed. Should it appear to you and Mr. Dickson distinctly & unequivocally evident, that in attempting to put the American troops in possession of Fort McKay, or retaining it for that purpose, that the safety of yourselves & Garrison is thereby hazarded & that no doubt remains on your minds that it would be resisted on the part of the Indians, & also highly endanger the safety of the said detachment of the U. State Troops & have a tendency to renew hostilities between them and the Indians, the unavoidable necessity of the case will compel you to destroy the Fort & withdraw the Garrison &c

as before stated. The light three pounder, Coln McKay informs me, was solemnly presented by him to the Sioux Nation, and of course must be left with them; they should be cautioned against its falling into the hands of the Americans.

On your march to Green Bay it will be perhaps advisable to observe the utmost caution & vigilence having your Lt three pounder mounted in one of the boats and always ready for service.

Mr. Dickson will of course render you every assistance in carrying your arrangements into execution. I have the honor to be

&. &.

Rt Mc Donall

Captain Bulger
Comd Fort McKay

Lt Col.
Commanding.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO COLONEL BUTLER.

(*War–1812.*) (Pages 92–3–4.)

Michilimackinac 6th May 1815.

On the 1st Instant, I had the honor of receiving Your letter of the 16th April, by the same conveyance, I received the first official communication from my Government, of the termination of hostilities, and of the restoration of the blessings of Peace, by the treaty concluded at Ghent. * * * * *

I did flatter myself, that the immediate Cession of the important Fortress of Niagara, would have been sufficient to evinced the readiness of the British Government, promptly to carry the articles of the treaty into effect, as far as was practicable at the moment and that the example would have been followed by the restoration of Amherstburg I did hope, that in Candor some allowance would have been made for the remote situation of this Garrison, the delay of intelligence, and that the recollection of the entire destruction of the former post at St. Josephs, would have suggested the necessity of time being required for completing temporary Barracks, for to shelter the troops and magazines for the reception of the stores and provisions. An officer with a party of artificers, are now on the way for this purpose. I shall render every assistance possible to expedite the work, but I have every reason to believe, that with all our exertions, it will be near the middle of July before they are completed, and I enabled to remove the Garrison.

I subjoined the instructions of the Commander of the Forces on this Head.

"Temporary Barracks and store houses sufficient for the troops and Stores at Michilimackinac and forthwith to be constructed; a proportion of Artificers are to be sent for that purpose, and when completed, the whole of the garrison, the Guns (except such as were captured in the place and which are to be restored with it) and the public stores, are to be removed and the Fort and Island of Michilimackinac delivered over to any officer of the American Government appointed to receive charge thereof; you will at the same time explain the causes which make it impossible for you to evacuate Mackinac until cover has been prepared for the garrison and Stores." I have already commenced the building alluded to, and also the embarkation of the provisions & stores; no effort of mine shall be wanting to hasten their completion, which, should I be enabled to effect sooner than the period I have mentioned, I will not fail to give you due notice thereof, and to fix the precise day and hour when I am prepared to restore the Island to the Troops of the United States. * * * *

As it is customary for many Indians to resort to this place for their presents during the summer, I beg leave to recommend, that the departure of your garrison should if possible be so timed, as to enable them to land on the day fixed for the surrender of the Island— * * * *

I beg to assure you that you will ever find me ready in the genuine spirit of candor and conciliation, to afford you every explanation you can require upon Public topics, and to strengthen as far as in me lies, the bands of friendship so happily re-established between the two countries.

I have the honor to be Sir
Your most Obedt. most humble Servt.

Colonel Butler
Comg. U. States Troops
Detroit.

RT. McDONALL
Lt. Col. Comd.

MR. MONROE TO MR. BAKER. (Pages 94–5.)

(*War–1812.*)

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
May 6—1815—

SIR,

I have the honor to receive your letter of the 4th of this month

by which you have been so good as to inform me that Sir Gordon Drummond the Commander in Chief of His Brittannic Majesty's Forces in Canada, had on the transfer of the command to him by Sir George Prevost given orders for the immediate restoration of the places taken during the late war, to any duly authorized agent of the United States, but that in consequence of the destruction of Fort St. Joseph, the only shelter in the neighborhood of Michillimackinac, it had necessary to delay the evacuation of that post till some buildings might be erected on the shores of Lake Huron for the reception of the Garrison & Stores, and for which orders have already been given; * * * * *

I cannot but regret however, that any delay should occur in the restoration of Michillimackinac, as its detention by a British garrison may make impression on the Indian tribes in that quarters injurious to the United States which the explanation of the agents of both governments may not be able to prevent. It was among the first acts of this Government, after the exchange of the Ratifications of the Treaty of Peace to invite the tribes with whom the United States were still at war, to St. Louis on the Mississippi for the purpose of concluding peace with them in conformity with a stipulation in the Treaty with Great Britain. Should such erroneous impressions be made by that cause, aided by the misrepresentations of those who trade with them it is probable that some of those Tribes may decline sending deputies to St. Louis and may likewise continue their savage war on our frontiers. To avoid a consequence so painful to both Governments, I flatter myself that the suggestion which I had the honor to make to you in a late interview, of removing the Troops from Michilimakinac to Malden will be acceded to. The necessary transportation will be cheerfully afforded by this Government, and without the slightest inconvenience. The same vessels which take the Troops of the United States to Michilimakinac, may bring back those of Great Britain to Malden. * * * *

I have the honor to be
&c. &c. &c.
(Signed)
JAMES MONROE.

To
Anthony St. John Baker Esq
Chargé d' affairs.

MR. BAKER TO MR. MONROE.

(*War–1812.*) (Page 97.)

WASHINGTON May 8th 1815.

SIR,

I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 6th Inst. acknowledging the receipt of the communication which I made to you on the 4th respecting the prompt measures which had been adopted by His Majesty's Commanders for the restoration of places captured from the United States during the late war—

It has afforded great satisfaction to learn that steps have been taken by the American Government for the execution of the article in the late Treaty of Peace which relates to the passification of the Indian Nations & their restoration to all the possessions rights and privileges, which they enjoyed in 1811, but I cannot avoid regretting that the retention for so short a space of time of the post of Michilimackinac for the purpose which has been stated, should appear to you calculated to produce impressions on the Indians in that neighborhood injurious to the United States, and confidently trust that the fears which are entertained on that account will be proved to be without foundation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be
&c. &c. &c.

(signed) ANTHONY ST. JOHN BAKER

Hon. James Monroe
Secy. of State

GOV. WOODBRIDGE TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

(*War–1812.*) (Page 98.)

Extract of a letter from William Woodbridge Esqr. Acting Governor to the Secretary of War dated Detroit 10th May 1815.

"The British still keep up an active intercourse with the Indians. Recently large belts of white & black wampum have been passing through our country, with great secrecy & secret conferences holden

with those chiefs, most decidedly British. So late as in April, some chiefs were told by the British agency at Michilimackinac, that the peace was but for a short time, that the Indians must still grasp firmly the tomahawk and be ready at the moment. Cadot (the same British agent who is known to have offered money for the scalps of Chadonai and Vrinice) is stated recently to have told the Indians that the fortifications at Michilimackinac were all in a situation to be blown up, if at any time the Americans should go there, and that the peace was but an artifice. Much information of this tenor is passing among the Indians, and from time to time is reported to be, of little importance in itself but taken in the aggregate of a tendency, at all events, to show the general temper of the savages, that general temper which I have most reluctantly been endeavoring to advise you of.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER.

(*War–1812.*) (Pages 103–4–5.)

MICHILIMACKINAC 15th May 1815.

SIR,

Your dispatch of the 11th of March, containing, for us, the highly important intelligence of Peace being concluded between Great Britain & the United States of America, reached me at this place on the Eleventh of this month! !—

By it, for the *first time*, I was enabled to peruse the treaty at full length, it is to me a matter of great regret that I did not receive it sooner, as I have, till now, been in doubt as to several matters of much delicacy & importance. I leave you to judge whether the Indian Department at *York* entrusted *such* a despatch to *proper hands*, when I inform you, that the persons who took down my Letters in March, left that place *Thirty* days *after* their departure, and arrived here ten days before them! In addition to other inconveniences, such a shameful & unprecedented delay, might have occasioned (& may have for what I yet know) the loss of many lives.

My perplexity is as great as ever, as to the order sent me thro: Lt. Col. Harvey, to give up Fort McKay & the Prairie des Chiens, to the Americans, as the ninth article of the Treaty affords the most clear & circumstantial evidence, that the great extent of Country from the Mississippi, so shamefully seized upon, by the Americans in *June last*, & from which they were expelled in the ensuing month, reverts again to

the Indians, as it is expressly stipulated that they are restored to all the possessions, rights, & privileges, which they enjoyed in 1811. My instructions and the treaty itself, being at such variance, together with the indispensible necessity of withdrawing the garrison at Fort McKay, so critically situated, I have after mature deliberation, directed Captain Bulger to act, agreeable to the instructions herewith enclosed.

I also see with much pain (from this first sight of the Treaty) that it will be a very difficult, if not an impossible matter, to fix upon an Eligible situation for a new Post, until the Commissioners have decided whether certain Islands in the vicinity of the boundary line, *are within the dominion of His Britannic Majesty or of the United States.*—I have not the smallest doubt, from the usual arrogance & unblushing impudence of the latter Govt. that *every effort* will be made by them to grasp what they can, that both St Joseph's, & the large Island close to the Detour (the most westerly of the Manitoulin Islands) which appeared to me very eligible for a New Post, & apparently possessing the rare recommendations of a good harbor (will be claimed by them, & that at least a Year will elapse before they come to a determination.

I also cannot disguise my fears, judging from what has passed, that the places alluded to, will also be given up. *If so, it will retire us out of the reach of the Indians altogether, & give the finishing blow to whatever influence we yet possess amongst them.* I conceive it to be of the utmost consequence, that His Majesty's Government, should be early apprized of this important circumstance. The surrender of *this* most important Island, the Key to the whole western country, & which they fully expected would have been retained by us, if followed up by that of St. Josephs, and the adjoining Islands, will be *to them* such conclusive proofs of our disgrace, & absolute submission to the American Government, that it would be most grossly deceiving ours, to hold forth the expectation of being joined by a single Indian, in the event of another war. Their neutrality is *then the utmost*, perhaps that we can hope for, & that is more to be desired than expected. Of this be assured, that a more terrible Enemy exists not, than a numerous body of Indians, *properly managed & led on*, in such a country as upper canada; Instead of the flattering promises, which I was so lately instructed to make to them, being realized, the Whole Country is given up. A breach of faith, is with them an utter abomination, & never forgotten; Dubious of our intentions *from past events*, they have in Council, often alluded to the destruction of their fathers by Genl Wayne in 1795, under the very guns of our Fort on the Miami River, & that so far from being assisted, even the fugitives were refused admittance, to save them from

the indiscriminate slaughter. Such are their retentive memories as to real or supposed injuries. I leave you to judge what their reply will be, when solicited for their assistance hereafter.

I have taken every precaution to make known the news of Peace, & to put a stop to that predatory mode of warfare, which they are continually waging against the Americans. To effect this *entirely* among so many tribes, having such cause to hate that people, need not be expected. The Govt of the United States therefore, will soon have a fair pretext to glut their vengence against them & gradually to root them out. They will probably stop all Powder from going to the Mississippi (when they get this place) without which, these nations must perish in the winter; the slow but sure poison of their whisky stills, will effect the rest, and in fifty years time, there perhaps will not be an Indian left between this and the Rocky Mountains, to plague either party. * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Lt. Col. Foster. Your most obedt Servant

RT. MCDONALL
Lt. Col. Comd.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SIR GEORGE MURRAY. (Pages 106-7.)

(*War–1812.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC, 16 May, 1815.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th ulto; which was delivered to me by Capt. Collier of the Royal Navy this evening. He was at the same time, the Bearer of a letter to me from Major Brock, who informs me, that, "from a conversation "I have had with Col Butler, Comd. at Detroit, it appears that the "Col. in the month of Feby., & again in March last, communicated to "his Govt. his intention of occupying Bois Blanc, at the time of his "delivering up Amherstburg, & proposing to fortify the same, from "the conviction that the Island belonged to the United States. Col. "Butler (he adds) has not yet received an answer from his Govt. but "in case none should arrive previous to his evacuating Amherstburg, "he informs me that it is his intention to occupy the island in ques- "tion with troops of the United States.

Agreeable therefore to your instructions I shall suspend the evacuation of this garrison, until further orders.

I have every reason to believe that similar pretensions will be set

up by the American Government, not only to the Island of St. Joseph's, but to several others in its vicinity of great consequence to us, as probably affording the only eligible situation for the establishment of our new Post, in Fact, Colonel Butler hinted as much to Cap. Collier, & these pretended rights, have before been with them, the subject of frequent discussion. That they will claim them I have scarcely a doubt, and should the commissioners be obstinate, it will be no easy matter for the Sovereign umpire to come to a speedy decision upon the subject. This renders it so necessary that we should be well assured, not only of our right to the Islands in question, but that the commissioners will be so likewise before we finally determine upon the situation for the proposed Fort. Should they also be ceded, *it will retire us altogether from the Indians, & give the finishing blow to whatever influence we still possess amongst them.*

From the spirit & obvious meaning of the treaty of 1783, they are unquestionably ours, & I trust that on this subject, the Government will be inflexible.

The large Island close to the Detour (the passage of which it commands) appears to me from what I have yet seen, the most advantageous for a new Post, but I fear it is one of those that will be claimed. It is the most western of the Manitoualian Islands (and 27 miles in cir. Lt. Worsley (R. N) reports favorable of the harbour, which will be minutely examined in a few days, by Capt. Collier. That officer can give me no intelligence of Capt. Payne, whose arrival at this garrison I have for some time expected. * * * *

RT. MCDONALL, Lt. Col.
Comg.

Lt. Gen. Sir George Murray, K. B.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SIR GEORGE MURRAY. (Pages 108-9.)

War–1812.

MICHILIMACKINAC 17 May 1815.

SIR

From my letter of yesterday's date, it will be evident how difficult a matter it at present is to comply with the orders of Lt. General Sir Gordon Drummond, in fixing upon an *eligible* situation for a new Post, in *our own territory*, at a period when such sweeping claims are likely

to be made by the American Govt., & when some years may elapse before a decision is pronounced upon them.

I have represented this to Lt. General Sir Gordon Drummond accordingly, & would be much gratified at receiving additional instructions for my guidance upon this subject.

In the meantime, the repairs of the buildings at St. Josephs, are in such a state of forwardness, that they will be soon capable of giving shelter to the Troops & Stores, when necessary, part of the latter, and the most of the provisions, have been already sent there.

The Indians whom I had directed to assemble here, for the defence of the Island, are flocking in from all parts. Bitterly disappointed as they are at the treaty of peace, it is more than ever requisite that they should (while here be well fed, well clothed & indulged with their Customary allowance of spirits. * * * *

RT. MCDONALL Lt. Col.
Commandg

Lt. Genl. Sir George Murray K. B.

LIEUT COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER. (Pages 109-10.)

(*War–1812.*)

MICHILMACKINAC 17 May 1815.

SIR

I have the honor to acquaint you, for the information of Lt. G. Sir Gordon Drummond, that Captain Collier of the Royal Navy, arrived at this garrison last night being the bearer of a despatch from Lt. General Sir Geo: Murray, & also a letter from Major Brock at Sandwich.

By the former despatch, I am directed by the Lt. General, that should certain rumors *prove true*, that the Americans, are evacuating Amherstburg, meant to occupy and retain possession of the adjoining Island of Bois Blanc (& of the truth or falsehood of which, I would be apprized by Major Brock), I am in that case, to suspend the evacuation of the Island of Michilimackinac until further orders, notwithstanding any instructions to the contrary, which I may have previously received.

Major Brock having accordingly communicated to me, the avowed intention of Col. Butler to occupy the Island in question with the troops of the United States on the evacuation of Amherstburg I have therefore acquainted Lt. Genl. Sir Geo: Murray that I have suspended the evacuation of Michilimackinac agreeable to his orders.

From some hints thrown out by Col: Butler in a conversation with Capt. Collier R. N. there cannot be a doubt, but that these very modest & unassuming gentlemen mean also to lay claim to St. Joseph's & perhaps the most westerly of the Manitoualian Islands. If granted (which cannot be possible) we lose the Indians, & the only eligible situation for the new post. * * * * * *

I have the honor to be
Sir Your Most obdt. servt.
RT. MCDONALL Lt. Col.
Comg. Mich. & dependencies

Lt. Col. Foster

CAPTAIN COLLIER TO COMMODORE OWEN. (Pages 110–11.)

(*War–1812.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC
17th May 1815

SIR

Colonel McDonall being about to send off an express for York, I avail myself of this opportunity of acquainting you of my arrival at this place yesterday, but find that Col. McDonall has not determined upon any post as yet to remove the Garrison to, Neither does he know how to act, until he may hear from Sir George Murray in answer to a dispatch he has previously sent off; as St. Joseph as well as the western Manitoulin Islands he expects will be desputed by the American Government, some of the stores have been removed to St. Joseph's, but the Colonel does not intend sending anything more there for the present, and has notified to Colonel Butler of the United States Service at Detroit, that it will be out of his power giving up this Garrison before the middle of July.

As I find Lieutenant Winkfield with his schooner here, I shall leave this for St. Joseph's and thereabouts, in her, the day after tomorrow, but fear it will be long before anything will be finally settled for the Establishment of a new post, as the Islands of most importance to us are those that will be disputed by the United States. I shall remain here for the performance of the duty I have arrived for, as soon as it may be determined on * *

(Signed) ED. COLLIER

Sir E. W. C. R. Owen K, C, B
Commodore & Commander in Chief

INDIAN SPEECH. (Pages 112–13.)

(*War–1812.*)

Extract of a speech from Lafrombois to Judge B. Parke, dated May 17th 1815.

My Father,

I am sorry to tell you that the chiefs who were sent with your Speech, to the Pattawattimies and Kickapoos have returned, for this reason, I heard that the British had invited them to their country, and that they were gone.

My Father,

I listen with pleasure to your speech. It would be unecessary for us to go to the Kickapoos & Pattawattimas, knowing they would tell us nothing but lies.

My Father,

You know that the Kickapoos & Pattawattimas told you at Vincennes, that they had sent an Express to their nations for you, and that they expected to meet the express at Fort Harrison. They told you a lie.

My Father,

I believe that the British have sent for the Indians to inform them that peace has been made between the United States & Great Britain.

My Father,

The British sent for us (the Weas) We are determined not to go.

INDIAN SPEECH.

(*War–1812.*)

Extract of a speech from Labossier to Judge B. Parke dated May 18th 1815.

My Father,

A party of twenty eight Ottawas and Pattawattimies passed my camp, I endeavored to turn them back, but they would not listen to me.

My Father,

You and the British have counselled together, and you are the proper person to settle the disputes.

My Father,

The Ottawas and the Pattawattimies who passed my camp told me that they were informed by the British that by the Treaty they had made with the United States, the Americans had given up all the country as far as the Ohio River, and they were angry to see the Americans plant-

ing corn so far in their country and that the British were bringing to Mackinaw presents for the Indians; that the British wanted no help from them, but told them to do as they pleased. Those Indians said to me, "My Brother, what do you do here. Pecon your chief is on his way to the British at Mackinaw, and here is the wampum from your Father the British" I told them I could not accept the wampum from the British, that I wished to be at peace with all nations. I gave them two strings of wampum telling them that if they saw any of my young men, to treat them kindly. These Indians also told me that the British were ashamed of the peace they had made with the Americans, but that they would soon be strong enough as they had four vessels, laden with arms and ammunition coming to Mackinaw, that the Indians had the British, French, Dutch and Negroes at their backs to assist them. That there were several parties of hostile Indians out, and as soon as the country got dry, there would be many more, for the purpose of killing the white people.

COLONEL BUTLER TO LIEUT. COL. JAMES. (Pages 120-1.)

(*War–1812.*)

DETROIT 31st May 1815.

Sir.

I have the honor of informing you that a dispatch will be forwarded from hence addressed to the officer commanding the Post of Michillimackinac upon the subject of restoring that Post to the United States, pursuant to the stipulations in the first article of the Treaty of Ghent.

The delay which has taken place in relation to the execution of that important article which provides for the restoration of all posts and places taken from each other during the war has operated a great inconvenience to the United States; and with every disposition on the part of the American Government to accommodate, I am nevertheless instructed to say, " that the execution of this important article of the Treaty cannot be much longer postponed."

It will be recollected that an exchange of the ratifications of the Treaty of Ghent was made more than three months since, and with a continued readiness on the part of the American Government to comply with the terms of the Treaty in respect to the restoration of posts and places, and with the desire to do so manifested by the proposition already submitted and urged upon the subject; this object which should be so desirable to both parties remains unaccomplished.

Having been informed by Lt. Gen. Sir George Murray that Lt. Col. McDonall has been invested with full powers to act in this matter so far as related to Michilimackinac I have thought proper to address a communication to Lt. Col. McDonall direct.

I beg leave to inform you that the vessel bearing my dispatch to Mackinac shall be detained for six hours, and that the Agent of the Government who is made the bearer shall take charge of and deliver any communication you wish to make to the officer commanding at Michilimackinac.

I profit of this occasion to repeat to you the assurance of the high respect with which * * * *

H. BUTLER, Col'n
2nd Riflemen Commanding
Detroit.

Lt. Col'n James.

LIEUT. COL. JAMES TO COL. BUTLER. (Pages 121-2.)

(*War-1812.*)

SANDWICH 31st May 1815

SIR

I am this moment honored by Your Letter of this date and shall make its contents known to my Superior Authority with as little delay as possible, however from its nature I should be induced to Conclude that a direct Communication had been made from Washington to Quebec.

I beg leave to offer my Thanks for the very obliging manner in which you give a safe conveyance to Lt Col. MacDonall of any Letters from me and which I now take the liberty to forward. * * *

R. JAMES Lt Col.
37th Regt.

Colonel Butler

LIEUT. COL. JAMES TO LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL. (Page 122.)

(*War-1812.*)

SANDWICH 31st May 1815

SIR

Herewith I do myself the honor to forward you a copy of Colonel Butlers' letter to me and which I loose no time to lay before you particularly as its should in my opinion not remain unregarded. I

shall forward the original without delay to Lieut. Genl Sir G. Murray.

I arrived here with a detachment of the 37th Regiment on the 22d Inst. and have taken possession of this country with the exception of the opposite and works of Amherstburg which the Americans still retain possession of—

I have been through a private channel informed that the works of Niagara was restored to the American Government on the *22d Inst.* however I mentioned it as *Report* having heard that it and Mackinac were to be restored at the same time, and that Amherstburg would be in like manner, and on the same day restored to the detachment under my command.—I had also understood that the cause of delay on the part of our Government in not delivering up Niagara and Mackinac at a more early period was the intention manifested by the American Government to occupy the Island of Bois Blanc, which so completely commands Amherstburg, and which I am informed the Americans are now actually conveying Guns &c. to, for that purpose.

It may be necessary for me to acquaint you that I have not received any instructions, in any official matters regarding this part of the country, consequently anything which is herein related is merely my own opinion & circumstances not of an official nature; however eventually necessary for your information.

I have the honor to be &c

R. JAMES, Lt Col.

37 Regt.

Lt. Col. Mc Donall

COLONEL BUTLER TO LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL.

(War–1812.) (Pages 123–4.)

DETROIT 1 June 1815.

SIR

A communication from the Department of War of the United States addressed to me and received on yesterday, has made it my duty again to communicate with you and to request a definitive reply to the question. At what period and on what day will the Island of Michilimackinac be restored to the United States? And to assure you Sir at the same moment, that with every disposition on the part of the American Government to accommodate, it is proper that the execution of that

important article in the Treaty of Ghent relative to the restoration of posts and places captured by either party during the late war should not be much longer postponed.—More than three months have elapsed since the ratifications of the Treaty of Ghent were exchanged, and although every disposition on the part of the United States has been manifested for executing that Treaty, still the accomplishment of an object that should be so desirable to both parties has been delayed and avoided on the part of the Government of Great Britain.

As I have understood from Lieut. Genl. Sir George Murray Commanding the British Forces in Upper Canada, that you have received full instructions and ample powers in relation to the restitution of the Island and Post of Michilimackinac, I have deemed it best to communicate with you directly upon the subject and not circuitously through another channel. The Squadron of the United Stated destined to transport the Troops and Stores intended for the Garrison of Mackinac in now in Detroit River and will remain for that purpose untill I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you on this subject. In your letter to me of the 5th Ultimo. you fell into an error when you supposed that the Fortress of Niagara had been restored to the United States; I shall add no other remark upon that part of your letter than merely to state, that Niagara was occupied by your Troops as late as the 20th ultimo. Confiding in the assurance which you have given me of your disposition to aid in strengthening those bonds of Amity so happily restored between the people of the United States and Great Britain and with an assurance on my part of acting under the influence of the same spirit.

* *

A. Butler Colonel
2nd Riflemen
Commanding Detroit

& & &

Lieut. Col. Mc Donall

MR. MONROE TO MR. BAKER.

(*War–1812.*) (Pages 126–7–8.)

Department of State

June 3 1815

Sir

I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 24th of May stating that the Commander in Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces in Canada had found some difficulty in obtaining the restitution of Fort

Malden from the officer commanding the forces of the U. S. at that Post, complaining of that delay in consideration of the prompt measures adopted by the commanders of the British Forces for the restitution of the several places captured from the United States, with the exception of Michilimackinac, the restitution of which had been delayed by a cause, the nature of which had been fully explained to this Government, and you request that an order may be issued for the immediate restitution of Fort Malden to any person who may appear duly authorized to receive it.

You state also that some hesitation having been showed as to the execution of the order for the restitution of fort Niagara, in consequence of the difficulty found in obtaining the restitution of Malden, the British Commander in Chief in Canada had renewed his order for the immediate restitution of Niagara, and had likewise given an order to the Commanding officer at Michilimackinac to expedite the evacuation of that Post.

The conduct of the United States since the peace has afforded sufficient proof of their sincere desire to execute with perfect good faith all the stipulations of the late Treaty, and to preserve and improve the pacific relations so happily restored between the two nations. As soon as the ratifications were exchanged, measures were taken for executing promptly every act the performance of which was enjoined on them, and other measures were likewise adopted founded on a state of peace which would not have been adopted had not full confidence been entertained that your Government would perform all its engagements with equal good faith, and was equally desirous of preserving and improving the existing relations between the parties. As these measures are of public notoriety, and of a marked character, I need not enumerate them.

It is true that in giving the order for the restitution of Malden, the Commanding officer at Detroit was instructed to make that act simultaneous with the restitution of Michilimackinac. As those posts are intimately connected by the relation which they bear respectively to the Indian Tribes, it was deemed important to the U. S. that the surrender of each to the Government to which it belonged should be made at the same time. As peace was still to be concluded with Indian Tribes in that quarter the surrender of Malden before that of Michilimackinac, even for a short time, might it was apprehended, induce those tribes to form an improper opinion of the conditions of the Treaty which had been concluded between the U. S. and Great Britain, or of the intention of the parties as to its execution, from which serious

injury in either case was anticipated. Against these consequences it was sought to guard.

You will I am persuaded be sensible that this order for the restitution of Malden, was in strict conformity with the Treaty, and that if any delay has occurred in the restitution of that post, it has proceeded from that attending the restitution of Michilimackinac.

As it appears however, by recent intelligence received here that Niagara has been restored, and as you state that new orders have been given to expedite the evacuation of Michilimackinac I am instructed by the President to assure you that an order shall be issued for the restitution of Malden, without making that act dependent upon any act to be performed on your part. The delay attending the restitution of Michilimackinac was not anticipated or contemplated when the first order in relation to the restitution of Malden was issued. After the explanation which you have given, that delay cannot it is presumed be protracted much longer, and will form no motive with this Government to postpone the execution of any stipulation which the U. S. are bound by the Treaty to perform. But if the immediate surrender of Malden unaccompanied by the counter surrender of Michilimackinac, should be found likely to involve the American frontier in Indian hostilities, I persuade myself that you will perceive in the prospect of that occurrence a sufficient reason for Mutual accomodation as to the periods of surrendering Malden and Michilimackinac. The American Commander will therefore be directed to surrender Malden immediately to the British officer, who shall be authorized to receive possession of that post, unless the menace of Indian hostilities should be such as renders it necessary for the safety of our frontier citizens to suspend the surrender until the British troops shall be ready to evacuate Michilimackinac. In that case he will be directed to confer or to correspond in a friendly and confidential manner with the British Commander upon the subject and to make every arrangement, consistent with the single object in view, for completing the surrender.

With great respect and consideration
I have the honor to be
&. &. &.
(Signed) JAMES MONROE.

To
Ant St. John Baker Eqs.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO LIEUT. COL. JAMES. (Page 131.)

(*War-1812.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC, 14th June 1815

SIR

As I am immediately setting out for St. Josephs I have only time to acknowledge, & to thank you for your letter of the 31 inst.

Pressed as I am for time, so much yet to be done, & the means of effecting it so little, I have been not a little annoyed at the uncommon delay of Capt. Payne in reaching this Garrison. It has not been lessened by his loosing a Sargt and nine of his Artificers out of fifteen by desertion. We are still worse off for materials than for workmen, and even some of the most necessary tools, we only received yesterday from Nattawasaga. Even the very boards & plank that we require, we have to saw, There being none to be purchased so situated—with such difficulties to encounter, & the progress made with our Barracks and Stores even slower than I hoped for, how is it possible as yet to name a day for the surrender of the Post, especially as my instructions say, that it is to be given up *when they were completed.* * * * *

I have the honor to be
Sir Your very obdt servant
RT. MCDONALL Lt. Col.
Comg

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO COLONEL BUTLER. (Pages 132-3.)

(*War-1812.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC 15 June 1815

SIR

I had yesterday the honor of receiving y'r letter of the 1st Inst. I regret much that it is not yet in my power to name the day when I shall be prepared to restore this Island to the Govt of the United States.

I must candidly own, Sir, that I have found the task of preparing shelter and accommodation for this Garrison & Magazines & Stores for the ammunition & provisions, not a little arduous, & in consequence of our almost total want of means, slower progress has been made than I expected. Six weeks has scarcely elapsed since I first heard of the conclusion of peace, & when it is considered that we were without tools, plank or boards—very few carpenters, & the officer & party of Arti-

ficers who were purposely dispatched for the completion of the buildings alluded to having only arrived yesterday, I trust that the difficultys which I have to encounter will be duly appreciated, & the delay admitted to be unavoidable.

With regard to the powers with which I am invested, the extract which I communicated in my last, exhibits their full extent. I recapitulate the substance of them.

"When the temporary Barracks, Storehouses are *completed*, then the whole of the Garrison Guns stores &c are to be removed, & the Island is to be given up. Lt. Genl. Sir Gordon Drummond has since instructed me to use encreased exertions in completing the arrangements (for its evacuation) & has also very recently instructed me, (thro' Sir George Murray) "to apprize the Comg officer of the 8th Military Division at Detroit, *whenever I am prepared to deliver up the Post.*"

From this Frank disclosure of my instructions, you will easily percieve that the part which I have to act, is plain, simple, & not to be mistaken. It is of course unnecessary to remind a soldier, with what precise fidelity they must be obeyed. I have only to repeat that I shall most sedulously devote my attention toward accelerating what yet remains to be done. I proceed tomorrow for St. Josephs, with Captain Paine for that purpose—it is my wish to be as correct as possible in naming the day for the surrender of the Garrison in order that the Indians (now waiting for their presents) may previously take their departure & shall immediately communicate to His Excellency the Comr of the Forces your last dispatch.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
&c &c
Rt McDonall, Lt. Col.
Comg

MR. CALDWELL TO MR. CLAUS. (Pages 133-4.)

(*Indians.*)

Sandwich 15th June 1815

Sir: * * * * * * * *

From Delaware I informed you the proceedings of our Commanding Officer which was contrary to the usage of Indian affairs we were drawn down by Colonel James contrary to my wishes—if I had been left alone to manage the Indians with the assistance of the Officers of the Department the Indians should still have remained at the River Thames and

planted corn; which would have enabled them to provide for themselves in the way of provisions, in the course of three months from hence but here are the *Shawnies Kickapoos & Socks* who are brought down to the place and the Govt will have to provision them till next spring. In consequence of the Interference with our Dept. the Govt. is now at present feeding upwards of 1,900 persons at this Post and its vicinity, this would have been avoided had not the Commanding Officer interfered.

The Indians who are now here are not permitted to go across the River to hunt as formerly, it is out of my power to mention the arrangements which may have been made between *Colonel James & Colonel Butler* respecting them, Colonel James having made no communication to me on that subject—the Indians to know the cause of this impediment—I expect large parties of Indians daily from the Northwest to pay their respects to their Father. I now wish you will give me every advice on this subject to give me an opportunity in acting with those people, or whether I am to act at all, the reason I mention this is, Colonel James has been the Storekeeper and Supt. of Indian Affairs since on our way to this place—I am now at a loss to proceed while we have so inimical a man as Col. James to command.

Before the receipt of yours I had prevailed on the Muncies, Moravians & 600 of the Chippewas with the Buffalo the former to plant corn at Moravian Town, the Latter at the Chenail Ecarte, these people are provisioned monthly at Dolsens, Newark is planting on Fighting Island with three hundred and eighty-seven Ottawas, the greater part of the Hurons remained at the Grand River. * * * *

WM. CALDWELL.
A. D. S. G.

The Hon. Wm. Claus }
York. }

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SIR GEORGE MURRAY.

(*War–1812.*) (Page 136.)

MICHILIMACKINAC, 24 June 1815.

I have the honor to acquaint your Excellency that the New Post on Lake Huron has been at length fixed upon by Capt. Payne, R. Engineers (who arrived here the 13th) Capt Collier R. N. & myself.—The situation combines several important advantages, viz:—an admirable harbour proximity to the Indians, & will enable us to command the

passage of the Detour, giving our vessels the double advantage of a good anchorage in that strait in addition to the fine harbour adjoining.

The ground fixed upon for the New Post, & which was best calculated for the protection of the Harbour, is very rocky, and will be difficult to work; To carry it out with the spirit and expedition which the times require, a very strong Garrison will be necessary, or great assistance in Masons, Miners, & Labourers from below. The work (to restore the drooping spirits of the Indians) should exceed this Island in strength, and I trust it will be Commenced with such ample means as will afford a fair prospect of its being successfully completed. * * *

RT. MC DONALD, Lt. Col:
Comg

Sir George Murray K. G. C. B.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SIR GEORGE MURRAY.

(*War–1812.*) (Pages 136-7-8-9.)

MICHILIMACKINAC 24 June 1815.

SIR

I think it of great consequence, immediately to appraize you of intelligence, which was only made known to me yesterday, in case it should not previously have come to your Knowledge.

Colonel Millar of the American Army had left Pittsburg, on the Ohio, with Four Hundred men of the 17th U. S. Rt (to be reinforced at Newport) to 600, for *the open and avowed purpose* of descending that river, & proceeding up the Mississippi, *to take possession of La Prairie des Chiens;* their intention, it appears, was not confined to the seizing of that Post, but also to establish another Fort in the heart of the Country of the Winnebago and Fallsouoine Indians, tribes most strongly attached to us, and who have proved it by repeatedly destinguishing themselves in our cause in the late war; this proposed Fort (to be erected in the neighborhood of Green Bay) subdues them at once, and for ever cuts off all communication with us.

It being also the intention of the Americans to re-occupy Chicago, there cannot be the smallest doubt that on their being put in possession of this Island, the whole of the Western Indians, are completely hemm'd in, thoroughly in the power of the Americans, & their assistance in any future war, *hopeless, & not to be expected.* On the contrary, they will perhaps, only escape the vengeance of that nation, on condition of their acting against us.

I now beg leave to refer Your Excellency to the 9th Article of the

treaty of Ghent, & submit it to your better judgment, if this sudden invasion of the Indian Territory, is not a flagrant violation thereof. It states, that the Indians are to be restored to all their rights, *possessions* & immunities *as before the war.* The Americans for the *first time* seized upon the Prairie des Chiens in June last. Previous to the war, they had no Post on the Mississippi farther advanced than Fort Madison, about four hundred miles to the *southward* of the Prairie des Chiens.

Nothing can therefore be more evident, than the Americans have *no manner of right* to the Prairie des Chiens & the intervening Country; that their attempts to do so, is a manifest breach of the treaty (*if the report can be depended on,* which I am much inclined to believe) & calculated to sever us from those Allies, who so faithfully adhered to us during the war, whom the enemy on many occasions found so formidable, & who have implicitly relied on our *repeated assurances* of protection & support, and who have particularly been lead to believe that their *remaining lands,* & possessions, are secured to them, by the King *their Father,* by the late Treaty.

This situation of affairs places me in a most awkward predicament, Ignorant as I am of the views of Government, & how far it is intended to abide by our promises to the Indians, or totally abandon their cause, I of course, find it a matter of no small difficulty how to advise them on this occasion. The chiefs of the different nations, have also been invited to repair to the Portage de Sioux, near St. Louis, on the 6 of July next, to ratify the Peace, but should the expedition, under Col. Miller (openly avowed at Pittsburgh, to be for the purpose of occupying the Prairie des Chiens) proved to be correct, little doubt remains on my mind, that the intention is, to seize upon the respective chiefs, as hostages, & then they would assuredly accomplish their object without opposition.

It is not easy to foresee how the Indians will act on this occasion, & it is too delicate a case for me to advise them. They know that this Island (the Key to their Country) is to be given up, & that it leaves them but little hope of being supported by us—This will paralise their exertions—It is therefore probable that they will resist the attempt at their subjugation, but at the same time, prove an easy conquest.

I therefore submit it to Your Excellency & and also to His Excy. Sir Gordon Drummond (to whom I communicate these matters *via* the Grand River) how far this bold attempt of the American Government is consonant to the late Treaty—how far it can be tolerated without compromising

our good faith with the Indians, or how far it indicates a spirit of aggression & hostility, calling upon us to be on our guard.

I have likewise the honor to acquaint Your Excellency, that in pursuance of my directions, Captain Bulger evacuated the Prarie de Chiens on the 23d of May, *destroying Fort McKay*, bringing in the Guns to this place; finding it impossible to send them to St. Louis. He arrived here on the 19th inst. & reports to me that his little garrison would have been in eminent danger, & not permitted to return, had he delayed his departure a few days longer, as the Indians were assembling, & decidedly opposed to his leaving the country.

I have the honor to be
Your Excellency's Obedient Servant
Rt McDonall Lt Col.
Commandg

P. S.—Your Excellency is of course, apprized that I have been instructed by His Exy the Comr of the Forces, to retain possession of this Island, till the pleasure of His Majestys Ministers be known. Col. Butlers last communication on that subject, was in a very authoratative tone, accompanied with indirect threats & demanding, on what day the Island would be given up. *The substance* of my reply was, that I was only authorized to surrender the Island, when the temporary barracks & stores, for the reception of the troops & provisions, *were finished*, & that from unexpected obstacles, it was impossible for *me then* to name the day, but that I was making every possible exertion to get them completed. * * * *

His Excellency Lt. Genl Sir Geo. Murray K. G. C. B.

TO SIR GEORGE MURRAY—WITHOUT SIGNATURE.

(*War-1812.*) (Page 139.)

Michilimackinac 25, June 1815.

Sir,

I have this moment had the honor of Your Excellency's Letter of the 30th May, with it several enclosures upon the subject of the restoration of this Island. I shall take immediate steps for the speedy restitution thereof, in conformity to the instructions you have transmitted, and purpose despatching a canoe to-morrow for Detroit, acquainting the officer commanding at that place. That on the day of July it shall be given up to such officer of the United States Troops as may be appointed to receive the same.

I must confess to Your Excellency that it has not been easy for me to reconcile the various orders I have received on this subject, as what I had the honor to state in the postscript of my letter of yesterday will show. The dispatch however of Yr Excellency received this day sanctioned also, by the Letter of Major Foster, leaves no doubt on my mind that every exertion is to be made by me to expedite the evacuation of this Post.

From the General tenor of the enclosures transmitted me by Your Excellency, I am more and more convinced in my own mind, that a comprehensive, deep laid, & well digested plan has been entered into by the Govt of the U. States, & in part acted upon, finally to separate us from the Indian Nations. Their Anxiety to gain possession of this Island; their wish to remove our garrison to Malden, so conveniently out of the way; their *invitation* of the Indian Chiefs to St. Louis, in my opinion to faciliate, and render easy, Col. Miller's occupation of their country; their tempting offers to our discharged interpreters of the Indian, all, in my mind corroborate the opinion. Grieved am I to say, & trust in God I am no prophet, that, from all appearances, the complete success of their schemes appears to me inevitable. * * * *

Lt. Gen. Sir Geo. Murray, G. C. B.

LIEUT. COL. JAMES TO LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL.

(*War–1812.*) (Page 143.)

SANDWICH 25th June 1815

SIR

I do myself the honor to refer you to my letter of this day's date, a copy of which has been forwarded to His Excellency Lieut. General Sir George Murray, and another has been by me delivered to Colonel Butler, on which document only he has been induced to restore Amherstburg and its dependencies on or before the 1st of July next.

It has just been reported to me that two vessels have arrived at Amherstburg with stores and men of the 37th Regiment on board; I cannot better point out the necessity of my arrangements with Colonel Butler, than my informing you that until Amherstburg has been restored, the stores &c on board of those vessels, or any others that may arrive, must remain on board until the 1st of July, at a heavy expense, or else brought up here and landed, subjecting the same stores to a re-embarcation for Malden, and further, that the means of water Transport on the Lakes, are very limited indeed. I am thus particular

in explanation least you should for a moment consider that I interfere with any arrangement of yours.

I am perfectly aware of Lieut Genrl Sir Gordon Drummond's sentiments on this subject, and I rely the arrangement I have made will perfectly meet the wishes and approbation of Lieut. Genl Sir Gordon Drummond. * * * *

(signed) R. JAMES
Lt Col.

Col. McDonall

LIEUT. COL. JAMES TO LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL.

(*War–1812.*) (Page 144.)

SANDWICH 25th June 1815

SIR,

I have been honored by your letters of the 14th instant, and regret that it had not been in your power to comply with the orders of His Excellency Lieut General Sir Gordon Drummond, at a more early period, by delivering up the Post of Mackinac to the United States. This regret I feel the more, as the Post of Amherstburg has been retained, with a great inconvenience and a heavy loss to Government, until the post of Mackinac should be restored to the American Flag.

On this subject I beg leave to inform you that I have entered into an agreement with Col. Butler of the United States, Commanding at Detroit, who has agreed to restore Amherstburg and its dependencies, on or before the 1st day of July, on the following terms, and to the *full and entire completion of which I beg to call your compliance as most decidely necessary to the British Government—*

"*Proposed and acceded to.*"

Colonel Butler, on his part will deliver up the Post of Amherstburg and its dependencies, on or before the 1st day of July next, to Lieut: Col: James." *Lieut: Col: James engages that the civil supremacy of Mackinac shall be delivered over to Colonel Butler or such officer as he may name, within three days after the arrival of the United States vessels at anchor off Mackinac.*"

The American troops that proceed in the above named vessels, are to be permitted to Encamp in the most convenient ground until the final restoration of the Post of Mackinac, which Lieut Col: James has assured Colonel Butler would be put in possession, and the Flag of the United States hoisted, on the 15th day of July next or as soon

and before the within named day as is practicable and Lieut Col: James has every reliance in the full compliance of Lieut: Colonel McDonall to every part of this mutual arrangement.—

(Signed) R. JAMES
Lt Col.

LT COLONEL MCDONALL
Commanding
Michilimackinac

LIEUT. COL. MC DONELL TO LIEUT. GEN. DRUMMOND (Page 145.)

(*War–1812.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC 26 June 1815

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

In consequence of His Excellency's dispatch of the 30th of May accompanied by several enclosures from Major Foster pressing the restoration of this Island to the Americans, with the utmost expedition, I this day dispatched a Lieut. of the Indian Department to Detroit to announce to Col. Butler, that the restitution thereof, to the Govt. of the U. States would take place on the 15th of July. * * * *

Critically situated as I know we are with them, *together with the deep plotting of the Americans to seduce them entirely from us,* I have found it a duty incumbent upon me to purchase what I could from the Merchts to send to the Western Indians & prove to them they are not forgotten.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I have the honor to be
Your Excellencys obedt Servant
RT MCDONALL Lt. Col:
Comg

His Excellency
Lt. Genl. Sir Gordon Drummond K. C. B.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON. (Page 177.)

(*War–1812.*)

MANITOUALIN ISLAND
21st July 1815

SIR,

I have the honor to inform you that on the 18th Inst. I delivered over the Island and Fort of Michilimackinac to Colonel Butler of the

United States Troops, having previously removed to this place and St. Joseph's, the whole of our Guns, Provisions, Ordnance Stores, & &.

I enclose a return of American Ordnance originally captured in this place and at the Prairie des Chiens, and which were surrendered to that Government in conformity to the Treaty of Ghent. * * * *

I have &c

To (Signed.) ROBT. MCDONALL
Major General Lt Col. Commanding.
Sir Fredk Robinson K. C. B.

MEMORANDA FROM LIEUT. BULGER. (Page 191.)

(*Indians.*)

QUEBEC Augt. 1815

Col. McDonall's Dispatch of the 25th April communicating the official Intelligence of peace reached Fort McKay on the morning of the 22nd May—The same day I held a council with the Indians and announced it to them—On the following morning I held another council with the Renards, Winebagoes, Sioux & Folles-Avoines, and made them smoke the Pipe of Peace. On the 22nd May I sent a Captain of the Indian Department to the Rock River, with the Belt and a Pipe to communicate the Intelligence to the Sauks, Ioways, and Kickapoos.

On the 3d July Capt. Anderson of the Indian Dept was sent by Lt. Col. McDonall with presents for the Indians of the Mississippi, and to explain to them the terms of the Peace—

JN. BULGER
Lt. R. N. Regt.

SPEECH TO INDIANS.

Lieut. Col. McDonalls speech to the different Indian Nations on sending Capt. Anderson of the Indian Department with presents to the Mississippi.

MICHILIMACKINAC 28 June 1815

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Peace together as Brethren.—

My Children

Listen to my words, those who do not wander into the wrong-

road, but attend strictly to my council, shall not want, I hold you all fast in my hands, and invite you once a year to the King your great Fathers new Fort at Pontaganipy (Drummond's Island) that you may there receive that bounty which he is ever ready to bestow upon his good and obedient children.—

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Speech of the Black Hawk, Head War Chief of the Sauk Nation, in reply to that of Lieut. Col. McDonall, spoken before Capt. Anderson.

My Father.

I thank you for your words to day, which instruct us how to live happy, I am also sincerely thankful for the trouble you have taken to save the lives of our women and children for the ensuing winter by the bounty you have bestowed upon us.

My Father.

You must before have heard that I am one of those very few Indians, who speak my sentiments openly and without reserve—do not therefore be angry at what I am going to say. I shall repeat your own words.

My Father.

You know that at the commencement of the war we were loath to take up the Tomahawk and did not until you absolutely threatened us seriously with your displeasure recollect My Father your words were these.

"My Children—Those bad spirits the Americans wishing to rob you "of your Lands and having declared war against Your Great Father the "King, he has declared war against them.—Your Red Brethren have all "joined him, in defense of your Lands and your lives, and I have often "pressed you to follow their example, but you are dilatory. I tell you "now, for the last time that if you do not immediately strike upon the "Americans, I will turn all the other Indians against you and strike "you to the ground.

These My Father you must recollect were your words conveyed to us by the Red Head (Mr. Dickson). You at the same time told us that if we followed your advice we should want for nothing and that so soon as we should beat the the Americans and they would ask to smoke the Pipe of Peace with our Great Father the King then we should see some of your Chiefs settle in our Lands to make us happy.

My Father.

You also sent us word to take Courage and fear nothing, that when you would smoke the Pipe that all Your Red Children would be included in that Peace, but this was not to take place until those bad spirits the Americans were entirely driven off our lands and those of our ancestors; I believe my Father you gave us hopes that the Ohio would be the future boundary of the Americans.

My Father.

You have to day recalled to our minds those promises by sending us a supply of Goods, which will save our families from perishing in the winter. The Americans according to their stories are Masters of us and our Lands; but this is not your story, we shall therefore listen to your words, and remain quiet as My Great Chief told you just now, and next *Canoeing* season, I will go and see my Great Father at Michilimacknac and perhaps farther. * * * * *

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJOR MORGAN. (Page 198.)

DRUMMOND'S ISLAND 3d August 1815.

SIR

I have neither seen nor had in my possession any Records relative to Michilimackinac prior to its capture, or I should with much pleasure have restored what would have been of use to you and no possible service to us.

The sentiments which you have expressed to the Indians, are manly and candid and pleased me the more as being in such strict conformity to the Language I have invariably held out to them since the Peace. I have taken every possible pains to impress upon their minds that peace being happily restored between the two Governments in which the whole of the Indians on either side were included, it was their interest and they could not give greater satisfaction to our Government than by their observance thereof, with the strictest good faith; that the most friendly intercourse would be resumed and that their young men must turn their attention to their Hunt and the Cultivation of their fields for the support of their families. * * * *

To prove to you therefore his earnest desire that the Indians should be fully informed of his wishes on so important a point and of his abhorance of such atrocities he has directed me to send in his name, a mission to the

Mississippi to renew with more solemnity the Ceremonies of peace and express his earnest desire for its rigid obervance. * * * *

I have &c

MAJOR MORGAN
Commanding
Michilimackinac

(Sgd) RT. MCDONALL
Lieut: Col:

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON. (Page 222.)

DRUMMOND'S ISLAND.
21. August 1815.

The Hired American schooner Mink arrived this day, with Indian Presents and some provisions from Amherstburg, from which place she sailed on the 5th inst. The accounts brought by her Confirm the statement of General Browns arrival at Detroit and moreover add that three thousand troops had accompanied him and were in that River—That the squadron destined for this Lake, had been Augmented by the Lawrence of 20 guns which had been weighed and refitted and that it was given out at Detroit that this formidable Armament after reinforceing some of the Frontier Posts were to proceed to Green Bay to Co-operate with their Troops at Prairie des Chiens in reducing all the Western Indians to subjection and ensuring their future obedience by establishing a chain of Forts throughout the whole of their Country.

It is however necessary for me to state to Your Excellency that the remote situation of this Post renders it difficult for me to obtain intelligence on which I can entirely reply.—I cannot however divest myself of the belief that the above is too true, tho: the force may be exagerated. Even this my informant pertinatiously denies and states that it is composed of the 18th, and 14th Regts. and several other Corps. The master of the vessel which brings the news is himself employed to build a vessel at Green Bay in furtherance of the scheme (it is supposed) mentioned in my letter of yesterday, on excluding our Traders and of wholly cutting off our communication with the Indians and with the Mississippi.

If these preparations be true and to the extent described, they Cannot have escaped the notice of Your Excellency and of Sir Gordon Drummond who of Course will have required the necessary explanation from the American Government.—to me they appear full of suspicion,—for a century to come perhaps such an opportunity may not occur to effect their darling object, the subjugation of the Canadas, the Western Indians

will now be crushed, and if their Cabinet at Washington is inclined to treachery their Erie Fleet is ready and unopposed, the hordes of Ohio and Kentucky eager for plunder and revenge could render Browns Army most formidable, and enable it to sweep the defenceless upper Province like a Pestilence. *I think the present Crisis presents too strong a temptation for such a Government.*

I have &c

(Signed) ROBT. McDONALL
Lt. Col: Commanding

To His Excellency
Major Genl. Sir F. Robinson K. C. B.

SPEECH TO INDIANS. (Page 273.)

Speech of Lieut: Col: McDonall addressed to the Ottawas of the Arbe Croche and of the Grand River (Lake Michigan) on delivering their presents 17th September 1815.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

My Children.

I have heard of the ridiculous reports which the Big Knives among you thinking to frighten you with words where their Arms failed in having that effect, but as you know from experience this has been their constant practice, you ought also to know how little they are to be regarded, you should also recollect that the King Your Great Father has dominions in many parts of the world, some of them as large as all the Lands of the Big Knives, and that his soldiers are sometimes required to defend them and also defend the Enemies of his own neighbourhood, this was the case during the late war; but some of you have been eye witnesses how often and how disgracefully the Americans were defeated by greatly inferior Numbers, they often boasted they would drive us from the Canadas, but in every attempt to do so they failed with great loss, which of you then Can be so blind, or have so far lost his recollection as to Credit their story that your English Father has been thrown upon his back. They even have the imprudence to say that they drove us from Michilimackinac and Prairie des Chien when you all know that they were shamefully beaten at both places.

My Children.

The truth is that Big Knives last year sent chiefs last year across the Great Salt Lake to solicit peace and the King Your Great Father wanting his Young men to fight a powerful enemy near him granted him better terms than they deserved. * * * *

My Children

Listen to my words for it is of the last consequence that you should bear them in your mind—On returning to your villages you will make known what I have told you, to all Your Young Men Cautioning them to beware how they are deceived by the Artifices of the Americans, such of them as are wavering will do well to consider in time whether they will better themselves under another Father, that the King is now one of the most powerful Monarchs in the world; that his Fleets and Armies will soon be back for the protection of this Country, and that *such as transfer their affection to the Big Knives can no longer be considered his Children or in future partake of his Bounty.*— * * * * * * *

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON. (Page 283.)

(*Indians.*)

Extract.

DRUMMOND ISLAND
22d September 1815

I had the honor of informing Your Excellency of the arrival of Capt. Anderson of the Indian Department, from the important duty on which I had dispatched him from Michilimackinac in July, of impressing still more strongly on the minds of the Indian Nations on the Mississippi the conclusion of the Peace in which they were all included, strictly recommending them to observe the same, and to cultivate that unanimity and friendship amongst themselves, which would render them formidable, and cause other nations to be cautious how they infringed their rights or ventured to treat them with injustice.

Captain Anderson executed his mission with much ability and address, I knew of the intention of the American Government to seize upon the Prairie des Chiens and all the intervening Indian Country, between it and St. Louis, *notwithstanding the Treaty of Ghent,* and it was my object before they could effect this, or regain Michilimackinac to bestow on these faithful allies, some of whom (the Sauks particularly) had *been forced* by us into the war, the last rewards in our power for their constancy, fidelity and Courage. * * * *

Captain Anderson was received by them all with a degree of enthusiasm which was augmented by the threatening language which the Americans had previously held out to them: viz: "That following the "Councils of their English Fathers had ruined them and rendered "them miserable.—*That he had been thrown on his Back* (according "to their Indian mode of expression;) and driven from the Mississippi

"and Michilimackinac and if he did not look well to himself, would "soon be from all the Country, that they must never expect to see "their English Father, again, or a single Trader amongst them—How "Could they Come?

Captain Anderson's appearance with the presents almost immediately after this Language, followed too by the traders who left Mackinac before its surrender only tended to confirm their previous opinions of American falsehoods:—

Aware of the wishes of the Commander of the forces and of the impolicy of giving umbrage to the American Government *at such a Crisis*—I strictly enjoined Captain Anderson not to enter on the subject of Politics, but to confine himself to the delivery of the Presents and strongly to recommend the strict observance of the Peace, the cultivation of their lands and attention to their Hunt, the burying in oblivion of all jealousies and dissentions and that the Indian Nations should in future live as one Family, studying only the general good.—

These instructions have been implicitly attended to, and in a matter of such delicacy, *and as affairs on the Mississippi are likely to turn out* I am glad (unprovided as I was with instructions) to have steered clear of an Indian War with the United States which I fear is inevitable,—The Americans appear bent upon the total subjugation of the Western Indians and will attempt it with a force which will end in the extermination of those who resist,—and on resistance they are resolved.—The Sauk Chief told Capt Anderson that no American Forts should be established on their lands and they would defend their country like men.

I entertain a faint hope that the late retention of Michilimackinac and other circumstances may render it necessary for the Americans to postpone the execution of this project, till next year. And that the glorious change of affairs in Europe may induce *such* representations on the part of Government as may *yet* save them from their impending fate. *The Merciless Jackson* is hinted at in their papers as the *Instrument of Vengeance*, if so I shall to the latest period of my life, bewail the hapless Destiny of these devoted Nations who listened to our solicitations and confiding in our promises faithfully adhered to us during the war, but found the Peace which *promised* security to them and their Country only led to their utter ruin and annihilation.

I have &c

(sgd) Robt. Mc Donall

Lt Colonel

To His Excellency
Maj. General Sir F. Robinson K. C. B.

I enclose Your Excellency copies of replies of the Principle Sauk Chiefs to the speech I sent by Capt. Anderson as tending te elucidate the above subject as a fair specimen of the present sentiments of the Western Indians. That of the Sauk Chief's the Black Hawk (perhaps the ablest and bravest since the death of Tecumseh) is strictly true. Mr. Dickson in May 1814, previous to my arrival at Michilimackinac sent the threatening speech to which he alludes, and which the Sauks did not act on till the recapture of Prairie des Chiens by Lieut. Col. Mc Kay in July, who sent them a supply of powder, and the very next day they attacked and completely defeated a strong detachment of the Americans destined to reinforce their garrison at La Prairie they were commanded by the Black Hawk *who* is famous for his exploits on the Mississippi.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON.

(*Indians.*) (Page 289.)

Drummonds Island 24 September 1815

Sir

Since the departure of Major Morgan from Michilimackinac and the arrival of his successor Col. Chambers and also Major Puthoff as their Agent for Indian affairs, the most active exertions have been made and every artifice put in practice to extinguish our influence with the Indians of their neighbourhood and not only to cut off our communication with them but with all the other Indian Nations.

To aid in accomplishing this purpose every inhabitant at Mackinac suspected of the least influence amongst them or attachment to us are treated with the utmost degree of rigor and insult. Dr. Mitchells Wife in particular has been used with peculiar rancour,—she continued at that place to protect their sole remaining property, Farm Garden &c which have notwithstanding suffered greatly from depredations which appear to be encouraged rather than checked, she was likewise publicly and meanly accused of only remaining there as a spy of the British Government and though related to the Chippewa Nation not allowed to see any of them, they have also taken from her a small Island adjoining never purchased by the Americans, but which was last year (with my concurrence) unanimously presented to her by her relations the Chippewas in return for her Kindness to them.

The most threatening language is constantly made use of to such Indians as are attached to the British Government, whom they use every means to intimidate, they tell them their English Father has been beat, driven from Mackinac and the Mississippi and soon will be from the Canadas which are about to be again occupied by the French, this last Argument is used to weaken their attachment to us; as the Indians inherit from their Fathers the highest opinion of the French, and of their power and courage, and fond as they are of the British would like well to see their dominion restored.

In this state of things I thought it my duty to make known my sentiments to the Indians previous to their setting out for their wintering grounds, in a speech (copy of which I enclose); in it I alude to a scandalous Traffic Carried on by the Americans at Mackinac who lay wait for the Indians passing with their presents, cheating them of their guns and clothing for whisky, Even their Indian Agent is mentioned as having been concerned in this most Lucrative but shameful Trade.

I have &c

(Signed) Rt. McDonall

To His Excellency Lt. Col.

Sir F. P. Robinson K. C. B.

COURT OF INQUIRY. (Page 290.)

Drummonds Island,

24th Sept 1815

With regard to the charges transmitted to your Excellency through Mr. Baker, I have not the smallest doubt, but they are purposely exhibited in order to give some colour, and pretex for the tragedy about to be enacted on Mississippi, to shut our eyes to that transaction, and to divert the Government from the enquiry, of how it agrees with the 9th Article of the Treaty of Ghent. It appears to me that this outcry is precisely made upon the principle of some ingenious depredators, who when in danger of detection are among the first to bawl 'Stop Thief!'

I repeat to your Excellency my firm conviction that the war of extermination with which the unfortunate Indians are threatened on the Mississippi, will be equally unjust, and unprovoked, unjust, inasmuch as the Americans have no right to seize upon their country and build Fort thereon, never having possessed it till after 1812—Unprovoked as I do not believe that a single act of hostility was committed by them,

since the Peace was announced by Captain Bulger on the 22nd of May at the Prairie des Chien. That officer made every exertion to recall the war party that attacked the Americans on the 24th of May, as mentioned in the letter of Colonel Russell, but it was too late. They could not be overtaken. This affair your Excellency will observe is the latest act of hostility which occurred, and I pledge my word to your Excellency, that the Indians engaged in it knew nothing of the Peace, except from American reports which they imagined were purposely circulated to deceive them—

I have the honor to be
Your Excellency's most obdt. Servant
Signed, Rt. McDonall,
Lieutenant Colonel.

His Excellency
Sir F. P. Robinson, K. C. B.

Extract from—

Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry, held by order of his Excellency Major general Sir F. P. Robinson K. C. B. Commanding in Upper Canada, and administering the Government thereof.

Fort Drummond
6th and 10th Oct. 1815

President.

Lieutenant-Colonel McDonall Glengary Light Infantry—

Members. (Pages 291-2-3-4)

Major Cochrane 37th Regiment
Captain Stephens 37th Regiment
Captain Payne Royal Engineers
Captain Anderson Indian Department

"The Court then proceeded to investigate the charges preferred by the American Govt viz. "That the Indians had been stimulated to a continuance of hostilities since the Peace, by the British agents— * *

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO LIEUT. COL. CHAMBERS. (Page 307.)

Drummond Island
2 Oct. 1815.

Sir

I have just learned from Mr Gordon a settler at this Post that on his leaving Mackinac yesterday morning in his Canoe to return to

Drummond Island he was grossly insulted by some soldiers of your garrison; not only assailing him with the most illiberal abuse but also with stones til the Canoe was out of their reach.

I have also reason to believe, that unusual harshness has been shewn to every individual attached to or in any way connected with the British Government and their property in several instances, wantonly pillaged that the house of Mr. Franks and another of Dr. Mitchells have been broken open and sustained much damage; that the garden of the latter has been repeatedly robbed and that of Mr. Gruets entirely plundered of its contents a loss not to be replaced in this part of the country and of a very serious nature to a man having a large Family to support. Mrs. Mitchell has I understand been prevented from putting out nets to fish in other instances treated with marked indignity and even meanly accused of being a spy of the British Government—As such a charge necessarily implicates myself I with that indignation which it deserves, pronounce it to be a most illiberal Calumny.—The British Government are not accustomed to stoop to such practices since my first knowledge of the peace it has been my anxious and most particular desire that the dying embers of political animosity even incident to a recent state of warfare should be totally extinguished and should be succeeded by that social intercourse between the two Posts which should ever subsist between nations in Amity with each other.

These sentiments were not only avowed but acted upon by Major Morgan,—I should be sorry to learn that a different system is to be adopted by his successor I shall delay the representation of matters aforestated to my Government, until I have the honor to hear from you.

I have &c
(Signed) Rt McDonall
Lt Col:

To
Lieut Col: Chambers
Commanding
Michilimackinac

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON.

(*Relations with United States.*) (Page 309.)

Copy

FORT DRUMMOND 4 Oct 1815

I had yesterday the honor of Your Excellency's letter of the 12th ulto—

Perfectly aware of your wishes and those of Sir Gordon Drummond as to the scrupulous observance of the late Treaty and also of the indispensable necessity which existed that the slightest cause of complaint should not be given to the American Government, it has accordingly been my study to conduct myself with that cautious circumspection which the situation of affairs so obviously required.

I trust that I may safely assure Your Excellency of the perfect conviction which I feel that no act of mine since the Peace can be made appear in the smallest degree as infringing the Treaty of Ghent or in any way incompatible with the existing relations of Peace and unity between the two Countries.

It would however be too much to expect that such accusations will not be made, those preferred through the British Minister are a precious specimen of American ingenuity in vamping up Charges to answer particular ends. I regret that the indisposition of Captn Anderson of the Indian Department a Member of the Court of Inquiry and also an Evidence has not yet enabled me to close the proceedings.

Anxious however as I have been to refrain from giving the least justifiable cause of offence, in any one respect as far as I can charge my memory to the American Government yet I must candidly own to Your Excellency that such has been the system recently acted upon at Mackinac since the departure of Major Morgan such a series of insults offered to every person connected with the British Government and such repeated depredations committed upon their property that in justice to them I found myself imperiously called upon to remonstrate. I enclose a Copy of my letter to Lieut. Col. Chambers on that subject.

Should this matter be viewed by Your Excellency in a different light I trust for your indulgence.—*It is to me an Enigma that I cannot solve that our Country the first in Wealth, in power, in arms,—the mistress of the World; swaying the destinies of Europe that she has delivered, admired, honored, revered by her greatest Sovereigns, even by those*

Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the Pagan Gods their lineage ends

—that a country exalted to the utmost pinacle of human greatness should make concession after concession and with a caution and measured policy truckle to a nation of yesterday, of no character, to such a people. *

The late Treaty of Commerce it is also said gives up our right to trade with those Indians who reside within the limits of the United States—This severs the last link which connects us with the Western Nations, after what I have told them what a superlative and unequalled ————they must think me— The latter hints in Your Excellencys Letter is invariably adhered to, tho' we have a frequent intercourse with the Ottawas at present who bring their Corn to Trade at this Post.

I shall in all things do my best to obey your Excellcency and to act up to the spirit and Letter of your Instructions.

I have &c
(Signed) Rt McDonall
Lieut Col.

To His Excy
M. Genl. Sir F. P. Robinson K. C. B.

LIEUT. COLONEL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY GIBSON. (Page 311.)

(*Settlers.*)

Drummond's Island
4 October 1815

Sir * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The former settlement of St. Joseph's is now scarcely to be traced, while this is rapidly rising into notice; Fourteen Lots facing the Harbour have already been granted to as many very respectable individuals besides nearly as many in another street. His Excellency's injunctions shall be strictly complied with on that subject to which I have tacked a condition, that the Houses are to be built in the ensuing year, perfectly uniform (front Street only) not less than Forty foot front and Twelve high well finished and in a manner that will admit of their being whitewashed or painted; The Town will therefore have a fine effect from the Beautiful picturesque Harbour, between which and the proposed Fort there is

already a notable parade on which a strong Brigade might manoeuvre upon the smoothe solid Rock.—

Mackinac is already almost wholly deserted & scarcely a person to be seen except the Garrison. * * * *

I have the honor to be
Signed F. Chambers
Lt. Col. Commanding

To officer commanding

MR. PUTOFF TO LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL. (Pages-316-17-18.)

(*Indians.*)

MICHILIMACKINAC
No. 2 5th Oct 1815

SIR,

In a letter addressed by you to the officer commanding Michilimac, on the 2nd instant (shown me by Lieut. Col. Chambers commanding) I find the following very extraordinary paragraph which, as having relation more immediately to the Department to which I belong the Colonel has requested me to answer.

"Mrs. Mitchell has I understand been prevented from putting out nets to fish, in other instances treated with marked indignity and even meanly accused of being a spy, of the British Government. As such a charge necessarily implicates myself I with that indignation which it deserves pronounce it to be a most illiberal calumny—The British Government are not accustomed to stoop to such practices."

Of the first part of the charge relating to the "putting out nets to fish" I have to observe that it is a matter altogether of a civil character and for which any person so interfering is accountable to her before the civil Tribunal of a country as remarkable for the justice and equality of its laws as for the prompt and vigilant exertions of its officers in the enforcing of them. * * * *

From Mrs. Mitchell I have just learnt, that no such attempt has been made to prevent her from fishing or "Marked Indignity," or insult offered her person, and that no one has of her knowledge charged her with being "a spy for the British Government"—She declares her willingness and wish to confront your informant, and to use her phraseology "Give him the Lye."— * * * * *

It has been repeatedly observed to me by the Indians *that you in council with them on Drummond Island in the name of your Govern-*

ment have forbidden them to Trade with the Americans have ordered them to bring their corn to their British Father, or, if prevented by stress of weather to leave it with the British Traders only, on the Island of Michilimackinac, or bury it until the Spring—That you have sent your order to an Indian Trading at La Arbre Croche for Micl Dousman, forbidding him to trade for or deliver his corn to an American—That you have a few days since held a council at which barrels of Rum were opened to them, minute guns were fired, and when they were informed that the Tomahawk would again be raised early in the Spring that Red Wampum and Tobacco mixed with Vermillion was distributed that they were advised to be upon the alert as it was the intention of the Americans to invite them to this Island with a view to Massacre them. That you would again appear in the night with your Big Gun upon the Island of Michilimackinac and that the Americans would not dare oppose you. These and many other reports of like character have been repeatedly made to me—which I hope may be discovered not to have originated in fact—

I have the honor to assure sir that its my most sincere and ardent wish, that "the dying Embers of Politlcal Animosity "between the two Governments" "should be totally extinguished" and that a liberal sincere and social intercourse should be kept up between the two Posts, every exertion shall be used on my part to accomplish so desirable event.—

I have the honor to Subscribe
myself Your most obedient
and humble servant
(Signed) Willm Henry Putoff,
Agent Indn Affairs.

To Mackina
Lieut. Col. McDonall
Comg Fort Drummond.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER

(*Indians.*) (Page 325.)

Drummond Island 10 Oct. 1815

Sir

An opportunity just presenting itself I forward the Proceedings of a Court of inquiry held by order of Major General Sir F. Robinson, to investigate certain charges prefered by the American Government

against Lieut. Cadotte of the Indian Department and also against the Govt Generally, that its agents had instigated the Indians to hostilities since the Peace. * * * * *

Solemnly convinced in my own mind that the charges in themselves were a base calumny & utterly without foundation, I felt myself peculiarly interested in their refutation, conscious *that their chief object was to shut our eyes to the manifest infringement of the Treaty of Ghent, & to the horrible tragedy which they meditate against the Indians of the Mississippi.* Unfortunate men! forced by us into the War, assured by us again and again, of our faithful adherence to their cause, and if our constant protection, & now, "abandoned at their utmost ueed," to the merciless *vengeance of a relentless Enemy.* * * *

These too well ascertained facts, strips the American Government of every pretext for their meditated hostilities, and reduces them to the bold alternative of cutting of the Indians by a glaring violation of a recent treaty, and rendering themselves liable to the usual consequences.

One observation I conceive it my duty to suggest, and to recommend its being fully explained to our Minister at Washington, that a series of vague surmises, undefined conjectures, reports of Indian Agents on the frontier, founded on no evidence, & perhaps purposely vamped up to answer some purpose of the Govt in General too, the absurd information of some ignorant Indian Chief; that charges of this nature, so flimsly, so totally unsupported, and involving such serious consequences, should in future be wholly inadmissable, & instantly rejected. If it suited the purpose of the American Government not a week would elapse but they could with the utmost facility obtain from their Indian Agents, accusations much more voluminous, when their own *assertion or opinion* is only necessary—proof of the fact alledged being altogether unnecessary.

A decided protest should also be made against the principle assumed by them, that every petty reconoutre (very often provoked by themselves) which takes place between them & the various Indian nations on their vast frontier, is to be ascribed to British influence & agency; I trust the proceedings of the Court will sufficiently evince the absurdity of such a supposition. If there appears that unusual pains have been taken, almost unprecedented exertions used, to restrain the Indian from hostilities, even when threats were made use of, and much provocation given by themselves, and also a disposition evinced by the American Government in no respect compatible with the Treaty of Ghent. When conduct like this, originating in the most anxious desire that the Indians should observe the Peace, has only tended to provoke the most odious

calumneys, what chance is there, that they will desist from future accusations, or there ever being an end to the altercation. * * *

I have the honor to be
Sir, Your very obdt Servant
RT McDONALL, Lt Col.

MAJOR FOSTER

COURT OF INQUIRY.

Proceedings of a Court of Inquiry held by order of His Excellency, Major General Sir F. P. Robinson K. C. B. Commanding in Upper Canada & administering the Government thereof. Fort Drummond 6th 10 Oct. 1815.

Lieut. Col. McDonall Glengarry Lt. Infantry, *President.*
Major Cochrane 57th Regt,
Capt. Stephens 57th Regt,
Capt. Payne Royal Engineers,
Capt. Anderson Indian Department,

* * * * * * * * *

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER. (Page 367.)

DRUMMOND ISLAND 26 Octr 1815

MY DEAR FOSTER

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The *principal* right and title to this Island is vested in a Chappawa Chief who usually resides at Sagana Bay, between this and Detroit, and some of his relations. He was here about six weeks ago and highly pleased to find us upon his territories. I told him that I had applied to his Great Father at Quebec, relative to the purchase of his Island, and appointed him and the others interested therein (not numerous) to meet me here in the spring, when His Excellency's pleasure thereon would be known and the matter finally adjusted to his satisfaction. He was perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. * * * * *

With the deepest regret, I see by it, our voluntary renunciation of all intercourse with those very Indians, who, so faithfully fought our battles, without the supplies with which our Traders used to furnish them, many thousands must perish in the winter. We hand them over to the Kindly Compassionate Americans, to fulfill the promises which we made them,

and they, with that pity which they have always vouchsafed to that most unfortunate people, have consistently sel_cted the Lamb-like Jackson, as the Almoner who is to dispense their bounty.

I could prophesy upon this occasion if it were any use. * * *

I fear I have harp'd upon this subject untill all are tired of it. I cannot help it. Through me, the western Indians were taught to cherish brighter hopes, to look forward to happier days, to repose with confidence, in the sacred pledge of British honor; to anticipate the time when they would be restored to the abode of their ancestors! How have such prospects been realized? they are "abandoned at their utmost need" & about to be immolated on the altar of American vengence can I be otherwise (as the Author of these gay delusive hopes) then the object of their bitterest reproaches, or can their hapless fate fail to touch *me* nearly, to awaken every sentiment of pity and compassion.

Nevertheless, in this Emergency, I have, with the most cautious Circumspection, abstained from any act which might give just cause of offense to the American Government. To hope that they will not prefer accusations (as groundles as those already preferred) need not be expected. The Command at Mackinac is in the hands of a most illiberal Democrat, who sanctions the persecution of every one connected with us. He is ably seconded by a fellow of the name of Puttoff their Agent for Indian affairs, who actually out Herods Herod, with his frantic violence, with an equal mixture of impudence and falsehood, assisted a little by the absurd stories of their own Indians, he mentions having been told *by them*, that I warned the Indions to grasp firm the Tomahawk, & be ready to go with me to attack Mackina in the night ! ! ! ! ! Is there therefore to be wondered at, that the American Government deceived (willingly perhaps) by the infamous lies of such a sett of miscreants, have resolved to fall upon the Indians and to exterminate those who are obnoxious to them, root and branch. * * * *

Believe me to be
Very sincerely yours
ROBT M McDONALL

Maj'r Foster

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO LIEUT. COL. CHAMBERS. (Pages 380-1-2.)

(*Indians.*)

DRUMMOND ISLAND
5th Novr 1815

SIR

I sometime ago had the honor to receive your letter of the 5th Ultimo the uncertainty of the communication and having missed the last opportunity occasions my being thus late in reply to it—This circumstance is very immaterial, it is too evident from the Tone of asperity which breathes throughout your letter that little good can result from the continuance of our correspondence and that while under the influence of such a spirit an amicable intercourse between the two posts is more to be wished for than expected— —

You do me injustice Sir in imputing to me the assumption of any improper prerogative either as to you or your Laws my intention was merely to state to you the respective cases, as stated to me, in order that an opportunity might be afforded you of redressing the wrong *if it existed*, and if such a disposition was not evinced on your part to lay the matter complained of before my Government, which has been done accordingly—

This with all due deference to your Legal Experience, appeared to me as a soldier as the proper mode of proceeding—* * * *

Your letter was also accompanied by one from a Mr. Putoff which I should pass utterly unnoticed but that it contained a paragraph more puerile and absurd than perhaps ever before entered into the Head of a man having pretension to Common Sence—It would be well Sir, if you gave your orders to Mr. Putoff to assemble the Indians who furnished him with this precious tissue of abominable lies that they may be punished as they deserve— * * * *

I embraced the opportunity next day on delivering the usual presents to point out their falsity and to represent to them in the strongest terms that I could use the desire and command of the King their English Father that the peace which he had made with the American Government was to be most strictly observed—The Indians Sir were not told *on this* occasion that they were not to trade with the Americans but such of them as were clothed and supported by the British Government *were* desired to bring some of their Corn to this Post, and no very unreasonable request either—* * * *

Finally Sir at this most important Council there were no Barrels

of Rum opened nor so much as a Glass given so economically was it conducted—

There was no Wampum of any kind much less a *Red Kind* tinctured *with Vermillion*, in short not the most distant allusion which *malice could torture* into the indication of approaching war on the contrary the language of peace was impressively spoken and the occupation of peace as warmly recommended.

The minute Guns which Mr. Putoff ingeniously calls in, in aid of his warlike preparations was neither more or less than a Royal Salute fired in honor of the Duke of Wellington's signal victory at Waterloo, which delivered Europe from the greatest Despot that ever waded thro' slaughter to a Throne.

I can scarcely think that *such a letter* was written with your knowledge and concurrence. Is it to be supposed for a moment that an officer of my rank with such a trust committed to him, aware also that the Bonds of friendships were drawn still closer between the two countries and recently cemented by a Commercial Treaty, is it in candor to be supposed that I should madly endeavor to frustrate the pacific views of both Governments by holding forth Language so preposterously absurd—* * *

Still anxious as far as in me lies, to cultivate the most friendly intercourse between the two posts and not in mere words only, I can only add that should my success not be commensurate with my wishes, it will be my misfortune and not my fault.

I have &c

(Signed) Rt. McDonall
Lt. Col. Comg.

To Lieut. Col. Chambers.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. ROBINSON.

(*Indians.*) (Page 399.)

Drummond's Island
2nd Dec 1815

I have the honor to enclose Your Excellency two Letters from the officer Commanding at Michilimackinac and another of a very extraordinary tendency from a Mr. Puthoff the American Agent for Indian Affairs at that place.—

I thought it beneath me to notice this furious democrat or the tissue of impudent falsehoods with which his letter abounds and accordingly

made my remarks thereon to Lieut. Colonel Chambers who has himself given too much encouragement to his violence.—

As I doubt not that copies of these Letters have been transmitted to Washington and as their mischievious tendency must be obvious to your Excellency it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to counteract their effects by a strong remonstrance as to the iniquitous misrepresentations of their Indian Agents IN GENERAL but as to those of Mr. Putoff IN PARTICULAR as calculated to erase doubts where none ought to exist, to enjender jealousies and suspicions of our Government when on the contrary the utmost pains has been taken to avoid giving the least cause of complaint—On sending to your Excellency the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry held at this Post to investigate similar matters, I stated my belief that these libels would be continued that of William Putoff transcends in Violence and Malice the whole of the ingenious fabrications laid by Mr. Munroe before our Minister Mr. Baker—

I thought it necessary to reply to it at some length and a style suited to his arrogance— * * * *

(Signed) RT MC DONALL
Lieut Col. Com-g-

To His Excellency
Sir F. P. Robinson, K. C. B.

MR. ASKIN TO MR. CLAUS. (Page 408.)

DRUMMOND ISLAND,
26th Decr. 1815

MY DEAR SIR

When I wrote you last I really thought I had been very ill treated as an old servant of Government, but had not any idea that any of the Situations His Excellency Governor Gore had been pleased to give me, should have been so shamefully taken away from me after 8 years zealous and arduous services without any reasons assigned for the same.

My soul and only dependance is on his Excellency thro you, for that justace my services and merits entitle me to—should you Judge it necessary for me to address a memorial to His Excellency the Governor on that head I humbly beg you will have the goodness to get one drawn up by some able Person stating the services rendered—1st In executing and fulfilling the combined duties of the situations I held

from 1807 to 1812 and that of agent without any pay for the latter duty 2d By getting back a number of Indians of the vicinity of this country who had followed the Shawanese Prophet & settled on the Wabash.

3d Keeping all the Indians (tho living within the boundaries of the United States) faithful to our cause, and when war was declared in 1812 by the United States, got the whole of them) except Oneguigon & son to Join our standard, contrary to the general opinions of those who were concerned in the Trade of the Country.

4 By having 250 Indian warriors under my command at the taking of McKinac (as will appear by a Copy of Capt. Chas. Roberts Certificate) which I collected in so short a notice as 5 day and after the Capitulation of that Fortress had about 500 more warriors in so great a subordination as to prevent their killing even a Fowl appertaining to the Inhabitants of that place.

5th Sending upwards of 200 Indian warriors, shortly after the taking of McKinac to the aid of Amherstburg and keeping a large body of Chippawas and Ottawas for the defense of McKinac.

6th In having collected upwards of 160 warriors completely armed & arrayed so early as the 10th of May 1814 at McKinac for the defence of that place before & at Lt. Col. McDonalls arrival wh the Reinforcement & a few days afterwards upwards of 300 more before the arrival of Mr. Dicksons Indians—* * * *

JOHN ASKIN

Honble William Claus
York

MR. ASKIN TO MR. CLAUS. (Pages 417-18-19.)

DRUMMOND ISLAND
5th Jan 1816

Private

MY DEAR SIR, * * * * * * * * *

Extract of Indian Department orders taken from Capt Andersons orderly Book no 2 will show you all Indian matters are kept entirely secret from me, even the Indian Provision returns are made out by one of the Interpreters Solomon, so that I may not be acquainted with what is given out, by whom or to whom, I am well aware of the cause, for on a former occasion I refused to sign a receipt to the Commissariat for provisions which had been given out on the Command-

ants Order, on which he the Commandant signed it himself & said he was Commandant & would sign, give & order what he thought proper. My answer was that I knew he could do so & consequently could sign for what he ordered. I should be glad to know in what manner you are to be made acquainted with the Issues & Expenditures of Provisions & Rum as Dy. Inspector General of Indian Affairs, when such means are adopted to prevent your obtaining it. * * * *

It would give me great pleasure were you to come & would tend to check the vanity of the Commandant who makes a parade of great Pomp before the Indians dressed in the Indian Dept. uniform & pair of gold Epauletts as Commandant & Superint of the Dept & in the next place would open the eyes of the Indians so fully as to know who has most power in Indian matters, for those of the westward have been led to believe that their sole dependance is on the commanding officer indeed the treatment Mr. Dickson met with was enough to make them think so— * * * *

The Commandant has endeavoured to annoy me in several instances but fortunately could never find fault in my Duty or Conduct, as Stkr. or Interpreter He endeavored to prevent my sailing in & about the Harbor with my Sailing Boat as you will see by his Letter no 4. wishing I suppose that his permission should be obtained before I could take the amusement of sailing. Realy its shameful to see British Subjects prevented from going to and fro on their lawful business unless they get a permit from Major Cockran they could not leave the Post, notwithstanding they get clearances from me as Collector, & also enclose for your perusal a copy of Regulations which are given to the Traders who are licenced by him, to sell Spirituous Liquors for which they pay 20s Hx cy. to the person who writes the regulations, you will be highly delighted with the ridiculousness of it. He entirely forgets that Martial Law is not any longer in force & that there is a Governor to grant those Licences not him. As I was appointed Inspector of Licences for St Joseph *

* * to send me a few Licences of the present Governor, which will put the gentlemen quite aback, when they are given to those poor Devils of Traders here who are obliged to be as submissive as Spaniels otherwise they are threatened to be sent off the Island.

A circumstance took place in August last, which I forgot to mention to you at the time. On the 2d Augt. whilst in charge of Indian Presents at St. Josephs, I rec^{d} a note from Lt. Col. McDonall to report myself to him at Drummonds Island, as soon as the Indians then at St. Josephs were clothed, which I did on the 4th Augt. and on my entering his Tent or Marquee I found him alone and his first salutation

was to tell me that he had learnt that I was fond of writing & that if I was not more circumspect than I had been I certainly would involve myself in some difficulty, that my Letters had been seen, for those who I had wrote to had shewn the Letters, & from what had dropt out, he had reason to believe I had wrote against him. My answer was that I did not then recollect whether or not I had written about him to any person, but if I had, I must have stated plain facts, having always made it a Rule never to deviate from truth, & was not any way concerned at any of my Letters being seen, on which his *Cholere* got so much the better of him, that he said, Sir, if Colonel Claus thinks I would condescend to communicate with him on Indian matters, he is much mistaken & Commg. & Super the Indian Dept. in these parts, I never will correspond with any but the Commander of Forces. I told him it was not my business to know with whom he corresponded and whether he did or did not with Colonel Claus, it was none of my Business and as I had not in any way made use of Colonel Claus's name it appeared to me strange that he could do so, he walked up and down Twice or Thrice without saying a word, and then said, you may look to Colonel Claus for promotion, from, or thro' me, you need not expect any. My little spirit in my brain got the better of me, & I said I never had expected any promotion, or even common justice to my merits from him, for when I had been promoted Capt. Resident it was evident he had withheld it, untill he had recommended some of his favorites—and then I left him, from that day I have kept myself entirely aloof from him, he invited me thrice to dine which I refused.

I assure you on my word of Honor that this is as near as I possibly can recollect of the conversation that passed, whether he wanted to quarrel with me in order to cover his duplicity for having been instrumental in withholding my promotion or whether he wanted to break off with me (tho' never had been friends) in order to have an excuse for getting Anderson in as Captain I cannot say.

In all other parts but this it is customary to deliver the Indian presents at certain periods of the year, at this place it is not so, for Presents are issued at all times; Indeed some Indians have received presents three times in the season. The Squaws kept by the Interpreters & Lieutenants, as well as their children, used to draw rations monthly, untill the Flour & Beef as per order No 14 was distributed amongst them, a most shameful conduct in any officer to countenance libertism at the expense of Government. On the 3d Inst. the Commander sent for me & asked me the reason why I did not attend with the rest of the Indian department for the purpose of subscribing for

the relief of the Waluton Widows & Orphans, I told him I did not consider any person had a right, to call me to an account, in my mode of doing charitable acts. That some persons made it a rule to make outward show in such acts, whereas others did it as secretly as they could, for my part I could not think that he had actually sent for me on purpose to interrogate me on that head, he said he had not a right to dictate to me, in what manner I was to Pay out my money, yet he believed it was in opposition to him that I had not signed the Subscription and to Beware of myself for if he found I disobeyed any of his orders or those of Capt. Anderson he would dismiss me from the Service, that he could not be trifled with as I had with some Comg officers. In reply to this I told him, I had always done my duty as Stkr &c and I was astonished he attempted to find fault in my conduct in matters I conceived he had not any right to. He then said that my answer to his note on the subject of going in & out of the Harbor was not satisfactory—that it was great presumption in a Stkr to write such an answer to a Commanding Officer. I told him that my answer was from the Collector, for Strs did not require sailing boats for the execution of their duties. I plainly see he wants to intimidate me if he can & prevent my taking any notice of what he does, but he is much mistaken if he thinks that I care for his Threats and Frowns. You may my good Sir think that I am of a quarreling disposition in having been so unfortunate as to be at variance with a Commanding Officer, but I assure you it is not the case, I am not the only one that the man has treated ill. He has used and is still using Captn. Payne, Lieuts Portlock and Shepherd very unhandsomely indeed, so much so that the former will write to Colonel Nichol of the Engineers for a Court of Enquiry. He harrassed poor Lt. Slade of the Artillery so much that he had to apply to be relieved—When he Lt. Col. McDonall heard that His Excellency Lt. Govr. Gore was come out, he did not seem to relish it by any means, he said in the presence of Captn Payne that he did not like Gov. Gore since he had once dined in England in his company, that he would endeavor to have all his communication with Sir Gordon Drummond and not with the Civil Governor. Im persuaded that was he to hear that you and the Governor or either of you intended to visit this in the Spring he would be off, he does not like the idea of your or the Governor's presence, thats to say Im told so, by those he used to communicate his sentiments to. As another Courier is to leave this some days after Shawgayshe, I will write again. Inclose my letters under cover to Duncan Cameron Esq., for some Letters (last summer) that were addressed to me were opened

at this place & afterward sent over to me at St. Josephs and as they were in the hands of the Indians, I could not take the proper notice I should have done, If I could have ascertained who the person was who took the Liberty. * * * * *

My dear Sir
Yours most faithfully
JOHN ASKIN

The
Honbl. William Claus
York

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER.

(*Military Posts.*) (Page 430.)

DRUMMONDS ISD 25 Feby 1816

SIR

* * * * * * * * *

Our magazine being still at St. Josephs, & least our apparent evacuation of that Post might suggest a claim thereto, on the part of the Americans (which is *possible* tho' scarcely possible that it will be listened to, either as respects that Island or *this*,) I shall have it occupied by a subalterns Detacht. on the first opening of the navigation, a sargt and 6 men are there at present.

I have the honor to be
Sir, Your most obedt
RT MCDONALL Lt. Col.
Comg—

The Military Secty

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER.

(*Military Posts.*) (Page 439.)

DRUMMONDS ISLD 8th March
1816

Private.

MY DEAR FOSTER

I trust, from the nature of the enclosed Report, you will see that it is confidential, & that His Excellency will appreciate the difficulty of acting in such cases, & with such men, when the distance too, is such as to render any reference impossible. I have ever been desirous to

take nothing upon myself, but what I was fully conscious the good of the service required.

In pursuance of Your Circular of the 15th Novr. I yesterday in orders, gave up to Capt. Anderson every vestage of my authority over the Indian Department, nothing loth. It is certainly much better that it should at once be either Civil or Military, for a linsey-woolsey piece of patchwork consisting of both, will not answer. The commanding officer, for instance at St. Josephs used to be regarded at all Indian business or Council, into a *mute* or understrapper to the Clerk and storekeeper of the Indian Department, and this very Gent," a great stickler too for Civil Rights now thinks you have been *too Civil* in your order of the 25th Novm & still requires my authority for issues of presents—my name to pay lists, & hesitates to believe whether Captain Anderson can take this upon him. I of course, in strict conformity thereto, decline any longer interfering therewith, *in any respect*, it is with no small pleasure that I look to the speedy prospect of emancipation from a country with which I am so much disgusted.

* * * * * * * * *

Believe me, My Dear Foster,
Very truly Yours
Rt McDonall

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO THE MILITARY SECRETARY.

(*Indians*) (Page 446.)

American! Goods, to the amount of at least ℔15.000, had been annually sent to the Tribes on the Mississippi, and the assurances of Government *repeatedly given* for a Similar Supply. They had bravely stood by us, and I was conscious, that the time I chose to despatch Captain Anderson with goods, to only the amount of ℔300, was the last and only opportunity which would present itself, to save them from famine and starvation at that period too, the political horizon looked black enough: Bonaparte had returned, and if successful, an early re-newal of the War with the United States, was *at least* probable the above presents, therefore, by Captain Andersons judicious distribution thereof, *secured* to us *in that event*, the zealous assistance, and co-operation of all the Western Indians, and yet was so managed as rather to express any war-like ebullition than otherwise.—

These were the motives that influenced my conduct such a necessity

for a similar purchase cannot again exist, especially as I have had the good fortune to get entirely rid of the Indian Department.

I have considered the above explanation necessary, being ambitious of His Excellency's entire approbation of my conduct, and confident that he will make the due allowances for my being often compelled to decide for myself on many important points, where it was impossible to receive instructions—

Believe me to be
Yours very truly
(Signed) Rt. McDonall

True copy
Military Secretary.

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO MAJ. GEN. DE WATTEVILLE. (Page 446.)

Drummond Island
24th March 1816

Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Duplicate Dispatch of the 5th Ulto and beg leave to re-state that the intended purchase of this Island shall be postponed accordingly—

By my last dispatch I had occasion to state that the Civilians in the employ of the Engineer departments having been engaged 'til the 2d May, will continue occupied 'til that period chiefly in constructing a wharf a work actually necessary at this Post, in order to prevent that damage to the Provisions and Stores which so frequently occurred last summer from the difficulty of their being landed.

As the fulfilling the engagement of Govt. with these men, could not be dispensed with, they have accordingly been employed upon a work of much public utility all others have been discontinued from the receipt of your order to that effect.

I have &c
(Signed) R. McDonall
Lt Col. Comg.

To M. Genl de Watteville

LIEUT. COL. MC DONALL TO SECRETARY FOSTER.

(*Indians.*) (Page 447.)

Drummonds Island
24th March 1816

Sir

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd Ultimo this day His Excellencys injunction therein contained, as

respects the discontinuing all public works, suspending the intended purchase of the Island, & in future abstaining from all interference, on any account, or in any respect, with the Indian Department at this Post, shall be most strictly complied with, & have already been acted upon, as more fully detailed thro' Major Genl. De Watteville—

I have the honor to be
Sir, your most obedient Sevt.
RT McDONALL Lt Col
Comg—

Major Foster—

Lieut. Col. McDonall to the Military Secretary, Drummonds Island 17 June 1816; Indians, Defences &c. (Pages 463–4–5–468–9.)

Indian Council at Amherstberg, June 19, 1816; Of the Huron, Ottowa, Chippawa, Pitewatemie, Shawnee's, Kickapoo, Munsie Nations. (Pages 471–2–3.)

Lieut. Col. McDonall, 27 June 1816; Removed from Command. (Page 476.)

Comments on movements of American Forces. (Pages 508–9–10–11–12.) The last of the communications of this most interesting officer, who has been continually looking for a renewal of the war giving in his letters and reports his reasons therefor.

Indian Council at Drummond Island, 29th June, 1816; Of the Sioux Winebagoes, Minominies, Ottawas, and Chippewa Indians; 500 or 600 men. (Pages 479–80–1–2–3–4–5–6–7.)

Ratification of treaty between U. S. A. and the Wyandot, Seneca, Delaware, Shawanese, Potawatomy, Ottawa and Chippawa tribes of Indians, made by Lewis Cass and Duncan McArthur, Commissioners, January 4, 1819. (Pages 665 to 681 inclusive.)

The committee have added during the past year to the valuable historical papers copied from the Canadian Archives by procuring 3,446 folios of manuscript, of which 167 were translations from the French, this with other matter of the same kind received previously will be printed hereafter in the collections.

The Legislature now in session, having appropriated the same amounts as has been heretofore granted the society by the State, there will be at least two volumes of the collections printed during the coming year. It is intended that these shall, if possible, bring up all proceedings of the society and local matter to the present time.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER, *Chairman.*
JOHN H. FORSTER,
A. D. P. VAN BUREN,
MRS. HARRIET A. TENNEY.

REPORT OF THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

DON. C. HENDERSON.

1890.

June 6—At Otsego, William Allen, aged 72 years. An old time resident.

June 24—Alexander Henderson, a native of Scotland, who settled in Detroit in 1835, and removed to Allegan in 1838. He had been a supervisor for several terms, twice sheriff of Allegan county, U. S. deputy assessor of revenue during the war, deputy U. S. marshal and held several other important official positions.

MRS. HANNAH P. EMERSON.

Hannah P. Emerson, one of the very first settlers of Allegan, died at her home in Kalamazoo, Friday, August 8, 1890, aged 86 years. Deceased was the widow of Allegan's first merchant, Daniel Emerson, who was a native of Hollis, N. H., and came here with his family in 1836. He kept a store on Brady street until his death, in 1845, and was highly respected and esteemed as an upright, honorable business man, whose word was as good as his bond, and though in business during a time of great financial depression, managed to carry on his store successfully and weather the storm. Mrs. Emerson was a fitting helpmate for such a husband and did her part in those early days with true female heroism. After her husband's death the widow lived here for some years and then went to Kalamazoo, where she made her home with her daughter, Mrs A. C. Balch, and remained there until her death. Deceased had five children, four daughters and one son, the latter of whom died some thirty years ago. One of the daughters, Frances, was the first wife of J. B. Dumont, of Allegan. Two daughters survive, Elizabeth, widow of A. C. Balch, and Miss Lucy, both of whom live at Kalamazoo and were present at her funeral.

The funeral services were conducted at the Congregational church, Monday, August 11, attended by representatives of nearly every pioneer

family in the village. Rev. E. Andrus, the old pastor of the church, paid a touchiug tribute to the memory of the worthy woman who had passed away, and her remains were borne to their last resting place by her old friends, D. J. Arnold, B. D. Pritchard, H. S. Manson, M. C. Sherwood, H. C. Smith and J. B. Streeter.

August 17—At Allegan, Mrs. Electa, wife of D. B. Allen, a native of Vermont, aged 66 years, who came to Allegan in 1860.

August 30—At Hopkins, Jonathan O. Thorne, who settled in that town in 1838. He was 80 years old, and held the office of supervisor for several terms.

September 10—At Wayland, Dr. John Graves. For 28 years in the practice of his profession in that village and vicinity.

October 5—In Trowbridge, John Williams, a native of England, aged 64 years. Settled in Allegan county when the county was quite new.

October 10—George Sharbaguay, an Indian and nephew of the celebrated Ottawa Indian chief Macatawa, aged 66 years. Sharbaguay was a celebrated hunter and fisherman, Allegan.

December 5—John W. Austin, aged 71 years, a native of Lewis county, N. Y., and who settled here in 1865.

December 6—At Allegan, Wells Field a son of the late Cephas Field a native of Ontario county, N. Y., 81 years old. Came to Allegan in 1836.

December 20—In Allegan, Edmund Root, 65 years old. A Union veteran, came to Allegan in 1867, settling in Cheshire.

1891.

January 5—In Fillmore, Mrs. K. Van Zanten, aged 59 years. One of the pioneer Hollanders.

February 5—In New York city, James Redpath, a native of Allegan county, the private secretary of John Brown (the hero of Ossawattamie and of Harpers Ferry) and subsequently celebrated in the literary world as the editor of the North American Review. He was 58 years old, a brilliant and powerful writer, an accomplished scholar and an original abolitionist.

Febrvary 10—In Leighton township, John Fales, for 40 years a resident of Allegan county.

February 13—Mrs. E. Perkins, aged 70 years, 48 years a resident of Allegan county, and who came here from Wayne county, N. Y.

March 2—In Allegan, Mrs. Margaret Stiles, aged 73 years. A native of Berkshire county, Mass., came to Allegan in 1866.

March 2—In Allegan, Mrs. Benjamin N. Colburn, aged 72 years. A native of New Hampshire.

March (date not given)—At Hot Springs, Ark., John Weare, Jr., the son of the late John Weare, one of the pioneers of Allegan county, but who has resided since 1847 at Cedar Rapids, a city in Iowa, of which he was one of the founders, a gentleman of wealth and fame.

March 14—At Allegan, Dr. Frederick Milo Calkins, whose father, Dr. Abram R. Calkins, was one of the pioneer physicians of Allegan county, aged 45 years.

March 15—In Allegan, Mrs. Sarah E. Bingham, acting register of deeds of Allegan county, aged 57 years, a natve of New Hampshire, a resident of Allegan county since 1865, a woman of culture and refinement.

April 5—At Plainwell, Jacob V. Rogers, a lawyer by profession and at his death postmaster at Plainwell, aged 58 years.

In Allegan, same day, Mrs. Moses Girard, aged 63 years.

April 14—In Watson township, Mrs. William S. Miner, who came to Allegan in 1836, born in Rochester, N. Y.

April 18—At Hopkins, Mrs. Anna, wife of Uri Baker, a native of Highgate, Vt., aged 84 years, came to Michigan in 1844.

April 28—At Allegan, Charles Carter, a union veteran and member of Co. L. 4th Michigan, cavalry. A native of Oswego N. Y., born June 23, 1835, who came to Allegan county in 1844. The Memorial day exercises at Allegan, for 1891 were held at his tomb. He was a badly crippled soldier.

April 29—At Plymouth, Indiana, John P. McCormick, a native of Winchester, Virginia, 74 years old, came to Allegan, May 1841, one of the pioneer merchants. He retired from business several years ago and went to Indiana to reside.

May 8—At Cheshire, Mrs. George Wilson, aged 47 years. An old resident.

May 15—In Trowbridge, Tracy Turner, aged 75 years. One of the pioneers.

May 18—In Otsego, Hon. Daniel M. Hall, ex-president of the village, and a gentleman of high standing, aged 75 years, a resident of Otsego 50 years.

May 18—At Hartford, Van Buren county, Rev. Charles Johnson, formerly a supervisor from the town of Ceresco, Allegan county, where he has resided several years, and the former superintendent of the Reform School for Boys, at Lansing. He was pastor of the Baptist church at South Haven.

May 31—Mrs. Sarah B. Vosburg, for 28 years in business as a milliner, in Allegan, a native of Pennsylvania, 70 years old. Came to Allegan in 1857.

BAY COUNTY.

W. R. MC CORMICK.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Allen Carter	Nov. 6, 1890	Bay City	79
Eusebus King	Dec. 31, 1890	West Bay City	90
Curtis Munger	Feb., 5, 1891	Clio, Genesee Co.	71
Mrs. Allen Carter	Feb. 13, 1891	Bay City	78

ALLEN CARTER.

Allen Carter died at his home on Saginaw street, Bay City, November 6, 1890. Mr. Carter was born in England, October 12, 1811, and was married to Miss Elizabeth Ely, January 1, 1831. Emigrated to the Saginaw valley in 1850, and was for many years millwright in the various mills on the Saginaw river; a man of sterling integrity and much respected by the citizens with whom he so long lived.

EUSEBUS KING.

Eusebus King died in West Bay City, December 31, 1890.

Mr. King was born in Detroit, in 1800. For many years his occupation was carpenter and joiner; the date of his marriage is lost, at any rate he had been married over 70 years. He came to Bay City at an early date where he followed his occupation until too old to work when he was elected justice of the peace, which he held many years. His wife died many years ago, he left three boys and one girl; his oldest son, Capt. Geo. King, now over 60 years old, still lives in West Bay City; two sons in Bay City, and a daughter in Los Angeles, California.

Mr. King was a just and upright man and his decisions while he was justice was always just. He was a gentleman of the old school, and was much respected by all who knew him.

CURTIS MUNGER.

Curtis Munger died February 5, 1891, on his farm at Clio, Genesee

county, Michigan, aged 71 years. No man in the Saginaw valley was more respected than Curtis Munger. He was one of the men who built Bay City. He came to Michigan in 1840, and to Bay City in 1848. He was the leading merchant for many years; he first kept a small store on Water street in connection with Edwin Park, afterwards built a large brick store near the corner of Water and Center avenue; this becoming too small he with his brother Algeron S. Munger, built the large brick block corner Saginaw and Center avenue, where he kept a large double store for many years, when his health failed and he moved onto his little farm near Clio, Genesee county, Michigan. No man in Bay City had more friends than Curtis Munger; he was honest and straight in all his dealings with his fellow man. He was for many years county treasurer of Bay county and his accounts were always straight. Annexed you will find a description of how he came to Bay City, which I wrote in my note book some years ago.

The following is an interesting description of a very disagreeable and dangerous trip made by the late Curtis Munger:

In the fall of 1846 he, with some others, went to Thunder Bay island, Lake Huron, where they started in the fish business, catching white fish for the eastern market. They remained there until the latter part of November, 1848, when, with his party, he intended to take one of the down steamers for Detroit and return home. Several steamers passed the island, but so far off in the lake that they could not see their signals. It was getting very cold and the party had got out of provisions so they took turns sitting up nights to keep a signal fire and hail any passing vessel to take them off. To add to their sufferings their provisions were all gone so after waiting for some days they held a council.

The party was composed of Curtis Munger, James Beebe, Edwin Park and Michael Daily, who yet reside in Bay City, and W. H. Hunter and Joseph Parkerson, who have left the country. To add to their discomforts a heavy snow storm set in and what to do they did not know; to remain would be folly, as the winter had commenced. They were also getting hungry. Joseph Parkerson proposed that they should start in their open fish boat for Lower Saginaw, as Bay City was then called, and if they could reach there they would be sure to find shelter.

The party finally made up their minds to start for Lower Saginaw and loading their boat with six half barrels of fish they set sail. On their way from the island they saw Capt. Madden, the light-house keeper, but could get no provisions from him, as he was nearly out

himself. None of the party had ever been over the route before except Michael Daily. Soon after they left, a heavy snow storm came up from the northwest and the party were compelled to keep bailing the boat to keep her afloat. After much suffering they reached Point Au Gres in the evening. In the morning the ice had frozen on the north side of the point, where their boat lay several rods from shore, and the wind was blowing a gale from the southwest so that it was impossible to leave. Towards night one of the party built a fire in the bailing tin and partially cooked some of the fish from one of the barrels. The fish was scarcely warmed through, but despite this fact they all ate some. Mr. Monger said however that his made him so sick that he vomited it all up.

On the second day the wind changed to the northwest, blowing a gale all day. It continued to blow so hard that the men were compelled to stay in the boat all night. They laid down in the bottom of the boat with their wet clothes, but were nearly frozen by morning. On the morning of the third day they hoisted sail and started for the Saginaw river.

After proceeding up the river about two miles they came to a little house. When they were passing it Mr. Munger asked Parkerson whose house it was. Parkerson replied, "Trombley's." They had not gone far when they came to another, Mr. Munger again asked Parkerson whose house it was. He was again informed, "Trombley's." They soon came to another, where the First ward of West Bay City now is, when Mr. Munger says to Parkerson "This is a comfortable looking house. I guess we can get something to eat here. Who lives here?" When Parkerson replied "Trombley." "My Lord" says Mr. Munger, "is there no one but Trombleys in this country?"

The party then proceeded up the river soon arriving at the house of a friend of Mr Parkerson where they remained for some days to rest up after their perilous voyage from Thunder Bay island. They were terribly used up by the voyage. In regard to their arrival Mr. Munger said: "When we landed I was in my stocking feet, as my feet were so swollen by exposure that I could not get on my boots. So I say that when I first came to Bay City I was in my stocking feet. That was December 1, 1848." After making a trip to Detroit to get the money for their fish, Mr. Munger went into partnership with Edwin Park manufacturing staves. This was Mr. Munger's first business enterprise in the Saginaw Valley.

MRS. ELIZABETH ELY CARTER.

Mrs Elizabeth Ely, wife of Allen Carter, died February 13, 1891, in Bay City aged seventy-eight years, Mrs. Carter was a native of England and came with her husband to the Saginaw valley in 1850, and was a great helpmate to him in those pioneer times, a lady beloved by all who knew her a life long member of the Episcopal church. She left three sons and three daughters to mourn her loss, all of whom live in Bay City. She will long be remembered by the old settlers and the church to which she belonged.

BRANCH COUNTY.

HARVEY HAYNES.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
William S. Gilbert	September 1, 1890	Coldwater	81
Philo Porter	Dec. 20, 1890	Coldwater	77
James Ruggles	March 16, 1891	Bronson	88
John T. Gilbert	March 20, 1891	Coldwater	85
Capt. Abraham V. Hunt	April 28, 1891	Coldwater	95

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

William S. Gilbert died at his home on North Fremont street, Coldwater, Monday September 1, 1890, of rheumatism, from which he had been a great sufferer for about two years. He was born in Warren, Vermont, November 23, 1809.

In his younger days he learned the carpenter and joiner trade, and most of his active life was spent in wood-working in some of its branches. He reached Coldwater, September 11, 1836, and soon in company with the late Luke H. Whitcomb commenced the manufacture of sash door and furniture, erecting for the purpose the building used for many years as a tannery, near the old "Crippen Mill." For power to run their machinery they used the surplus water from the race. As the supply was often scant and the mill had the preference, the sturdy young mechanics would often run their factory all night, to use the water after the mill had shut down for the day. This was probably

the first factory of the kind in the county to use power of any kind to run its machinery.

When the Michigan Southern and Central Railroads were pushing their lines across the State, Mr. Gilbert, in company with Asa Parrish, built several of the most important bridges, engaging in that work from 1850 to 1854, when he bought a farm three miles southeast of Coldwater, where he resided for seven years. He then moved to Coldwater where he has since lived.

January 1, 1839, Mr. Gilbert was married in Bronson to Miss Hannah Parrish, who died December 10, 1878, leaving one son Edward P., who now lives in Spokane Falls, Wash. About five year ago he was married to Miss Jennie Parrish who survives him. Mr. Gilbert has been an active member of the Methodist church for the past fifty years, was one of the first to organize that church in Coldwater, and was for a great portion of the time a class leader, always an influential and active member.

PHILO PORTER.

Philo Porter, died December 20, 1890, at his residence on Hudson street, Coldwater, after an illnes of two weeks.

The deceased was born in Attica, Genesee county, N. Y., April 26, 1813. March 17, 1836, he was married to Miss Martha Hosmer, and in May the young couple started with an ox team for Batavia in this county where young Porter had previously purchased of the government 120 acres of land. In June, 1837, his wife died, and in March, 1838, he married Marietta Miller who died January 6, 1839, less than ten months after their marriage. He afterwards married Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler who survives him. Mr. Porter was the father of five children, four of whom are living—Mrs. Willard Stearns of Adrian, Mrs. Sidney Leland of Iowa, Cass Porter of Kansas City and Charles Porter of Batavia Station.

Mr. Porter was a man of marked ability, decided character, and always took a prominent position in both town and county affairs. From 1838 to 1847 he served as justice of the peace in Batavia, and was elected supervisor in the following spring. He was an Andrew Jackson democrat, was elected sheriff of Branch county in 1850, and was re-elected in 1852, being the last democratic sheriff elected in the county. The deceased, though a democrat, was an outspoken abolitionist, and when a U. S. marshal from Orland, Ind., attempted to capture a colored citizen of this place, gave him such a vigorous shaking as to convince the slave hunter that Coldwater was not a congenial place for him.

During the war Mr. Porter was a war democrat and was active in his support of the Union.

In 1863 he joined the M. E., church and has ever since been an active worker in both church and Sabbath school.

JAMES RUGGLES.

On Monday afternoon, March 16, 1891, Mr. James Ruggles of Bronson passed away after an illness of ten days, at the age of 88 years. His disease was pneumonia.

James Ruggles was born in Toronto, Canada, April 22, 1803, and was the second son of James and Esther (Dunham) Ruggles. His ancestors came from England and located in Roxbury, Mass., in 1637. In 1814, James came with his mother to Stockbridge, Mass., and later to Pelham, Albany county, N. Y. In 1824 Mr. Ruggles returned to Toronto and by a suit at law recovered considerable landed property adjacent to Toronto. In that city in 1830 he married Sophia Shaw. In 1832 she died there of cholera. With his mother he came to Branch, then the capital of this county, in 1835, where he purchased 200 acres of land south of the Black Hawk mills at about $2 per acre. He also bought considerable land near Orland, Ind., and some in LaGrange county, Ind. He went to Bronson during the winter of 1837, first settling on 80 acres west of the town, which tract was gradually increased to 400 acres, about half of which was deeded to three of his sons. As a second wife he married Hannah Dunham who died after two years. He built in 1837–8 the large house which afterwards became the American Exchange hotel, which continued as such until the advent of the railroad about 1850. April 21, 1845, Mr. R. married for his third wife Miss Eliza Salona Pixley who lived but eighteen months. Of this marriage J. Francis Ruggles was the fruit. In 1852 he married as a fourth wife at Mottville, Mich., Miss Aurelia Parrish who has borne him six children—Charles, Edward W., Alonzo, N. Byron, Henry J. and Eugena. Mrs. Ruggles survives, as also four of her children, and J. Francis, who is so widely known as a collector of rare books and curiosities.

Mr. James Ruggles was a man of very marked peculiarities and positive views. During the war he was opposed to civil strife and ever ready "for equitable peace." He was an uncompromising democrat and one of the "old guard." He thought out his own religious forms of belief and was an avowed but reverent free thinker. He has been honored by his fellow citizens with several local offices and practiced law somewhat. When his house was burned two or three years since he bought

a house in the village of Bronson and there devoted the last years of his life to "pursuing the vocation of old age."

JOHN. T. GILBERT.

John T. Gilbert died on Friday morning, March 20, 1891, at 10:10 o'clock. He had been quite feeble for a number of months but the immediate cause of his death was a chill brought on by blood poisoning. The funeral services were held at his late residence on the corner of Grand and Taylor streets, Coldwater, on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and was well attended, Rev. H. P. Collins officiating. He had expressed the desire that his six grandsons should bear his remains and deposit them in the grave. These were Morris G. Clarke, Ralph E. Clarke, Arthur G. Holbrook and John T. Holbrook, and by marriage Andrew J. McGowan and William Worcester. The recent death of Mr. McGowan made a break in this circle and for him Walter G. Daugherty, who has for many years been in E. R. Clarke & Co's store and related to the family, was substituted.

John T. Gilbert was born in Mansfield, Connecticut, March 19, 1806. He was of New England ancestry and was closely related to the family of Gilberts from which sprang Josiah Gilbert Holland, who is known to so many people of this country as a writer of great merit. In early life Mr. Gilbert showed a consumptive tendency and moved from Connecticut about 1825 or 1826 to New York state. On May 19, 1831, he was married to Elizabeth H. Morris at Seneca Falls, New York, who has shared with him all the experiences of almost sixty years. With a common purpose and a common faith they have worked together until now death has separated them but, as Mrs. Gilbert says not for many years at most. In 1834 Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert moved to Erie, Monroe county, Michigan, and settled upon a farm. Later he was elected register of deeds in Monroe county and moved to Monroe. Subsequently he engaged in banking and in the dry goods business in that place. Then he was elected treasurer of the county and held this office until December 31, 1860. In the fall of 1860 his family came to Coldwater and on the expiration of his term of office Mr. Gilbert followed and at once entered into partnership in the drug business with his son-in-law, Edwin R. Clarke, who had been here since 1850. From this partnership he retired March 1, 1878. To Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were born three daughters—Mrs. E. R Clarke, Mrs. G. L. Howe, and Mrs. E. G. Holbrook. Mrs. Howe resides in Tekonsha, the other two in Coldwater. He had six grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

Mr. Gilbert was the last be to taken away of a family of eight children, being the fourth in order of birth. He has two half-brothers living, Henry E. H. Gilbert of Coventry, Connecticut, and Nathan Strong Gilbert of Englewood, Illinois. The last named was present at the funeral on Saturday.

For sixty years Mr. John T. Gilbert has been a member of the Presbyterian church and for a number of years he has been an elder in the church in Coldwater. When his health permitted he was always a regular attendant at all the services of the church and a participant in the exercises of the social prayer meetings. He was always very quiet and unobtrusive but earnest and devoted. His life in the community has been such as to reflect only credit upon the profession which he made and it will be a rich legacy not only to his children but to his children's children for many generations; and not only to them but to many of his brethren and fellow citizens who knew him and will live to honor and revere his memory.

CAPT. ABRAHAM V. HUNT.

Capt. Abraham V. Hunt was found dead in his room Tuesday morning, April 28, 1891, about eleven o'clock.

Capt. Hunt was nearly a centenarian, being born in New York city, July 3, 1796. He was the youngest of two children born to Moses and Hannah (Morgan) Hunt. The other brother died about 1837, leaving a wife and one child, whose whereabouts Abraham has been unable to discover, although he has spent much time and money in the attempt. When Abraham was six years old his father, Moses, went to sea in the schooner Harvard, and he, with two companions, were left on a desolate island in the South Pacific ocean, where Moses and one of the others died.

The grandfather of Abraham, Colonel Benjamin Hunt, was born in England but came to this country previous to the Revolution as a colonel in the British army, taking quite a prominent part in the war against the colonies. His property was confiscated at the close of the war and he went to Novia Scotia, and shortly after was drowned. After the death of Moses Hunt the widow married a sea captain named Smith, Abraham being then thirteen years old. The following year they moved to Monmouth county, N. J., and were engaged in farming until the death of Mrs. Smith, which occurred in 1821.

About a year after their removal to New Jersey, Abraham was apprenticed to a gunsmith in New York city, but at the end of three years he returned to his home, his health being very poor. After regaining

his health he bound himself to learn the tailor's trade until he should become of age, but at the end of six months the business was broken up and he returned to Howell in 1814. The war of 1812 having not yet ended, Abraham was drafted and mustered into the service, serving in an infantry regiment under Colonel John Frelinghuysen, afterwards United States Senator from New Jersey. After a short service he was sent to Sandy Hook, New York, where he was promoted to a lieutenancy and placed in charge of the troops stationed at Sandy Hook Block House, where he did efficient service with his artillery on the British navy. At the end of four months Lieut. Hunt was transferred to New Jersey, where he was taken sick and moved to New York City, and shortly afterwards was discharged from the service.

Mr. Hunt was married to Margaret Neafie, January 23, 1818, after which they returned to Howell where he erected a hotel, which he relinquished after acting three years as "mine host." Mr H. was then appointed by the Underwriters of New York to take charge of wrecked vessels insured by them, which position he held for four years.

In 1833 he made up his mind to try his fortune in the west coming by the way of the Hudson river, Erie canal and the lake to Detroit, where he landed October 9, 1833, and three days later found him at Macon, Lenawee county, at which time there were only five families living there. Mr. Hunt continued to make Macon his home until 1864, with the exception of two years, 1837–38, which were spent in Toledo. In 1864 he came to Coldwater, which has been his abiding place since. During his married life seven children were born to him, only three of whom are living.

Mr. Hunt was probably the oldest Mason in Michigan at the time of his death, he having been a member of that order for over seventy years.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

JOHN F. HINMAN.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
	1890.		
Mrs. Mahala Evans	May 25	Marengo	77
Mrs. Emeline Dickey	June 8	Albion	89
Charles Ketchum	" 20	Marshall	67
Mrs. John M. Leonard	" 18	"	68
Tolman W. Hall	July 2	Battle Creek	85

CALHOUN COUNTY—Continued.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Mrs. Lify J. Houghton	July 9	Battle Creek	76
Z. T. Sawtelle	" 9	"	76
Fred'k N. Church	" 6	Marshall	79
Mrs. James Christie	" 25	"	88
Henry C. Phippany	" 25	Albion	48
J. M. Leonard	August 1	Marshall	72
John Rhymes	July 25	Clarendon	70
Mrs. E. A. Frost	" 22	Albion	
Harry Rose	" 24	Eckford	70
Mrs. Neale	" 28	Ceresco	*old.*
Carolus H. Burch	August 5	Battle Creek	76
George Lincoln	July 22	Clarence	61
John Armstrong	" 30	Albion	72
Abram Bowlsby	" 23	"	76
Mrs. Polly M. Snow	August 3	Battle Creek	90
W. J. Swart	" 8	LeRoy	70
Mrs. Sarah M. Sage	" 10	Battle Creek	77
Mrs. Caroline S. Sherman	" 15	Marshall	76
Mrs. White	" 13		87
Mrs. Thos. O. Dunton	" 14	Eckford	81
A. M. Schultz	" 16	Battle Creek	76
Mrs. Priscilla Scout	" 19	Eckford	63
Mrs. Domitile Daigneau	" 19	Battle Creek	83
Wm. B. Katner	" 28	Emmet	75
Wilhelmns Lusk	" 30	Battle Creek	35
Mrs. Maria White	" 13	Athens	87
John W. Coon	September 4	Battle Creek	72
Mrs. Rebecca Bush	" 11	"	59
Carlton Cooley	" 12	Marengo	72
Loren Bugbee	" 8	Homer	80
Cyenil Bennett	" 16	Clarendon	40
James Pierce	" 21	Battle Creek	78
Mrs. Wm. Wall	" 28	"	
Mrs. Eva Warner	" 29	Albion	84
David Woodward	" 29	Homer	82
Mrs. Robt. Skerrett	October 9	Marshall	
John Hertkorn	" 17	"	74
Joel D. Sanders	" 10	"	89
Frank H. Smith	" 10	Homer	44
Susannah McHugh	" 5	Marshall	60

CALHOUN COUNTY—Continued.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Bennett Tiffany	October 7	Marshall	72
Eva Ives	" 3	"	66
Mrs. Harriet T. Warner	" 7	Homer	67
Mrs. James M. Parsons	" 15	Marshall	76
Mrs. Lockwood	" 28	"	
Mrs. James R. Taylor	" 30	"	
John Ryan	" 30	Lee	
Jennette A. McDonall	" 20	Battle Creek	70
Rev. Samuel H. Hall	" 10	Marshall	72
Oliver P. Viets	" 19	Albion	67
Mrs. Mary Billings	" 26	Homer	85
Mrs. Benjamin Morgan	November 2	LeRoy	
Wm. Young	" 10	Tekonsha	80
John Roof	" 12	Albion	87
Mrs. John Olcott	" 8	"	76
Randall Drake	" 7	Marengo	93
Mrs. M. E. Crouch	" 14	Pennfield	82
Mrs. Sophrona Frink	" 13	Marshall	82
Mrs. Dudley K. Cotton	" 15	LeRoy	74
Mrs. Esther Burnett	" 16	Burlington	72
Mrs. Jane Kidney	" 20	Fredonia	73
Mrs. Sarah H. Schuyler	" 17	Marshall	
Mrs. Mary Brigham	" 15	Albion	52
Ira Gillispie	" 17	Homer	47
Austin C. Halladay	,, 17	Battle Creek	47
Benjamin Rowley	December 2	Fredonia	82
Jeremiah Donovan	" 4	Marshall	37
David Hough	" 3	Wheatfield	
Mrs. John Jackson	" 3	Tekonsha	
Mrs. Mariah Eckert	November 20	Homer	82
Elijah P. Holmes	" 28	Battle Creek	76
Job Spencer	December 5	Albion	67
Wm. H. Sweet	" 5	Battle Creek	51
Reuben S. Haskell	" 8	Marshall	77
Michael Simmons	" 16	"	65
Philander Moore	" 28	Battle Creek	79
Betsey Dixon	" 28	Emmett	60
Mrs. Sylvanus Dillingham	" 25	Marshall	70
Timothy B. Powell	" 31	Ceresco	78
Mrs. Ruth M. Cole	" 25	Albion	39

CALHOUN COUNTY—Continued.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
	1891.		
C. C. Swift	January 1	Battle Creek	65
Mrs. Elizabeth West	" 14	"	82
Mrs. Hannah G. Easterly	" 15	Fredonia	88
Mrs. Eunice Richardson	" 16	Battle Creek	84
Mrs. Kate N. Woolcott	" 22	Albion	57
Arthur H. Dailey	" 25	Battle Creek	47
Elisha Carpenter	February 1	"	71
Daniel Roberts	" 3	"	
Mrs. Rebecca Bills	" 11	Albion	81
Mrs. Patrick Conley	" 16	Convis	64
Ahira Ethridge	" 16	Marshall	80
Mrs. Laurany Barker	" 13	Albion	82
Hiram Wheat	" 16	Sheridan	88
Mrs. Joseph Scott	" 15	Marshall	71
Mrs. C. P. Dibble	" 20	"	
Absolom Cargill	" 20	Battle Creek	91
Mrs. Elizabeth Lester	" 20	Fredonia	74
Mrs. August Bartels	" 21	Albion	44
Claudius B. Webster	" 25	Marshall	73
Michael Harrigan	" 26	"	83
Abraham Cooper	" 17	Homer	66
Elihu Clark	" 19	Clarendon	71
Jonathan B. Chapin	April 13	Battle Creek	86
Mrs. John P. Roller	March 8	Marshall	65
Jonah R. Lewis	" 19	Battle Creek	79
Silas W. Dodge	" 13	"	79
Hiram J. Goodale	January 29	Bedford	87
Eben W. Graves	March 25	Albion	61
John E. Chaffin	" 30	Battle Creek	60
Jacob L. Nickerson	April 24	Convis	70
John Nichols	" 15	Battle Creek	77
Nathan Vestal (Col'd)	" 25	Bedford	71
Mrs. Marie Hunt	" 29	LeRoy	68
Milo Soule	" 2	Marengo	77
Mrs. Frances Knight	" 24	Marshall	53
Mrs. Catherine Hall	May 6	"	88
E. N. Southworth	" 7	Battle Creek	64
Mrs. Mary Hamilton	" 8	Bedford	87
Mrs. Mahala Brown	" 14	Battle Creek	84
Mrs. Mary T. Boone	" 11	Bedford	

CALHOUN COUNTY—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Ira Beckley	May 16	Battle Creek	69
James B. Delbridge	" 15	Albion	75
Mrs. Lucy Post	" 16	Battle Creek	71
Bert Whitcher	" 16	"	35
Caroline E. S. Walter	" 8	Marshall	78
Joseph C. LaDow	" 14	Homer	78
Mrs. Mary Case	" 25	Battle Creek	91
Mrs. Flavius S. Hamilton	" 27	Eckford	64
Frederick E. Bush	" 27	Battle Creek	79
Mrs. J. T. Coulson	" 30	Albion	54
Thomas Holmes	" 25	"	
R. R. Bass	" 25	"	
Mrs. C. W. Dalrymple	" 26	"	
Jared Knapp	" 24	"	81
Chester Phelps	" 18	Battle Creek	73
Mrs. Hulda DeYarmond	June 1	"	52

TOLMAN W. HALL.

Hon. Tolman W. Hall, who was one of Battle Creek's most highly respected citizens, was born at Sudbury, Vermont, September 1, 1805. His parents, Moses and Experience (Tolman) Hall, were of Puritan descent, and their early religious teachings have exercised a marked influence upon his life. His father served in the revolution. An academic education fitted Mr. Hall for a teacher, and he followed the profession for a number of years. At Sudbury, April 12, 1832, he married Lois Mary Hitchcock, formerly of Hebron, N. Y. Soon after, he came into the possession of real estate near Battle Creek, and in 1834 came here and engaged in farming. In 1842 his wife died, and he gave up the farm and became a merchant. Before and after Michigan became a State, Mr. Hall held various legal offices. In 1836, when the State government was organized, he was elected Associate Judge of the circuit court of Calhoun county. He held the office until 1844; in 1844 he was admitted to the Calhoun county bar, but has never practiced to any great extent.

In 1837 the bank of Battle Creek, known as the Wildcat bank, was organized with Sands McCamly as president and Mr. Hall, cashier. In 1838 the bank dissolved and Cashier Hall was appointed receiver. Feb. 15, 1844, he married Elizabeth Ann McCamly, who died Nov. 15, of

the same year. He was joined in marriage December 21, 1846, to Flora Howe, with whom he lived in happiness, and who, until the hour of his death, shared equally the burdens of his life. In 1855-6 Mr. Hall was a member of the Legislature; during the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and during part of Andrew Johnson's he was postmaster; in 1863 he was alderman, and in 1865 was mayor. He was justice of the peace, at the time of his death in which capacity he has served faithfully and honorably since 1872. He served fourteen years as superintendent of the poor of Calhoun county.

Judge Hall, as he was generally called, has been actively engaged in educational work, and was well known as an active, christian worker. He aided greatly in organizing the Presbyterian and Congregational churces, in Battle Creek. It was partly through the personal efforts made by this honored man that the present public school system was organized, he afterwards serving two terms as director. He was a staunch supporter of the temperance cause, though not a prohibitionist. He was a Democrat until 1854, when he joined the republican forces, and was ever afterward a member of that party, though his political views were quite liberal. Extensive travel through the United States and Canada and the advantages of education and continued reading enabled this man through his life to do his work properly and successfully. His record as a public man was most wonderful, as in all of his dealings with men he had the reputation of being upright and honorable. He has never been defeated for any office which he has held, and has accomplished his elections in an honorable manner. For years he has lived on the homestead where he passed his last years, and where his death occurred, July 2, 1890. Since his last marriage reared a daughter, who is now Mrs. Charles A. Luce, of Grand Rapids, and a son Henry H. Hall, who resides in Central City, Colorado, where he has extensive mining interests.

TRIBUTE OF THE BAR TO THE LATE JUDGE HALL.

After an occupied, sturdy and honorable life, Hon. Tolman W. Hall who has been a member of the bar of this county for the past 46 years has gone to his rest. In view of the respect we have had for him and now have for his memory, we in meeting assembled would, in the spirit of friendship, and as members of the profession to which he belonged, yield to him the tribute his long, honest and useful life demands. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death this community has lost one of its most valued citizens. Living here for the past 56 years, he has been continually honored with the confidence of his fellow men, and for over 40 of those years has held public office without having

charged against him any dishonorable conduct, and has passed out of this life without reproach.

As a judicial officer his aim was to be impartial; he did not allow personal friendship to bend his judgment. He was cautious, careful, deliberate, and performed the duties of office without fear or favoritism, and thus commanded the good will and favorable opinion of those who managed cases before him.

As a man he represented the American character; with an integrity that never fal tered, with an honesty that never weakened, with a desire to do the right and equal justice between man and man he was the type of that noble manhood which leading the way, has carried and will carry the banner of civilization and respect for law and order into new lands.

His life for over half a century has been closely identified with the growth and prosperity of our city, county and State.

His name will live in public records and people's hearts, and it will be said of him that another one of that sturdy, honest, fearless band of pioneers which swept away the wilderness and made a place for law and government to dwell, has gone from earth. May he, crowned with years and honor, rest in peace.

FREDERICK NELSON CHURCH.

Frederick Nelson Church died in the city of Marshall, at 1:06 a. m. Sunday, July 6, 1890.

Mr. Church was born March 16, 1811, at Phelps, Ontario Co., N. Y., one of a family of eight children, and he was the last survivor of the family. His father was murdered in 1820, and his mother did the very best she could for her four surviving children. Nelson was soon after apprenticed to a carpenter, and learned that trade. Nov. 17, 1833, he married Miss Amanda Bundy; two sons, Henry K. and Nelson B., resulting from the union. Nelson died July 1, 1843, aged three months, and Henry died in 1858, aged 23 years. In 1836 they started West, stopping in Cleveland, Ohio, about one year, where he made an investment of $400 in Euclid Ave. real estate and sold it for $800 in less than a year—a "lucky hit" for those days. They then moved to Monroe, but it was so unhealthy there they got away as soon as possible, coming, accompanied by Ahira Ethridge, to Marshall, in 1839. Mr. Church established a shop over the store of Philo Dibble on the east side of Exchange Square and began the manufacture of window sash, doors, and blinds, by hand. He was an unusually industrious worker, always being in his shop from daylight to twilight, and of course saved something from his earnings. His first wife died in 1843, and on Sep. 10, 1844, at Skaneateles, N. Y., he married Mrs. Lydia Peck Douglass, of Marshall. Two children were born to them—Douglass who died in infancy, and Frederick Wm., who is the sole survivor of the family, Mrs. Church having died May 5, 1886.

In 1848, Mr. Church purchased a half interest in a plaining mill

business conducted by a Mr. McPherson at the corner of Jefferson and Hart Sts., and about a year after bought Mr. P's interest, that gentleman having the California "gold fever" which troubled many Marshall people at that time. In 1852, Claudius B. Webster, who had but recently returned from California, joined Mr. Church in the business and they increased the facilities of the plant very largely. In Sep., 1861, their mill was entirely destroyed by fire but the smoke had not entirely cleared away next day when Mr. Church was on his way to Chicago to purchase new machinery, and Mr. Webster was superintending the clearing up of the debris. A new mill was erected immediately. Mr. Webster retired from the business in 1864. Mr. Church continuing alone until 1872, when he sold to Franklin Edgerton. At that time Mr. Church had a handsome property, enough so that the income would have provided liberally for himself and family, but he could not be contented without something to occupy his mind, and he became interested in two or three enterprises successively which proved failures, and he was reduced to the necessity of work in his old age. In the fall of 1888 he went to San Diego, Cal., and obtained work. His lodgings were not suitable for him, his landlord refusing him even an oil stove in his room, he took a severe cold and his old rheumatic trouble returned. Being unable to work he returned home in the spring of 1889. Last year he took the contract for the wood work on the new St. Mary's church, and completed it to the entire satisfaction of the church officers, but the very day of his final settlement with them he took to his bed and has been confined to the house most of the time since, a great sufferer but never complaining.

JOHN M. LEONARD.

John Milton Leonard was born November 28, 1818, at Sandisfield, Berkshire county, Mass., the child of Lyman and Eunice Smith Leonard. His youth was spent in attending the district school, and labor upon his father's farm. After becoming a young man he visited several times with relatives in Barre, Orleans county, N. Y., and it was during one of those visits that he became acquainted with Miss Jane A. Wilcox, who, on February 22, 1842, became his wife. The young couple remained in Barre three or four years, when they went to Massachusetts to reside at Mr. Leonard's native place; but in 1848, having determined to seek their fortune in the west, they came to Michigan, and were so well pleased with Marshall and vicinity that they bought eighty acres (known in late years as the J. D. Porter farm) on section

four, in Fredonia township, and began pioneer life in earnest. They soon had a comfortable log house and stable, and the next year had some crops to harvest and market. Before the end of the second year a school-house had been erected on one corner of Mr. Leonard's farm, and he had been elected director of the district, a position which he filled, to the entire satisfaction of the residents, until 1853, when he sold and bought again on section thirty-five, Marshall, the eighty acres which he cleared, and made into an excellent farm and home for himself and family. This property he owned at the time of his death, although he has lived in Marengo, just outide the city limits, during the past thirteen years, where his death occurred August 1, 1890.

WILHELMUS LUSK.

Wilhelmus Lusk was born in Wayne county, N. Y., May 27, 1855. His father, J. H. Lusk, owned a large farm at his birthplace, and on this the younger Lusk passed his early days, attending school during the winter months. When Wilhelmus reached the age of 17 his parents moved west and settled on a farm three miles east of Battle Creek where they now reside. Until he reached the age of twenty-one years he remained on his father's farm taking advantage of the country schools as much as possible, and when of age he began taking a course of studies in the Seventh Day Adventist college in Battle Creek. Here he remained two years, at that time entered the office of Dr. Johnson. With a determination to succeed he entered the Pulte Medical college at Cincinnati, and took a two years' course, receiving a diploma and returning to Battle Creek. He at once opened an office in Edwardsburg, where he remained three years and established a good practice. While there he married Miss Lizzie Stewart, of Harmonia, and they began housekeeping at once. At the expiration of three years he was obliged by failing health to dispose of his practice and he was compelled to go south. Accompanied by his family he visited Orlando, Florida, where he regained his health; and the climate and other circumstances being very favorable he established a practice there and remained three years, at which time he closed his business and returned to Battle Creek.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Lusk formed a partnership and for eighteen months they did business together, when Dr. Lusk withdrew and located an office where he remained until his sickness which caused death August 30, 1890. He was a generous hearted citizen, very popular with all who were fortunate enough to form his acquaintance, and

has been very successful in the practice of medicine. Dr. Lusk was a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias.

MRS. EVA WARNER.

Mrs. Eva Warner died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. A. Brusie, Monday, September 29, 1890, aged 84 years. Mrs. Warner was one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of Albion's many old settlers, having resided there fifty-four years. She came to Albion before Michigan was admitted to the Union. During all this time she remained steadily a member of the M. E. church, and was held in the highest esteem.

BENJAMIN ROWLEY

Benjamin Rowley was born August 9, 1808, in Stillwater township, Saratoga county, N. Y., one of a family of three girls and six boys. In 1836 he came to Michigan and purchased a homestead in the then almost unbroken forests of Fredonia, in this county. The next year he returned to his native home, married Miss Maria Clute—it being a double wedding, his brother William and a sister of his bride being the other couple. The two happy young couples started next day and drove all the way to Michigan. They were typical pioneers, and continued to reside on and improve the land purchased, and lived to see that wilderness gradually disappear and become highly cultivated farms. Four children were born to Benjamin Rowley and his wife, of whom only one, Fred A., remains to care for his aged and now widowed mother. He died Dec. 2, 1890.

ELISHA CARPENTER.

Elisha Carpenter departed this life February 1, 1891, of paralysis, after an illness of two weeks, aged 71 years. Forty-five years ago he with his wife commenced on their farm in Bedford, then an unbroken forest, where with untiring efforts and cheerful toil, they made a beautiful home and brought up their five children, striving ever by example to teach them the lesson of right and justice. One year ago on account of failing health, he exchanged the old home farm for his late city residence, at 187 Upton avenue, Battle Creek. He lived and worked for the cause of the just, ever ready to aid the sick and afflicted He was zealous in the cause of temperance reform, and while he sought to elevate humanity pleasing to God, made no christian profession; yet his deeds were noble, his example commendable and his acts expressive of a noble, christian character. His duty was his religion,

and ever mindful of the golden rule—"As ye would that others should do to you do ye even so to them." May such a life make its impress and be a bright light to guide others to a higher and nobler sphere.

JONATHAN BEMENT CHAPIN.

Jonathan Bement Chapin, M. D., died at his home in Battle Creek, Michigan, April 13 1891, in a good old age, "like a shock of corn fully ripe," aged 85 years, 9 months and 19 days.

He was born in Prattsburg, Steuben county, N. Y., June 25, 1805.

He was married three times. First to Miss Mary A. Johnson, who lived but a few months, but was a choice christian; second, to Miss Nancy Reed, March 12, 1833, who was the mother of his eight children, one of whom Corporal Scott H. had died before her in the service of the country and of the cross; another, Wm. S., has "passed on" since.

His third wife, Mrs. Mary A. Baird, who was his co-worker for seventeen years in labors pertaining to the "Kingdom," still survives him.

Dr. Chapin came to Michigan in 1842, and settled with his family in Ingham county, as one of the early pioneers. The energy, zeal, wonderful faith and will power of his christian character, were soon felt for miles around. The well known bible agent and colporter (Rev. Calvin Clark), was wont to tell the doctor's oldest daughter, Mrs. S. B. Brigham of Plainwell, how his house became a welcome asylum for any servant of God or wayfarer who chanced to pass that way; and how the wife and mother's characteristic tact in the face of the many disadvantages incidental to the early settler's life, made the log cabin a "Harbor of Rest."

He took an active part in the promotion of the various moral reforms of the day, such as temperance, anti-slavery, and social purity, he was the earnest advocate of education and religion, frequently conducted Sabbath services in destitute communities. His skill in the healing art and surgery was experimentally known to many, and in the care of the poor, often bestowed "without money and without price."

For the sake of his family he moved to Olivet, thus furnishing his children the educational, religious, literary and social advantages of that college and community, and all through the twelve years of their sojourn in that place, the Dr. felt and took the deepest interest in the good work there founded. His love for bible study was like a consuming fire, his interest in missions burned to a flame, his faith in God

his love for a redeeming Savior, his active personal efforts to save souls, took on new fervor from year to year during his life in Quincy and later in Battle Creek, until as wrote a fair maiden who delighted to call him grandpa, "It seems as if the dear grandpa had only a step to take and he was all ready to take it," or as said a daughter, "Father does not seem to have died, but only to have been translated." And we forgot to weep while lingering over the dear form as it lay in the casket, seeing there as it were even the impress of the love, peace and joy into which he was entered.

SILAS W. DODGE.

The Winside (Neb.) Watchman of March 20, 1891, gives the following obituary notice of Silas W. Dodge, a prominent resident of Battle Creek many years ago: "S. W. Dodge who died of cancer at Hoskins Friday morning, March 13, 1891, was buried at that place Sunday. Mr. Dodge was born in Westchester county, N. Y., in 1812. At the age of 19 he went into Michigan, and located at Detroit, when that country was only a wildernesss. In the employ of the Michigan Central he ran the first locomotive ever sent over that road which at that time extended from Detroit to Ann Arbor. He was member of the first republican convention in the country, at Jackson, Michigan. He was a delegate to the convention at Chicago in 1860 that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. At Allegan, Michigan 52 years ago he married Miss Sally Upton, who survives him, after more than half a century his constant companion. During his frontier life in Michigan, he endured the hardships and thrilling experiences incident to pioneer life in those counties and those days, and bore to his grave evidences of narrow escapes with his life, sustained in defence of law and order. Some years ago the Battle Creek Journal of Battle Creek, Michigan, contained a history of slave running in that country during the days of "underground railway," in which S. W. Dodge was named as an active worker. In 1872 he moved to Vineland, N. J., where he lived till five years ago, when he moved to this country where he resided till his death.

HIRAM J. GOODALE.

Hiram J. Goodale, an early pioneer of Calhoun county was born in Litchfield, Herkimer county, N. Y., April 6, 1804, and died at his homestead in Bedford, January 29, 1891, at the advanced age of 87. He died of heart disease. Though a great sufferer for many months, he bore his illness with the greatest patience.

In early life he educated himself for a surveyor and civil engineer,

in which profession he became an expert. At the age of twenty he left home for Buffalo, N. Y., to start business for himself teaching school in the winter and following surveying in the summer up to 1830 when he got a situation on the M. C. R. R. as surveyor and civil engineer from Detroit to Chicago, and held it up to 1856. In the meantime, in 1846, he married Marriette Whitford of Charleston, Kalamazoo county, having purchased a farm containing 168 acres, half a mile north of the city of Battle Creek. He did not occupy the farm until 1854 when he commenced farming for himself, occasionally devoting his time to his business as surveyor. He surveyed and platted out the village of Galesburg in 1869; also the new addition of Oak Hill cemetery.

JACOB L. NICKERSON.

Jacob L. Nickerson, was born in Oswego, county, N. Y., May 14, 1821. He was the fourth of ten children, only two of whom, a brother and sister, now remain. He came to Michigan with his father's family in his sixteenth year, and endured the hardships and privations of a pioneer life. He early learned the cooper's trade which he followed as his regular occupation until he bought the farm where he was living at the time of his death, which has been his home for forty-one years. He was the father of fourteen children, seven of whom survive him. All except one daughter, who was detained by sickness, stood by his death bed. He was in very poor health for the last twenty-five years; his disease baffled the skill of his physicians, and terminated fatally on April 24, 1891, at half past one in the morning.

JOHN NICHOLS.

The death of Mr. John Nichols, president of the Nichols & Shepard Co., occurred at his residence, 258 Maple street, Battle Creek, a little after nine o'clock p. m., May 15, 1891. He passed away quietly after an illness of four days from pneumonia, the first attack of the disease being so severe as soon to create a serious apprehension that he would not recover. On Monday morning, his son, Hon. E. C. Nichols and family, who have been spending the past few weeks at their resort in Ponchoutoula, La., were telegraphed for and Mr. Nichols arrived on Tuesday evening, May 12, and his family on Saturday following.

John Nichols, for more than half a century has been a prominent citizen of Calhoun county and for more than forty years actively identified with the industrial interests of Battle Creek. He was a man of untiring industry, indomitable energy and perseverance, and possessed, to a remarkable degree, that strong determination and purpose which

enabled him to surmount whatever obstacles lay in the pathway of success. His long and successful business career is closely intertwined with the industrial history of Battle Creek, and that history can never be properly written without awarding him a conspicuous place upon its pages.

He was a native of the Empire State, having been born in Liverpool, Onondaga county, Jan. 1, 1814, of Eliakim and Sally Nichols. Like most of the youth of our country at that period, he had but limited means of education, but those he possessed he improved to the best account. When only 13 years of age, the limited means of the parental household compelled him to seek his own fortune elsewhere and he went to Palmyra, N. Y., and there commenced learning the trade of a moulder and became complete master of it.

In 1834, he was united in marriage to Miss Nancy C. Galloway, of Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y., which proved a most felicitous union, now interrupted by his death. In the following year he came to Michigan, at first locating on a farm in Lenawee county, and in 1839, he removed to Marshall in this county, and resumed his trade. In the presidential campaign of 1840, he was one of the most active and enthusiastic whigs in the county, and his personal reminiscences of that contest and of the period succeeding it, when occasionally related by him in the circle of his intimate friends, were remarkably interesting and would make a valuable addition to the political annals of the county. Mr. Nichols was subsequently engaged in business in Detroit and in 1848, located in Battle Creek, opening an establishment for the manufacture of stoves, plows and other articles, to which he afterward added that of portable steam saw-mills.

In 1850, he went to California, but after remaining there a short time, he concluded that Michigan offered to him a surer mine of wealth in her industrial resources than were afforded by the Golden State, and returned to find his conclusions amply justified by the result. Forming a partnership with David Shepard, he commenced with him the manufacture of threshers, laying the foundation for the business which has since developed to such large proportions and has long since made the firm name to be familiarly known throughout the entire country.

Mr. Nichols, by his inventive genius and practical business talent contributed much to the success of the business on the start, and toward causing the new machines to command a wide market, so that the old shops on Canal street had many more orders than they could supply. Accordingly an increase of capital was readily obtained, a

stock company was organized and in 1870 the extensive works were located on the present site, in the eastern portion of the city, where a railway station on both the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk, bears his name as that of the senior member of the firm, to which his son, Hon. E. C. Nichols had also been added as a member.

In addition to the qualities which enabled Mr. Nichols to achieve such eminent success in his own affairs, he uniformly exhibited an active interest in the public welfare and was distinguished for his public spirit. He liberally gave encouragement and substantial aid to every effort for increasing the business facilities of the city and was a generous contributor to the various enterprises which have so signally promoted its growth and prosperity. Nor has his aid been confined to the mere material advantages of the town, but has been extended to philanthropic objects, the "Nichols Memorial Home" being a noteworthy monument of his substantial interest in the cause of humanity and charity.

In his political affiliations, Mr. Nichols was a whig, and when the republican party was formed, warmly espoused its principles and has ever since been one of its steady adherents. Though he has never sought office, he has always been recognized as a prominent political factor, and was a decided and plainly felt power in local and national politics, whenever he chose to exert it. Firm in his own convictions, he was at the same time tolerent of those of others, and was a stalwart republican without being a bigoted partisan. He possessed the quality of espousing a cause with earnestness and enthusiasm, but without rancor, a trait which added largely, both to his social and political influence.

Mr. Nichols' robust and generous nature and his peculiarly frank and open-hearted manner made him a great favorite with the Nichols & Shepard employés and they are among the most sincere mourners at his demise. In his intercourse with them, he not only commanded their respect and esteem, but also their warm affection.

MRS. MARIE HUNT.

Mrs. Marie Hunt, died in Leroy, Wednesday, April 29, 1891, in her sixty-eight year, after two years of extreme suffering from a rheumatic difficulty.

Marie McNeal was born in Newstead, Erie county, N. Y., July 29, 1823, where she remained until December, 1844, when she with her husband, Lorenzo Hunt, of that place, came with their infant daughter to Michigan; and in 1845 they began work on the farm in Leroy,

which has ever since been their home, where twelve of their children were born. During forty-two years past some of these children's names have always been found enrolled on the register of the one school district. Mrs. Hunt was a member of the missionary society, and was ever found on the giving hand when the case of the destitute and hungry ones was presented. None were refused help because she was "too busy, or overburdened with care." She always helped them, by a kind word, or a generous deed.

MRS. MARY HAMILTON.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, aged 87 years, died May 8, 1891, at the residence of her son, John Hamilton, in Bedford township, of a severe cold which resulted fatally on account of her advanced age. The deceased was one of the very earliest settlers in Bedford township, having moved to that township, together with her late husband from Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1836, and her eldest son, Abram Hamilton, was the first white child born in the township.

MILO SOULE.

Milo Soule was born July 8, 1804, in Madison county, N. Y., the first of the eleven children of Isaac and Cynthia Carter Soule. The next year his father removed to Freehold, Greene county, N. Y, where young Milo passed through the usual experience of the boys of that time by working upon a farm summers and attending school winters, until he was fifteen years old, when his place at school was changed from the pupil's seat to the teacher's desk. This continued until he was twenty-six years old, he proving his unusal filial devotion by giving the better part of his time to his parents for five years after attaining his majority.

April 20, 1830, at the home of his bride's parents, Sardius and Sabra Blodgett, Milo Soule and Miss Irene Blodgett were united in marriage, and immediately began life on a farm in Murray, Orleans county, which Mr. Soule had just purchased. There they lived for five years, and there their eldest son and daughter were born to them. In 1835 they removed to Michigan, located and settled upon a farm near Marengo village in this county, and lived there until 1869, when they sold the farm and removed to the village. Three children were born to them after coming to Michigan. The mother and their five children—Harrison, treasurer of the Michigan University, Ann Arbor; Mrs. Sabra Richardson, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Geo. H., of Marengo; Lester, of Joliet, Ill.; and Mrs. Alice Emery, of Moline, Ill., survive to mourn

the loss and revere the memory of a loving and considerate husband and father. Three brothers and three sisters also survive him.

Milo Soule was an active, model citizen, looking after his own affairs with that scrupulous care which always brings success, and, as he was tenaciously honest in all his dealings, never wearying in assisting his neighbor (and every person was his neighbor, in a strict scriptural sense), it is not strange that he was repeatedly called upon to fill positions of honor and trust until he had occupied every office within the gift of his fellow townsmen, and in 1843 was chosen county treasurer and re-elected in 1845 and 1847. In 1850 he was elected a member of the convention to revise the State constitution. He served thirty-six years as justice, and was never ashamed of the title "Squire" by which he was familiarly known. He was one of the organizers of the Calhoun county agricultural society, whose first exhibition was held in 1849, and was ever afterward deeply interested in the welfare of the society, many years being one of its officials. He was also one of the originators of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Calhoun, was the first secretary, and for many years after its organization continued in that position which, from its very nature, determines the success, if not the life, of such companies. He was afterward the treasurer of the company, and one of the directors for several years.

Politically Mr. Soule was always a democrat, never varying one iota from perfect fealty to his party, but, although intensely partisan, there is more truth than is usual in such cases in the following by his old friend and neighbor, Mr. Peter Mulvaney:

"Although a strong partisan the Squire never allowed political differences to influence his actions in his conduct or social relations with those who differed with him. Indeed, many of his strongest personal friends and admirers were among his political opponents."

Full of years and honor he was called to his final reward on the second day of April, 1891.

FREDERICK E. BUSH.

Frederick Eli Bush, was of New England ancestry and belonged to a family of twelve children, eleven of whom lived to have families of their own. He, with a twin sister, was born July 28, 1812, in Lee, Oneida county, New York, where his parents Eli Bush and Esther C. (Campbell) Bush then resided. Six older sisters hailed his advent with pleasure, and four others increased the sisterhood to ten, and among these he was cherished as the only brother living. In his boyhood the family removed to a farm near Castile, Wyoming county,

New York, where he grew up to manhood. During the winter of his nineteenth year he became a christian and united with the Presbyterian church at Castile, and has ever retained his connection with some church. In his twenty-first year his father suddenly died of apoplexy, leaving him with his mother and four unmarried sisters to care for. On January 15, 1835, he married Miss Cynthia M. Willard of Portage Falls, near by his home, and they, with his mother and two sisters, removed to Michigan in September of the same year and soon settled on a farm in Sandstone, Jackson county, where five sons were born to them. The second of these died in infancy, and the others were brought to Leroy, Calhoun county, in the spring of 1853, where the home remained until they followed their youngest son to Battle Creek in December, 1888.

In Leroy he was successful in farming, was a pillar in the Congregational church of the town, stood high in the respect of the entire community, was a staunch temperance man, and a man of high integrity and from early childhood has been with the liberty party in politics. Here his four sons grew up to manhood; here two of them lie buried. The first vacancy in the family was made by the death of the third son, Henry Eli second, December 15, 1862, at the opening of his twenty-third year. The fourth son, Edwin A., enlisted in the Seventeenth Michigan Infantry, in August, 1862, and was killed by a stray shot near Petersburg, Va., June 28, 1864, falling in defense of his country in his twenty-second year. The two surviving sons, Rev. F. W. Bush of Leslie, and S. O. Bush of Battle Creek, and their families are united in a common fellowship of sorrow, but their sorrow with that of their blind mother is greatly relieved by precious memories of the dead and the assured hope for him of a blessed life beyond this vale of tears. He had been an interested member of the Congregational church of Leroy for thirty-eight years; for twelve years past has been one of its deacons and since his removal from its parish has held onto it with affection. His death occurred May 27, 1891.

CHESTER PHELPS.

Died May 18, 1891, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Lora Hungerford, number 62 Jackson street, Battle Creek, of heart failure, Mr. Chester Phelps, recently from Dover, Olmstead county, Minnesota. Deceased was the oldest son of the late Rev. Asa Phelps, was born January 6, 1818, in the town of Russell, St. Lawrence county, New York, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1834. His early life

was mostly spent in Battle Creek and vicinity, where he shared fully the trials and privations of early pioneer life. His advantages for education were very limited, but well improved. He attended such of the rude district schools as were then available, and after attaining his majority, he supplemented those advantages by several terms attendance at the Albion Seminary. He thus became for his time, a fair scholar, which enabled him in after life not only to conduct his business intelligently, but to instruct others as a teacher, and accurately to discharge, or meet public trusts that were committed to his care. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, Mr. Phelps in early manhood acquired a knowledge of the carpenter and joiner's trade; and in the employ of Dubois Hutchinson, one of the earliest builders in this vicinity, assisted in the erection of many of the earlier structures, buildings and bridges in Battle Creek and vicinity.

In the employ of John Champion and Warren B. Shepard he aided in the manufacture of the first lot of brick made and laid in this part of the county. In 1854 he emigrated to the then new state of Minnesota, where he secured from the government 120 acres of excellent land, and soon after married Emily Harding, formerly of Albion, this State. By their joint industry the bit of wilderness which they had chosen for a home was made to bud, blossom and bear ripened fruit. The result of their union was the gift of four children, two sons and two daughters. Days of darkness come into most lives, Mr. Phelps was no exception to the rule, sorrow came, disease laid a heavy hand upon him. Then a longing to see the friends of his youth and to look upon the scenes of his early life, induced him to come again to Michigan. He came intending to return home in a few months, but he continued to decline until his death.

HENRY W. TAYLOR.

(Contributed by A. D. P. Van Buren)

Henry W. Taylor formerly a prominent member of the Calhoun county bar, who was in years, the oldest living graduate of Yale college, and the oldest representative of the New York state bar, died December 17, 1888, at Canandaigua, Ontario county, N. Y., of pneumonia. Judge Taylor was born in Deerfield, Mass., in 1796, and was of Puritan ancestry. He was educated at Yale, graduating in 1816. He was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession in Canandaigua, in 1820, his contemporaries being among the most noted of the profession and including Postmaser General Granger, John C. Spencer, Alvah Worden and Mark H. Sibley. In 1832 he married

Martha C. Masters, daughter of Thomas Masters, one of the old shipping merchants of New York, whom he survived nearly five years. He served in the New York legislatures of 1838, 1839 and 1840. In 1840 he removed to Marshall, Mich., and served in the Legislature of this State in 1847. In 1836 he founded the village of Allegan and interested C. C. Trowbridge of Detroit, Judge Samuel Hubbard and a number of Boston capitalists in its organization. His brother-in-law of Detroit, Hovey K. Clarke, who, with A. L. Ely, deceased, disposed of the Boston company's property in Allegan, now resides at Detroit. Mr. Taylor returned to Canandaigua in 1848, and in 1850 was appointed justice of the supreme court and the court of appeals. He was one of the old whigs and always took an active and influential part in party councils. He was a member of the whig convention which nominated Harrison and Tyler in 1840, and his last vote was cast for Harrison and Morton. He received his degree of A. M. from Yale in 1829, and in 1869 he was honored with the degree of LL. D. by the same institution. He fully exemplified the christian graces of his Puritan ancestry. In his religious life he was devout, consistent and active. He was for over sixty years deacon of the first Congregational church of Canandaigua, and in 1846, was made a corporate member of the American board of foreign missions.

EATON COUNTY.

DAVID B. HALE.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Tillison Wood	June 25, 1890	Hamlin	73
Alanson Harwood	July 27 1890	Eaton Rapids	74
Solomon Casler	February 2, 1891	Eaton Rapids	84
John Montgomery	May 13, 1891	Hamlin	87
Keziah Darling	May 30, 1891	Eaton Rapids	82
Theodorus D. Green	May 22, 1890	Charlotte	73
Jonathan Wells	July 14, 1890	Brookfield	75
Mrs. Philinda Morey	July 15, 1890	Carmel	----
Mrs. Phebe W. Beeman	February 8, 1891	Chester	69
Mrs. Elizabeth Granger	November 16, 1890	Vermontville	77

EATON COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Mrs. Percis Johnson	November 23, 1890	Charlotte	70
Rev. Henry Robinson	April 11, 1891	Charlotte	82
Mrs. Mary Ann Haslett	April 11, 1891	Charlotte	88
Frank W. Higby	April 13, 1891	Charlotte	58
Stephen P. Crosier	January 24, 1891	Charlotte	63
Mrs. Arian Shepherd	January 24, 1891	Charlotte	84
Judge Henry A. Shaw	January 29, 1891	Eaton Rapids	78
Rev. Francis B. Bangs	May 20, 1891	Eaton Rapids	72

TILLISON WOOD.

Tillison Wood was born in Richmond, Ontario county, New York, February 28, 1817, and died June 25, 1890.

He was married July 5, 1841, to Miss Sybil Hewett, and came to Michigan in September, 1843, and settled on a farm in Hamlin (then Tyler) Eaton county, where he died.

Mrs. Wood is still living, also five of seven children.

ALANSON HARWOOD.

Alanson Harwood died in the city of Eaton Rapids, July 27, 1890, where he had lived more than fifty years. He was born in Sturbridge, Worcester county, Mass., May 26, 1806.

He was married Nov. 15, 1830, to Miss Polly Bunker, who died April 25, 1845. He was again married May 17, 1846, to Mrs. Lucinda Cornell, who died March 22, 1878.

He moved to Michigan in 1837, and settled in Eaton Rapids. He was frequently honored by his fellow townsmen by electing him to various township offices which he filled with honor to himself and constituents.

SOLOMON CASLER.

Solomon Casler died in the township of Eaton Rapids, February 2, 1891. He was born at Little Falls, N. Y., May 13, 1807. He was married to Miss Hannah Boody, June 28, 1831. He moved to Michigan in 1833, and settled in Brookfield, Eaton county, where he lived about four years, when he moved to Eaton Rapids. His wife died October 16, 1864, and he was married again May 14, 1865, to Mrs. Rogers, who died in November, 1875.

JOHN MONTGOMERY.

John Montgomery died in the township of Hamlin, Eaton county, May 13, 1891. He was born in the county of Fermanagh, in the north of Ireland, March 22, 1804. His father emigrated to the United States when John was a little over one year old. His father settled in Oneida county, N. Y., and in a few years moved to Genesee county He was married to Miss Amanda Rorabeck, February 17, 1828. He settled in Washtenaw county, Mich., in 1831, and in January, 1836, moved to Eaton Rapids, Eaton county, and settled on what is known as Montgomery plains on land purchased of the government and where he has spent the remainder of his days.

KEZIAH DARLING.

Keziah Darling died in the city of Eaton Rapids, May 30, 1891.

Keziah Allen was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, October 2, 1808. She was married to Simon Darling, April 3, 1833, and with her husband immediately moved to Michigan, settling in Dexter, Washtenaw county, and removed from there to Eaton Rapids, Eaton county, in November, 1837, and settled on land purchased of the government, where she lived with her husband until his death in 1875. Eaton Rapids was almost an unsettled wilderness. She had lived in her new home six months before seeing a white woman.

THEODORUS D. GREEN.

Died, at his residence in Charlotte, on Thursday, May 22, 1890, after an illess of nearly three years, Theodorus D. Green, aged 73 years and 5 days.

Mr. Green was born in Cobleskill, Schoharie county, New York, May 15, 1817, and came to Michigan in September, 1843. An inventory of his assets made at the time by himself reads as follows: "Cash $1.50, one box and one chest of household furniture, myself, wife and two children." He settled in Eaton county, at Kalamo, in 1846 and fourteen years later was made clerk of the county. He held the office of supervisor a few terms, also other lesser positions and was for several years one of the county superintendents of the poor. Mr. Green was always charitable to the poor and it is said his kindness of heart always stood in the way of great accumulations for himself. He was an excellent business man, capable and honest, succeeding best when handling the funds of others and for many years he did an extensive business for the Marshall banks and was their trusted and energetic agent. For several years his health has been gradually failing.

JONATHAN WELLS.

Died, at Brookfield, Michigan, on Monday, July 14, 1890, of disease of the heart, Jonathan Wells, aged about 75 years.

Mr. Wells has been a resident of the county for about forty years. He was a man whose word was as good as his note and his note was as good as the bank of England. No man in the county was more esteemed than "Uncle Jonathan." He leaves a wife and several grown up children.

PHILINDA MOREY.

Died, at her home in Carmel, on Tuesday morning, July 15, 1890, Mrs. Philinda Morey, widow of Platt Morey, aged 60 years.

Mrs. Morey had lived in Carmel since 1837. She and her husband were among the very earliest settlers of the county.

PHEBE W. BEEMAN.

Died, at her home in Chester township, Eaton county, February 8, 1891, Phebe W., wife of Gilbert H. Beeman, aged 69 years.

Mrs. Beeman was born near Albion, Orleans county, N. Y., in 1822. Her maiden name was Phebe Wright. She was married to Gilbert H. Beeman in 1843. They resided near Albion until 1856, when they removed to Michigan and made for themselves a home upon the farm where they have since resided. She was the mother of four daughters and one son, all of whom survive her.

ELIZABETH GRANGER.

Died, at Vermontville, November 16, 1890, Mrs. Elizabeth Granger, aged 77 years and 6 months.

The deceased was born in Kirby-Underdale, Yorkshire, England, May 17, 1813, and was married to William Granger, March 22, 1832. Shortly after their marriage they removed to Canada where they lived for many years. In 1858 they came to Vermontville. Mr. Granger died in 1868. Mrs. Granger was the mother of nine children all of whom are now living. Her relatives also include thirty-three grandchildren and seventeen great grandchildren.

MRS. PERCIS JOHNSON.

Died, at her home in Charlotte, on Sunday, November 23, 1890, Mrs. Percis Johnson, wife of Peter Johnson, aged 70 years and 21 days.

Deceased has lived in Eaton county with her husband for over forty-

five years and was a most estimable and intelligent lady and had a host of friends.

REV. HENRY ROBINSON.

Died of old age, at the residence of his son, Samuel Robinson, in Charlotte, on Saturday, April 11, 1891, Rev. Henry Robinson, aged 82 years, 2 months and 6 days. The deceased was born in Bennington, Vt., February 5, 1809, and settled in Vermontville, this county, in 1844. He was ordained a minister in the M. E. church in 1835 but never supplied a regular pastorate's appointments unless for a year or two in Charlotte, and never accepted a salary. He was for many years in great demand for funeral and marriage occasions and few ministers have been oftener called to such work. In 1846 he was elected register of deeds for this county and served as such for four terms. He was the first president of the village of Charlotte, and served for many years as a justice of the peace. He mortgaged his house to get means to help build the M. E. church in Charlotte, burned all the brick used in its construction, and did a large part of the carpenter work thereon.

MRS. MARY ANN HASLETT.

Died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Shepherd, in Charlotte, on Saturday, April 11, 1891, Mrs. Mary Ann Haslett, aged 88 years, 3 months and 2 days.

Mrs. Haslett was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where she lived to the time of her marriage with James Haslett. They came to Charlotte about thirty-eight years ago, and here Mrs. Haslett has since lived. Her husband died twenty-two years ago. Of the nine children born to them, eight lived to maturity and seven are still living, all of whom were present at the funeral except Joseph Haslett, of Kansas City, Mo., and Mrs. H. Hatch, of Kansas. Mrs. Haslett's long life was full of usefulness and her memory will be sacred to the friends who remain. She leaves nineteen grandchildren and ten great grandchildren.

FRANK W. HIGBY.

Died in Charlotte, of tuberculous degeneration of the brain, on Monday, April 13, 1891, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. George Spencer, Frank W. Higby, aged 58 years, 2 months and 9 days.

Mr. Higby was born at West Turin, New York, February 4, 1833. While in his ninth year he came with his father to Eaton county, settling first in Benton. The town was then unorganized but was attached to Oneida. It had but seven voters. In 1854 Mr. Higby began

clerking for David Stirling, of Eaton Rapids, and three years later began business for himself at that place. In 1858 he came to Charlotte and began a partnership in general merchandise, afterward dry goods, with his brother, Pitt M. Higby, which lasted for many years. Exactly thirty-four years before his death, and on a Monday, he was married to Miss Ann Dickinson, of Wisconsin, who with two grown children, Mrs. George Spencer and Clement Higby, survive him. Mr. Higby was postmaster at Charlotte during a portion of the Buchanan administration and for several years was the able editor of the Eaton County Argus. For many years he was the efficient director of our city schools. Mr. Higby was universally held in high esteem for his excellent qualities of heart and mind and he will long be remembered as one of the time-tested, honorable dealers of Charlotte.

STEPHEN P. CROSIER.

Died in Charlotte, Saturday, January 24, 1891, Stephen P. Crosier, aged sixty-three years, three months and twenty days.

The subject of this notice was born in Vermont, October 4, 1828, where he lived until six years old when, with his parents, he moved to Sullivan, Ohio, where he resided seventeen years. He then, young and full of hope, sought a favorable location where he might pursue his chosen vocation—shoe-making. Directed, as he thought, by the hand of Providence, he came to Charlotte in the year 1850, where he has ever since been an honored citizen. At the age of eighteen years he experienced the christian religion and gave his hand to the church. For forty-five years he has been a faithful servant of God and for twenty-two years an honored and much beloved member of the U. B. church of Charlotte. On July 4, 1854, he was married to Miss Sarah A. Carmoney, of Eaton township, Eaton county, Mich. To them were given four children, three sons and a daughter; three of whom still live, one son having preceded him to the better land. Deceased was the father of Wm. and Bert Crosier, of Jackson, and Mrs. J. Lennon, of Charlotte. He had three brothers, G. W. of Wellington, O., Charles, of Charlotte, and W. Crosier, of Pitsfield, O., all of whom were at the funeral.

MRS. ARIAN SHEPHERD.

Died at her residence in Charlotte, Saturday morning, January 24, 1891, Mrs. Arian Shepherd, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Shepherd was born in Milford, Otsego county, N. Y., and at the age of eighteen was married to Mr. Shepherd, who resided at Oneonta,

N. Y. In the fall of 1840 they removed to Michigan, settling in Eaton township. At that time Ann Arbor was the terminus of the Michigan Central railroad and the family was compelled to make the rest of the journey with wagons. The hardships of the trip were severe upon Mrs. Shepherd and for several months she suffered from the effects of it so that for a time her life was thought to be in danger, and she never entirely recovered from it. Here she endured the usual trials incident to pioneer life, assisting her husband in his labors and raising a family of seven children. About thirty years ago her eyes became affected and one of them gradually failed until blindness ensued. The other one suffered from sympathy and about eight years ago she became totally blind despite the best medical skill. Mrs. S. was a kind and patient sufferer through her afflictions, a loving mother and friend and a wise counselor.

HON. HENRY A. SHAW.

On Thursday, January 29, 1891, these solemn words, "Judge Shaw is dead" fell from the lips of many citizens of Eaton Rapids, in accents which told of deep emotion and sincere regard for him whose familiar form and face had been seen so many times upon the streets for long years, in the past. No one who had seen him for the past few months expected he would tarry long, but the grim messenger came sooner than was anticipated.

The writer visited the deceased on the Sabbath day preceding his death, when he conversed freely of the doings of Congress and other kindred subjects, and when inquired of in regard to his physical condition he replied that he was feeling much better, and expressed a strong hope of ultimate recovery from the illness which kept him at his home. The immediate cause of his death was internal hemorrhage, which lasted but a moment or two, when death closed the scene.

His funeral services were held at the M. E. church of Eaton Rapids on Sunday the first day of February, Elder Martin of the Congregational church delivered the sermon, the subject of which was "Christ as the foundation of all human happiness, here and hereafter."

The bar of Eaton county attended in a body to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased.

At the close of the services, resolutions adopted by the bar of Eaton, county were read by H. F. Pennington chairman of the committee on resolutions.

The funeral was conducted by the G. A. R. of Eaton Rapids, and

the large audience present, fully attested the high esteem in which our brother was held by the people of Eaton Rapids.

Henry A. Shaw, was born in Benson, Rutland county, Vermont on the 21st day of June 1818. In 1832 he moved with his parents to Portage county, Ohio, where he received his education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar as an attorney at law in 1840. Soon after his admission, and during the same year he came to Eaton Rapids, with the wife of his youth, *nee* Eliza A. Hitchcock, who died January 25, 1879.

Mr. Shaw was married to Sarah Merylees, December 25, 1881, who now mourns his loss; he leaves her and two sons, Birney and Ellis Shaw the only surviving members of his immediate family.

For half a century Mr. Shaw's home has been in Eaton Rapids, and during nearly all that time he has been engaged in the practice of his chosen profession, during which time he has held several places of public trust.

He was a member of the State legislature for two terms, during his first term he was chairman of the judiciary committee, and during his second term, in 1859, he was speaker of the house. He was a man of great decision of character and will power, as all who knew him in those days will attest. He held the office of judge of probate for eight years, in the county of Eaton, and several other offices of minor importance.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion, Mr. Shaw entered the army as a volunteer, held the position of major in the 2d Michigan Cavalry until failure of health compelled him to resign his commission and retire from the service.

As a lawyer, no one was ever more devoted to the interest of a client's cause, than was Judge Shaw, whether that client was rich or poor, and the writer of this article has often been led to believe that Brother Shaw worked with full as much zeal for a poor unfortunate client without compensation, as when receiving large fees from a wealthy client. He was emphatically of the people and for the people.

REV. FRANCIS B. BANGS.

With the death of Rev. Francis B. Bangs which occurred at Eaton Rapids, Mich., May 20, 1891, that name goes out of the Methodist ministerial rolls. There is no other Brother Bangs in any of our annual conferences. But the name is historic and will never perish. It is one of the synonyms of American Methodist pioneer history.

Who has not read of Dr. Nathan Bangs? As a pioneer itinerant

his name is emblazoned high on the roll of Methodist heroes. In 1802 he became a member of the New York conference, and the first six years of his laborious ministry were spent as a missionary among the pathless forests of the neighboring provinces. Then he was transferred to New York city, which remained the headquarters of his labors as pastor, book agent, editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, of the *Christian Advocate* and the *Quarterly Review*, author of Methodist history, missionary secretary and president of Wesleyan University, and pastor again until his death in 1862, at the age of eighty-four. Who has not read of Heman Bangs? He was the brother of Nathan Bangs, chief founder of the Middletown Wesleyan University, and one of the most powerful preachers which American Methodism has produced. He died in 1869, aged 79.

Who has not learned something of Wm. M'Kendree Bangs? He was the son of Nathan, an honored graduate of the university of Ohio, a prominent member of the New York conference, and able contributor to the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and distinguished throughout his brilliant career as endowed with intellectual powers of the highest order. He died in 1852, aged 42.

And who has not learned of Wm. H. Bangs, nephew of Nathan and Heman, born in 1806, converted at the age of fifteen, made class-leader at seventeen, licensed to preach in early life, and for thirty-nine years a prominent pastor in New York, preaching more than 11,000 sermons and receiving 3,000 converts into the church.

Nathan and Heman Bangs had a brother Joseph, who married Huldah Tillaman, both born in Connecticut and both locally distinguished for piety and usefulness. Joseph was led to Christ by his brother Nathan, and though his father was an Episcopalian, Joseph also became a Methodist, was for twenty-five years a local preacher, and for many years a deacon and elder in the Methodist Episcopal church. Joseph and Huldah Bangs were the parents of Francis Burrett Bangs, whose death we now mourn. Francis B. was born at Stanford, Delaware county, New York, March 23, 1819; came to Michigan with his parents in the fall of 1828, settling at Tecumseh. A quarterly meeting was held in his father's house soon afterwards, when all the Methodists in Lenawee county were present, seven in number, viz.: Joseph and Huldah Bangs, their son Isaac and wife, their son Alanson's wife, and a brother Wheeler and wife. Francis B. was not yet converted, but his father's house was the home of the itinerant.

Until fifteen years of age Francis attended the district school, then one term in a select school, and then two terms in a branch of the

State University. At sixteen he experienced religion at a quarterly meeting held in a school-house at Sharon, Washtenaw county. "I went," he once said, "a wild youth, thoughtless as I ever had been on the subject of religion, but Saturday night found me a penitent at the altar, and Sunday night happy in the consciousness of a Savior's pardon."

Of his earlier religious impressions and his call to preach, he testifies as follows: "My earliest remembrances are of faith in the efficacy of prayer and of the truth of the Bible, and a felt necessity of salvation through Christ. In my childhood I felt that I should have to preach the gospel. This troubled me when I thought of becoming a christian. Conviction of sin and of the need of pardon were clear, and at times very pungent. The testimonies of christians and of the early ministers had a wonderful influence for good upon my mind. After my conversion, the impression that I must preach became irresistible. Yet I said nothing about it to anybody. The brethren in the ministry and laity, however, told me I must preach. So I improved every opportunity to prepare for what I felt must be my life work. I fully determined to take a college course, but yielded to what I have ever since considered unwise counsel, and entered the ministry before completing a collegiate course. I have felt the want of it more and more every year. I entered the ministry and have continued in it under the sense of 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.'"

The beauty of Brother Bangs' lifework is that he preached the gospel. All his life long he clung steadfastly to the regular ministry, presenting from the pulpit practical truth with becoming earnestness, his sermons being characterized by originality, fervor, brevity, force and effectiveness. He was a man of one work.

His ministerial record stands as follows: 1840, joined the Michigan conference and appointed as junior preacher to Pontiac circuit, with Rev. James Shaw as superintendent. The circuit then included Pontiac, Rochester, Troy, Royal Oak, Birmingham, Southfield, Bloomfield, Clarkston and other points, requiring from one brother twenty-three sermons every four weeks. Gracious revivals attended his work, one at Birmingham in August resulting in sixty conversions. In 1841–2 his appointment was Flint; in 1843, Utica; 1844, Mt. Clemens; 1845–6, Tecumseh; 1847, Kalamazoo; 1848, Niles; 1849–52, Kalamazoo district; 1853–4, Coldwater; 1855, Battle Creek; 1856–7, Albion; 1858–9, Jackson; 1860–63, Kalamazoo district; 1864, Homer; 1865–8, Ionia district; 1869–70, Ionia; 1871–2, Lansing, first church; 1873–4, Mason; 1875–8, Lansing district; 1879–80, Three Rivers; 1881, Homer; 1882, Nashville; 1883,

superannuated. He was three times elected a delegate to the general conference, first in 1852, when only thirty-three years of age.

Brother Bangs was twice married, first to Miss Catherine Hall Webb, Jan. 6, 1842. She was a birth-right member of the Friends, or Quaker church, converted at the age of sixteen, the first of her family to break away from the Friends. Soon after her father, two sisters and a brother with herself became Methodists. She was an affectionate wife and a loving mother, and a trusting, cheerful Christian. She died July 5, 1875. Brother Bangs was again married to Mrs. Helen Latson, Feb. 19, 1876, and she survives to mourn. Of the five children four sons are living: Albert Vale, Frank Lorenzo, C. B. Fisk and Fred Herbert. The daughter, Fanny Ealoner, who became Mrs. Sessions, preceded her father to the heavenly rest.

EMMET COUNTY.

BY ISAAC D. TOLL.

ELHANAN C. PHETTEPLACE.

Elhanan C. Phetteplace was born in 1822, in Chenango county, New York, and moved to Branch county, Michigan in 1835. He served during the war with Mexico in the Sixth United States Infantry. In the war of the rebellion he served in the Seventh Michigan Infantry. He was commissioned second lieutenant June 28, 1861, and promoted to captain of Company I, September 2, 1862. He was severely wounded in action at the battle of Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862, and resigned his commission May 11, 1863, and was honorably discharged. He settled in Bear Lake township, Charlevoix county, on section twenty-three in 1878. His business interests and traffic was at Petoskey, Emmet county. He had a farm of 160 acres and had been supervisor of his township. He married, May 10, 1850, Adaline Covey, who with eight children survive him. His widow resides on the homestead and was a loyal, true, and devoted helpmeet. He was a member of Col. Lumbard Post 170, G. A. R., and was a most gallant soldier and devoted christian gentleman. His memory is fragrant of a noble life. He died October 20, 1889, beloved and regretted by all who knew him.

GILMAN WHITTEN,

Ex-commander Col. Lumbard Post, G. A. R., Petoskey, Michigan,

died November 29, 1890, universally regretted. He served as sergeant Company D., B C., cavalry. Was one of the city council and noted for his sound judgment and public spirit. He is mourned by his highly esteemed widow and two sons. He settled in Petoskey in 1885 and did a successful grocery business. He was a most generous and kindly disposed neighbor and citizen.

GENESEE COUNTY.

JOSIAH W. BEGOLE.

Name.	Date of death.	Age.
Samuel W. Gibson	September 10, 1890	81
Ephriam S. Williams	July 20, 1890	89
Hon. Grant Decker	July 30, 1890	77
Mrs. Louise Brigham Witherbee	August 7, 1890	85
Judge Sumner Howard	September 6, 1890	55
Eben Storer	September 13, 1890	74
Samuel B. Wicks	September 28, 1890	76
Col. Thomas B. W. Stockton	December 9, 1890	85
Cyrus Hewitt	December 12, 1890	80
Dr. Cornelius E. Rulison	December 20, 1890	56
Calvin Cartwright	January 15, 1891	75
Mary Britten Grow	January 30, 1891	72
John Woolfitt	January 31, 1891	87
Thomas O. Townsend	February 16, 1891	71
Oliver Stanley	February 10, 1891	66
Dr. Thomas Robson Buckham	February 15, 1891	59
George W. Goodnough	February 23, 1891	80
Peter Van Tiffin	February 27, 1891	94
Mrs. Lucy Brownson	March 30, 1891	91
Mrs. Goodenough Townsend	April 15, 1891	72
Mrs. Artemisia Gibson	May 6, 1891	77
Henry Judd	May 19, 1891	73

SAMUEL W. GIBSON.

Samuel W. Gibson, aged eighty-one years, died at his home on North Saginaw street, Flint, on Wednesday, September 10, 1890, after an illness of several weeks. The deceased was born in New York state, and

removed to Michigan in 1855, stopping for a few months at Grand Blanc, after which he came to Flint and engaged in the hotel business, and for a number of years was the genial landlord of the then best hotel in Flint, the old "Genesee House," that stood upon a portion of the ground that is now the Park at the junction of Saginaw and Detroit streets. He sold out there to W. B. Southard, and went into the livery business in the barn formerly owned by Mr. E. N. Pettee where the Bryant now stands, and which was burned up in 1871. He was afterwards interested in the paper mills, both on the Flushing road and near the Flint woolen mills in Flint. Of late years he has been out of business entirely.

He leaves a widow and five grown up children, viz.: James of Flint, and William L., of Jacksonville, Florida; Mrs. R. E. Farnam, Mrs. Jared Van Vleet of Flint, and Mrs. J. S. Davidson, of Detroit.

EPHRIAM S. WILLIAMS.

The venerable Ephriam S. Williams died at his residence on Kearsley street, Flint, at 8:30 p. m., Sunday July 20, 1890, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He had been in bad health for several months and has been liable to drop away at any time the last two weeks. He had been a man of robust constitution, and was wonderfully well preserved in mind and body till within the last year.

Mr. Williams was born February 7, 1802, in Concord, Mass., and came to Detroit with his parents, who had a large family, when he was thirteen years old and before Michigan was admitted to the Union as a State. The family remained in Detroit a few years, and then removed to Pontiac, and engaged in lumbering and farming there and at Auburn in Oakland county. At the latter point he married his wife, a Miss Gotee, sister of Mrs. Royal W. Jenney. She died some years ago. About 1827 Mr. Williams and two of his brothers removed to Saginaw, then a wilderness filled with Indians, and engaged in trade with the natives and in lumbering. In 1829 he was one of the commissioners who consummated the treaty with the Chippewas, by which that tribe of Indians made over the reservations of which Flint is a part, to the late Jacob Smith and his heirs, for important services rendered the tribe. His name appears as one of the signers of the documents in the transaction. Mr. Williams acquired such a knowledge of the Chippewa language that he spoke it with ready fluency, and had much influence with the Indians.

Early in the forties he removed to Flint, and engaged in the grocery business, buying out Mr. Baker, first husband of Mrs. Amzi

Beardslee. The store stood where that part of the Fenton block occupied by G. H. Bradt, is located. Later he removed to the store now occupied by C. D. Ulmer. He was appointed postmaster by President Pierce in 1853, and held the office through his and Buchanan's administrations. He kept the office in the rear end of the store. He disposed of the store, but held the ground now occupied by the Eddy block till about twelve years ago.

Mr. Williams has been a member of the Michigan Pioneer Society a number of years, and has contributed some of the most valuable historical papers to the archives. He and his brothers, all of whom but one, James, are now dead, occupied conspicuous places in the business, political and social history of the Saginaw valley for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams had three sons and three daughters grow up. The sons were Elias G., Ephriam, Jr., and Oliver. The former died in Detroit three years ago. Ephriam resides in Greenville and is now in the city; his two daughters have been here some time with their grandfather. Oliver lives somewhere on the Pacific coast. The daughters were Mrs. Hiram Walker of Detroit, who died some years ago, Mrs. Charles Hascall of Denver, Colorado, whose daughter, Mrs. Waters, is here, and Miss Jennie Williams, who has kept the home for her father since her mother's death.

Mr. Williams was a prominent Knight Templar. He was a man of commanding presence, splendid physical proportions, tall, and erect to the day of his death. Socially he was peculiarly affable, with fine conversational powers and a mind well stored with the results of his observations and experiences in life. His knowledge of Michigan affairs was encyclopediac in volume and accuracy.

HON. GRANT DECKER.

Hon. Grant Decker passed away at 9:30 o'clock, July 30, 1890, at his late residence on Clifford street, Second ward, Flint, after an illness of several weeks' duration. The cause of death was heart diease. The end was peaceful and was accompanied with but little pain.

Mr. Decker was an old pioneer of this city, having lived here since 1839. He was born at Deckertown, N. J., Feb. 4, 1814. His ancestors had resided at that place for a long term of years and were there before the breaking out of the Revolution. In 1824 Mr. Decker's father removed to Western New York, where the subject of this sketch was married in 1838 to Miss Elizabeth Stevens. The following year he moved to Flint and became engaged in the mercantile and lumbering business with his two brothers-in-law A. C. and Sherman Stevens. The firm contin-

ued for a few years but was dissolved, Mr. Decker continuing the business. In company with Artemas Thayer he built a large flouring mill, which was subsequently destroyed by fire. He later became identified with the lumbering business again and was many times the victim of the element of fire, suffering from it eight times. Although the aggregate of these losses reached many thousands of dollars it can be said of him that he was always able to pay all losses and start in business anew. During his later years he, in company with his son-in-law, H. C. Hascall, had been engaged in the stave mill business. The mill and machinery were sold to outside parties a few years ago, since which time Mr. Decker had led a retired life.

The deceased's first wife died in 1844 and he was later married to Mrs. Julia I. Clark, formerly Miss Julia I. Fenton. He survived his wife but a few months, she having died in February last. At that time Mr. Decker was quite ill and his recovery from his illness and the shock occasioned by his wife's death was considered a matter of much doubt. However, he rallied and for some weeks was well enough to venture out, but during the summer months he had been confined to the house and for the past four weeks to his bed.

A family of five children survive their father, a sixth child, a son, being taken prisoner at Gettysburg and dying in Andersonville prison, as a result of the harshness of treatment which the Union soldiers met with. The son was a member of the 5th Michigan Cavalry and was remembered as an exceptionally bright and gifted young man. The members of the family surviving Mr. Decker are Mrs. H. C. Hascall, Mrs. Wm. B. McCreery, and Misses Kate and Julia Decker. Mrs. Albert Eddy, of the second ward, is also a daughter of the deceased, being a daughter of Mr. Decker's first wife.

He was known among men as an upright and honest citizen. In his varied business career, beginning as it did with the commencement of the history of the city of Flint, he had shown himself a man of nobleness, meeting squarely every obligation that came up, although many times he met with ill fortune and his cup of worldly cares seemed almost filled to the brim. Few men could have arisen, Phœnix like, from the many business reverses, especially in the way of fire, that he did. Men with less pluck, business ability and sound judgment could not have withstood the many buffets financially which this good citizen was called upon to meet. Even after so many losses Mr. Decker left a valuable property which he had acquired in the later years of his life.

Mr. Decker was Flint's first mayor, being elected to that position in the spring of 1855 at the time Flint became incorporated as a city. In

the church he was one of the charter members of St. Paul's Episcopal church and prided himself upon knowing all the essential points of its history. At the time of the semi-centennial celebration of the church held last winter in the G. A. R. hall, Mr. Decker prepared a history of St. Paul's church which was concise and full of interesting historical data to the members of the parish. Always a member of the Episcopal church, he was recognized as one of its foremost supporters and was for a large number of years a member of its vestry. For his church he did good and efficient work, and his name will always be kept among those most honored and venerated in its history.

Mr. Decker was a man of the old school, "one of the last leaves on the tree in the spring." His ways and manners were those of the days of a past decade, perhaps of a past half century. He had until the last the peculiar cheerfulness and friendliness marked in those who are fast leaving this world and whose places will be hard to fill by the coming generation. Remembered by the older generation as one of the foremost citizens in the city's early history and by the younger generation as a kindhearted and benevolent old gentleman, Mr. Decker's loss will be sincerely mourned.

MRS. LOUISE BRIGHAM WITHERBEE.

Readers of the Globe know that Mrs. Witherbee was stricken with apoplexy which resulted in paralysis of the extremities, on Thursday, August 7, 1890, and that her death was only a question of time from that moment. The end came at a few minutes past seven o'clock, August 11, 1890.

Mrs. Witherbee was born in Marlborough, Massachusetts, March 31, 1805, her maiden name being Brigham. She was one of seven children, five sons and two daughters, all of whom are now dead except the sister who survives, and resides near the old family home, at the age of ninety. On the 12th of May, 1829, she married Dr. Elijah Brigham Witherbee, a resident of Marlborough. In 1832 was born to them a son, their only child, the late Hon. Austin B. Witherbee of this city. In 1836 Dr. Witherbee came to Michigan, then just admitted to the Union, and located at Flint. Five years later Mrs. Witherbee and their son came on, and this has been the family home since.

Dr. Witherbee opened a drug store, which he conducted, practicing his profession somewhat, and it is related of him that he was noted for his kindness to the poor in illness, freely rendering his professional services and medicines from his store.

In 1846 he was elected State senator from this district, which at

that time embraced much of the Saginaw valley. The legislature held its session in Detroit, that city being then the capital. During the session Senator Witherbee was attacked with an illness that proved fatal before he could be removed to his home, and his remains were escorted here by a committee with becoming honors, and received by a committee of citizens with every demonstration of popular sorrow, and conveyed to his stricken family. The remains lie in Glenwood cemetery side by side with his son, where also the body of his long widowed wife will be laid on Thursday.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Witherbee had the sole care of their only son, to whose bringing up and education she devoted herself with the industry and wise prudence which have been part of her character through life. He chose at first the business of his father and learned the art of pharmacy of the late Hon. Leonard Wesson, and while yet in his minority was conducting a drug business successfully himself. From this he went into the business of banking, and his private bank was the nucleus of the former First, now Flint, national bank, of which he was cashier, at the time of his death in February, 1871. It is not necessary to detail his career here further than to say that in due time he married, and built for his mother the fine house which has been her home, at the corner of Kearsley and Stevens streets, for more than a quarter of a century. He also made other pecuniary provisions for her, and in the years since his death the amount has been considerably increased by her judicious investments. She has always since her son's marriage, lived entirely alone, not from any desire to isolate herself from society, but from her natural independence of character. Her door was always hospitably open to her friends, who were treated with courteous kindness.

Mrs. Witherbee has had no blood relations residing here since the removal of Mrs. Austin Witherbee and her children from the city in 1872, but Mrs. E. L. Knickerbocker is a niece of her husband, and has always been very kind and attentive to her aunt. Other neighbors were also devoted to her, and it was a rare thing that a day passed without some friend calling upon her. She was a woman of thoughtful mind, and extensive reading and a lively interest in all passing events, and conversation with her was a sort of intellectual tonic. While living in Massachusetts she attended the Unitarian church, but her church affiliations here have been principally with the Episcopal church, and it was her request that the funeral rites of that church be performed at her burial. For some years, however, she attended the Presbyterian church, her son being a member of that organization.

JUDGE SUMNER HOWARD.

The death of Judge Howard which occurred Sept. 6, 1890, has caused universal regret among the people of Flint where he grew to manhood, and where his career was watched with interest and pride. Hon. Sumner Howard was born May 7, 1835, at Brockport, N. Y., and was a son of Waldo and Lucy Howard. When one year old he was brought by his parents to Flint. On reaching the age of 15 or 16 he entered the *Genesee Democrat* office then conducted by Royal W. Jenney, and later was an employé at the office of the *Wolverine Citizen.* At the age of about 19 entered the law office of Fenton & Newton. He later attended the law school of Hon. John W. Fowler at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in 1855 or '56 graduated therefrom with the highest distinction returning to Flint to practice his profession. His career as a great criminal lawyer began with the defense of Joshua Solomon Johnson, who was charged with the killing of George Caldwell and his own two children in Fenton township on October 13, 1857, and whose acquittal he secured on the grounds of insanity. In 1858 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Genesee county on the democratic ticket, defeating Chauncey W. Wisner, who was a student with him in the law office of Fenton & Newton. He served the people with ability, and at once took a leading place as a criminal lawyer. Judge Newton is of the opinion that no man has ever surpassed Judge Howard in this State as a criminal lawyer. Judge Howard was subsequently elected prosecuting attorney on the republican ticket in 1864, serving three consecutive terms with no less distinction than before. On the breaking out of the rebellion Judge Howard enlisted in Co. F, Second Michigan Infantry under Capt. Morse. Col. Wm. B. McCreery was a soldier in the same company. Judge Howard was shortly after made a lieutenant in the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry and was engaged in the recruiting service until near the close of the rebellion, when he resigned from the army. He raised a company of 100 men, of which he was to have had the captaincy, but was taken sick at New York while the company was en route to the front and was unable to take command. The company was in the battle of Gettysburg and suffered severely, but five of the 100 escaping wounds or death.

From 1866 to 1870 Judge Howard represented the third ward of the city of Flint in the common council, and the flag on City Hall was at half mast in respect to his memory. In 1867 he was a member of the constitutional convention from Genesee county, with Judge Lovell and the late Thaddeus G. Smith. He took a firm stand for prohibition in the new constitution, which was defeated by the people, Hon G. V. N.

Lothrop and the brightest men in the State were delegates to the convention.

In 1876 President Grant appointed him district attorney of Utah. He set the machinery of the law in motion against John D. Lee, one of the pillars of the Mormon church, for his part in the Mountain Meadow massacre twenty years before. Lee was tried, convicted and shot on March 24, 1877. Further proceedings against the heads of the Mormon church were cut short by the death of Brigham Young, whom Judge Howard intended to prosecute next. That this was Judge Howard's intention is shown by a letter received by his brother, Wheaton W. after Young's death, in which Judge Howard spoke of his mission to Utah as being ended. Judge Howard resigned the district attorneyship during president Hayes' administration and returning to Flint entered into partnership with Judge Newton. In 1882 he was elected to the legislature and was chosen speaker of the house. He took a prominent part in the Ferry–Palmer fight at the session of 1883, and to him in a great measure was due the election of Palmer to the U. S. Senate. At the close of the session president Arthur appointed Judge Howard chief justice of Arizona, a position which he resigned in 1886. Two years later he returned to Flint and entered into partnership with Judge Gold in the practice of the law. During his career as a lawyer he was also associated with Hon. Levi Walker and Hon. Charles D. Long.

Judge Howard represented Arizona in the republican national convention in 1888, and was a delegate from Michigan to the convention of his party in 1880. He was chosen to second, on behalf of Michigan, the presentation of James G. Blaine's name to the convention of the party in 1884, but for some reason was unable to attend the gathering. Since his return to Flint Judge Howard had been engaged not only in the practice of law, but had given much attention to the raising of blooded cattle at his farm in Burton, one of the finest in this section.

Besides his wife the dead lawyer, jurist and politican is survived by a brother, Wheaton W. Howard, of this city; and J. Earle and Miss Hattie Howard, half-brother and half-sister respectively, both of Detroit. Judge Howard's wife is a daughter of the late Jared Mason, and they were married in 1857. The union was blessed with one child, May Howard Foote, wife of Albert Foote, who died January 27, 1890. There is also an adopted son, Frank.

Those at Judge Howard's bedside when dissolution occurred were his beloved wife, Lucy; his adopted son Frank, and son-in-law Albert Foote, and Mrs. Howard's aunt, Mrs. Carrie Mason; Charles B. Mason

and wife, the former a brother of Mrs. Howard; Mrs. John Donlan, a sister of Mrs. Howard, and her two daughters; Rev. and Mrs. John McEldowney, the former a missionary in Utah during Judge Howard's district attorneyship and who was an inmate of his household during that time; and Miss Hattie Howard of Detroit.

Blessed with a strong and elastic constitution, Judge Howard was enabled to do a vast amount of mental work, to endure physical toil. He was possessed of great mental power, the faculty of seeing and grasping every important fact in a case, and with clearness of statement making his position equally clear to the court and jury. His selection and use of expressive words were wonderful, and he clothed his thoughts in the imagery of sweetest words that men and women were ready to bow down and do homage to the genius of the man and the boy who had scarcely no other education than that he acquired in the printing office of Mr. Jenny and the association and friendships he made with the men of the highest distinction and culture in all the walks of life. He was a mighty power in a political contest, and his friends admired his genius, his political enemies admired and dreaded his lance. He was a successful man in all the departments of life. His beautiful home attests his own taste in art. To the influence of Lucy, his wife, and May, his daughter—whose death preceded his only a few months—most of this success may be attributed. They were the objects of his devoted love. To them he looked for guidance and strength in every storm. And the strong man, the powerful orator, and the loving husband and father found his rest in the home they had helped him make and beautified with their love of art.

He had no malice in his heart toward any one. He loved his friends and forgave his enemies. The death of his lovely and beloved daughter, Mrs. Mary Howard Foote, deeply affected him, and the world was changed to him. Thenceforth it had grown old and the light had gone out in his heart. He walked no longer in the sunlight; his heart was broken, his body and soul were troubled, and his troubles only ended when the finger of God touched the strong, ambitious man in his prime of usefulness and said REST. He will be long remembered by all who knew him, and his memory will ever live in the hearts of the friends who dearly loved him. He was a member of the M. E. church.

EBEN STORER.

Eben Storer, an old pioneer residing in Flint township about three miles southeast of the city, died at 7:10 o'clock this morning, September 13, 1890, as a direct result of a paralytic stroke received Sunday. How-

ever, Mr. Storer had been ill for a term of nearly a year, being first taken with a shock at that time, from the effects of which he was never able to recover. The deceased was one of the old pioneers of this section of the country and had lived on his farm in Flint township for a half century. He was born at Hartland, Conn., August 10, 1817. While young his parents removed to Genesee county, N. Y., and from that place he removed with his brother Albert to the township of Flint, where he settled upon the farm on which he died. In his long life spent upon his farm he had gained the respect of the community.

He leaves a widow and five children to mourn his loss, Mrs. Cordelia Hite, Mrs. Amelia Cudney and George Storer, of Flint township, Mrs. Mary Custer, of Mundy, and Mrs. Eunice Bloss, of Gaines.

HON. SAMUEL B. WICKS.

Samuel B. Wicks was born at Charlton, Saratoga county, in the state of New York, on June 14, 1814. He died at his homestead in the second ward of Flint, on September 28, 1890, aged a little over seventy-six years and three months.

He came to Flint in 1836—the year that Genesee county was first organized—and through the remainder of a busy life was closely identified with local politics, much of the time holding office of more or less importance. He was a blacksmith by trade, and worked at that occupation until about 1860. Among the offices he held at various times were township treasurer, city marshal, street commissioner of his ward, judge of probate, assistant sergeant-at-arms of the State senate, janitor of the senate, and at the time of his death was second assistant janitor of the present house of representatives.

Genesee county was very sparsely populated at the time Mr. Wicks settled here, and through his trade and his individual friendliness, he soon became personally acquainted with and liked by nearly every voter in the county. This gave him an influence which he was not slow to use with certain classes of electors. There are not a few men still surviving, who—before he had the misfortune to be elected judge of probate—can recall the days when "Sam" Wicks was a power in local caucuses and conventions. As a blacksmith he was known to be a first-class workman; as a man, he was believed and trusted as thoroughly honest; as a companion, he was free of manner, conversational, unostentatious, and full of entertaining anecdotes of the ups and downs of his pioneer experience; to the friends he esteemed he was most friendly on all occasions. His influence was gained by this combination of qualities, he knew how to make it efficient, and it was an influence the

use of which was eagerly sought by ambitious politicians of his party, about the time of elections.

In 1839, Mr. Wicks was united in marriage with Miss Emily Harrison, who survives him. They had issue, a son and a daughter. She is now Mrs. Wm. Greenly, of Mt. Morris. Edward, the son, died a number of years ago. The funeral services, conducted by Rev. H. H. Northrop, and Rev. H. M. Curtis, were held at the homestead, Mr. Northrop delivering the obituary discourse. Mr. Wicks had long been a strong supporter of the Presbyterian church. A large number of the pioneer settlers who had known the deceased in the early days, assembled from far and near, to do honor to his memory, and at the conclusion of the services formed an avenue through which the remains were carried by old personal friends, and deposited for final rest in a grave upon the south side of the homestead residence.

COLONEL THOMAS B. W. STOCKTON.

Colonel Thomas B. W. Stockton, one of Flint's most respected citizens died at his home on Tuesday morning Dec. 9, 1890, after a long illness. The deceased was born at Walton, Delaware county, New York, June 18, 1805. He graduated from West Point in 1827, and was engaged in the United States service in various capacities for several years following. He served as colonel of the first Michigan Volunteers in the Mexican war, and served his country again in the late war, as colonel of a regiment raised by himself. He was the first captain, of the old "Flint Union Grays." His career was a busy and useful one, and he passes from this life to his long rest, leaving none but kind remembrances behind.

Colonel Stockton was a man of great energy of character, and may be said to have been a born soldier. Although engaged in various civil employments from time to time, it seemed always as if he were discontented and restless until he could get back to military service. This quality and love for organization and command may have been hereditary, for the colonel descended from illustrious ancestors on both paternal and maternal sides. A striking instance of his characteristic energy was displayed when during the war of the rebellion on Governor Austin Blair's declining to commission him as colonel of a State regiment he sought and obtained permission from the government at Washington to raise an independent regiment of volunteers for the service of the United States in the war. Many readers will remember the vigor and celerity with which "Stockton's Independent Regiment" was organized and equipped; how it was accepted by the secretary of

war, and taken to the front—soon to become famous as the "Sixteenth Michigan Regiment."

From his West Point days until in advanced age his health and strength prevented, Col. Stockton loved the soldier's active life; and when his biography comes to be written it will be essentially a military history.

CYRUS HEWITT.

Cyrus Hewitt of Mundy, died Dec. 12, 1890, of old age. Mr. Hewitt was one of the oldest settlers in his part of the county, settling in Mundy about half a century ago. He brought up and reared to manhood and womanhood a family of four children, who survive him, Mrs. Frank Judson, of Mundy; Melvin D. Hewitt, of Gaines; Albert B., of Fenton and one son at Chesaning.

The deceased became blind about four years ago, since which time he has been more or less confined to his home. He was eighty years of age and during his long continued residence in Mundy he was highly respected for the qualities of a conscientious and good man. He was honest to a penny, but always demanded in return for his own treatment of all persons with fairness a similar relation towards himself. He amassed a considerable fortune as a farmer, and was probably the wealthiest man in the township of Mundy.

DR. CORNELIUS E. RULISON.

On Monday afternoon, December 20, 1890, the people of the village of Flushing were shocked and profoundly grieved by the unlooked for and almost instantaneous death of Cornelius E. Rulison, caused by heart disease.

The doctor was born at Theresa in the state of New York, on May 20, 1835, and was therefore in his fifty-sixth year. At the age of fourteen he came with his parents to Michigan, and they settled in Flint, where his father died soon after. Here he obtained his education, grew up to manhood, and for some years taught school in different districts of this county with marked success. He was engaged in this occupation, as principal of the Goodrich district school, when the president issued his first call for volunteers in 1861. C. E. Rulison was one of the earliest to respond, and enlisted in Company F, of the Second Michigan Infantry, in Flint, under Captain W. R. Morse. He was in the first Bull Run battle, and served as a brave and fearless soldier until the close of the war, being severely wounded at the battle of Knoxville, by a minie-ball which shattered his left arm between

the wrist and elbow, passing on in its course through his throat, nearly severing the larynx, from the injury of which his voice never recovered its tone.

At the close of the rebellion he entered the Cincinnati Medical College where he pursued the study of medicine for two years. Returning then to this county, he looked around for a place in which to locate for the practice of his profession, and decided upon Flushing, where he opened an office in 1866, and remained until the time of his death. In the same year he married Miss Nellie Greenfield of Goodrich, by whom he had three children who survive him.

In social life, Dr. Rulison was one of the most genial kind-hearted, companionable men the writer ever knew. Every man who associated with him became his warm friend, and he was no man's enemy. His generous qualities of mind made him popular in all circles, and he was a prominent actor in the various organized societies to which he belonged. He was a Past Master of Flushing lodge F. &. A. M.; a member of Flint Rapids Chapter R. A. M.; a Past Grand of Rankin Lodge, I. O. O. F.; a Past Chief Patriarch of Flushing Encampment of Patriarchs, I. O. O. F.; Commandant of Canton C. E. Rulison, Patriarchs Militant; Past Commander of Ransom Post G. A. R.—in short, his companionship was sought by all who prize a sterling man and value a trusty friend.

CALVIN CARTWRIGHT.

The venerable Calvin Cartwright of Davison, who has been ill for many months, died Thursday morning, Jan. 15, 1891, at his home, surrounded by the members of his family. He would have been 75 years old if he had lived till next month. He was a native of New York but most of his life had been spent in Michigan. He first stopped in Mundy and afterwards went to Grand Blanc, where he married Miss Catherine Fritz, more than fifty years ago. About forty-eight years ago he removed to Davison township and began life in earnest on eighty acres of woods, with his wife and year old baby, who has since grown to be the well-known and well-to-do citizen, Mr. Braton Cartwright. There they wrought amid the hardships incident to pioneer life, and there their other children, John F., George and Susan M., were born, all of whom, with their mother, live and were present at his death. Mr. Cartwright was a man of good brain, energy, integrity and endurance and in time not only cleared up his original eighty, but bought more land and was for many years one of the large landed proprietors of the township. About seventeen years ago he sold some of his land and built an elevator

at Davison station and operated it himself for a time. Fifteen years ago he removed his family to the village, which has since been their home. Failing health compelled him to give up business and his son, John F., took the elevator off his hands, later adding it to the banking business. The surviving members of the family are his wife and the children, all of whom reside in Davison village or township, except George, whose home is in Idaho.

Mr. Cartwright was a member of the Baptist church, a strong temperance man, and zealous in good works. He is the last of a large family. His death removes another one of strong, good men, whose industry had added so much to the material wealth, and whose moral worth has done so much towards maintaining the purity of the community.

MARY BRITTEN GROW.

Mary Britten Grow was born in Clarence, Erie Co., N. Y., April 5, 1818, and removed with her parents to the town of Atlas, Genesee Co., Mich., in 1839. Married to Rev. Stillman T. Grow, Feb. 8, 1842. Soon after their marriage she professed Christ and was baptized by her husband, uniting with the Baptist church of Atlas. She was a humble and devout follower of her Savior an earnest and faithful minister's wife.

Was the mother of one son, Wm. B. Grow, and two daughters, M. Miranda and Anna E. Grow, all living at home. She also filled the place of mother to her husband's four motherless children, two of whom, M. D. Grow of Owosso, and Mrs. S. J. Torrence of Ortonville, came to the old home to pay their last tribute of filial affection.

She leaves one brother and three sisters, of whom two were present at the burial services, Mrs. E. Kipp of St. Johns, and Mrs. John Skinner of Flint.

Mrs. Grow survived her husband nearly three years. After three days of severe suffering she passed peacefully away Friday evening, Jan. 30, 1891, to join the loved one gone before.

JOHN WOOLFITT.

Mr. John Woolfitt, one of the earliest pioneers of the county, and widely known, died at his residence, six miles north of Flint, in Genesee, at 8:30 p. m., last Friday, January 31, 1891, aged 87 years. He was one of ten children. His father's name was John and he was a member of the church of England, and died at the age of 96 years. In 1834 the suject of this sketch left his home, sailing from Hull, Eng-

land, in company with Richard Johnson and Wm. Sissins. They took passage in a sailing vessel and were seven weeks on the voyage, arriving in Quebec and coming thence to Detroit by water. They obtained work on the Saginaw turnpike, and on their way to the scene of their labors, stopped one night in what is now Flint in a hotel kept by the late Lewis Buckingham. He and Mr. Sissins located each a farm in Genesee on the line of the turnpike, Mr. Woolfitt's being that on which he died. He had cleared it up and made it a splendid piece of property. He and Mr. Sissins built a small house which they occupied jointly, keeping bachelors' hall. One day it burned up while they were at work consuming all their provisions and clothing, bedding, etc., including about $120 in money belonging to Mr. Woolfitt. It was a sad blow to them, but they recovered from it through many privations, and much hard work.

Mr. Woolfitt and Mr. Sissins raised on their farms what is supposed to have been the first wheat ever grown north of the Flint river.

In July, 1839, Mr. Woolfitt married Miss Jane M. Allen, of Pontiac, at Flint. That estimable lady still survives him. Nine children have been born to them—namely, Mrs. M. J. Cornwell, residing north of Flint, in Genesee, Mrs. R. Y. Barkley of Otisville, Mr. E. A. Woolfitt, supervisor of Thetford, Mrs. Charles Johnson, now deceased, Mrs. J. O. Kingman, of Charlotte, Mrs. J. R. Kingman, of Mt. Morris, Mr. A. J. Woolfitt, of Bay City, Mr. W. E. Woolfitt, resident at the old homestead, and Mrs. W. F. Curtis, of Clio. There are twenty-five grandchildren.

Mr. Woolfitt was a man of deep religious sentiment and at an early day, connected himself with the M. E. church, and during all his active life, was a zealous worker in the church, a free supporter of its finances and a consistent advocate of its principles. He was at one time proprietor of the Pollywog hotel, and kept it on strictly temperance principles. His influence and his voice were always on the side of temperance and morality, and so well did he exemplify these in his consistent life, that his children, following not his precepts only, but his example, have all been living illustrations of these excellent traits themselves. The good he did lives after him in them.

THOMAS O. TOWNSEND.

Thomas Orange Townsend, was born in Wheelock, Caledonia county, Vt. Dec. 19, 1819, and died at his home in the township of Davison in Genesee county, Michigan, on Monday, February 16, 1891. He was the fourth child of a family of eight, of Isaiah and Polly Townsend. When

he was quite young his parents moved to Middlebury, Vt., where they resided until the subject of this notice was about twelve years of age, when they emigrated to Monroe county in western New York. Here Mr. Townsend resided until he was twenty-one, and in the fall of 1841 followed his eldest brother Goodenough, to Michigan.

Arriving here he purchased eighty acres of land on section twenty three in Davison joining his brother's farm. To this tract he made subsequent additions so that at one time he had a farm of several hundred acres. He taught school a few terms after coming to Michigan, but devoted most of his time and attention to clearing up and improving his farm. A residence of nearly fifty years in the same township, well entitles him to be ranked among the pioneers of Michigan.

Mr. Townsend was twice married. His first wife was Miss Emeline Walker, daughter of the late Walter Walker of Grand Blanc. She died in January, 1853, leaving two children, W. H. Townsend who resides at Herman, Minnesota and Miss Alice E. Townsend of Flint, Michigan. His second wife was Miss Sarah E. Newman, of Oakland county, Michigan who now survives him. Besides those spoken of he leaves as near relatives one grandchild, Emilie Townsend; three sisters Mrs. Able Seelye of Davison; Mrs. A. Barker and Miss Rebecca Townsend of Flint; and two brothers, Hiram Townsend of Waldo, Wisconsin and his oldest brother Goodenough of Davison. Two brothers, James and Andrew, preceded him to the silent land.

In politics Mr. Townsend was a lifelong democrat, though he had strong prohibition proclivities, and was always a zealous advocate of constitutional prohibition. However he was not a politician and had but little to do with public affairs giving his entire attention to his business, in which he was very successful. And yet at different times he held various township offices and was for several years coroner of Genesee, county.

The funeral services which were conducted by Rev. A. A. Wall pastor of the M. E. church of Davison, were held at his home on the 18th of February 1891, after which his remains, followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends, were taken to the Pine Grove cemetery, there to be laid in his family burial lot by the side of the wife of his youth.

OLIVER STANLEY.

Oliver Stanley, one of the early pioneers of this county, and well known throughout the same, died at his residence in the township of Vienna, of sciatic rheumatism, on Tuesday afternoon, February 10, 1891,

at the age of sixty-six years. Deceased was born in Livingston county, N. Y., came to this State with his father and has resided in this county fifty-five years. He leaves a devoted wife and ten children to mourn his loss; seven daughters, Emily, Alice, Minnie, Clara, Irene, Jessie and Millie; and three sons, Hamilton, Eugene and Fred; also one brother and sister, Mr. Hamilton Stanley, of Flint, and Mrs. M. A. Youngs, of Vienna.

DR. THOMAS ROBSON BUCKHAM.

The death of Dr. Thomas R. Buckham, which occurred at Denver, Col., on Saturday, February 15, 1891, removes a figure for years quite prominent in professional, social and religious circles in Flint. For more than two decades he had made his residence in Flint, coming here from Brampton, Ont., in 1868, and during that time he established himself in the esteem of the people of Flint to such an extent that the close of his useful life will be generally viewed by his fellow citizens in the light of a public bereavement and will cause sincere and universal regret among the host of friends whom he gathered about him during his residence in Flint.

Dr. Buckham was a man of parts. There was about him an individuality or personality that impressed itself upon those with whom he came in contact in his daily walks, and which will remain a perpetual memorial of the man. Firm in his convictions and unflinching in his devotion to principle, he was withal a man of genial nature and kindly disposition. He was true to his friends, and as for his enemies they were as few as were his faults. He was a ripe scholar, a clear and profound thinker, and a physician who had during the later years of his life achieved marked distinction and fame in his profession at home and abroad. The elements of true manhood were combined in his character in such nearly perfect proportions that as a man, neighbor, friend and christian gentleman, he won the entire confidence of his fellow citizens and the respect of his co-workers in the profession which he adorned. His sterling worth had deserved recognition while he lived, and now that he has passed away there are none who knew him as a man and as a physician who will not hasten to pay to his memory the respect that is due an upright, honorable and useful life.

It is said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his race. Judged by this standard Dr. Buckham's life was a marked and brilliant success. He gave to the world a work of inestimable value which has attracted widespread attention and which brought the author fame in the later years of his

life. By way of showing the estimation in which his work is held by competent authority, we take the liberty of quoting from the *Cyclopedia of Michigan*, as follows:

But it is more perhaps to his recent work, "Insanity Considered in its Medico-Legal Relations," published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, 1883, that he owes his national, we might even say cosmopolitan, reputation. To this work he devoted about ten years of his life, first in making the deepest possible study of the subject from almost every standpoint; then, having formed his conclusions, arrived at by the most careful consideration (and therefore in almost every instance correct), he gave to the world the result of his labors. *

* * It is perhaps only necessary to add that the work has received extended notice and high commendation of both legal and medical reviews and journals, as well as of the general press, and of the most eminent legal authority. It has already by its weight of sound reasoning, forced itself upon the notice of the courts in the trials of various insanity cases, in a number of instances having been quoted from largely in the circuit courts; and in the celebrated case of John Baird (1886), an appeal, the supreme court of the state of New York reversed the decision of the commission on lunacy on the authority of Dr. Buckham's book. Besides, three courts of last resort have adopted the new theory, to wit: the supreme court for Alabama, in the Parsons and Gunther cases (81. 577, and 83. 96 Ala.); the supreme court of the District of Columbia, Washington, in the Daley case, and the supreme court of Michigan, in Blackstone vs. the Standard Accident Insurance Company, in which decision Dr. Buckham's book is quoted freely, among other things the author's definition of insanity:

"A diseased or disordered condition or malformation of the physical organs through which the mind receives impressions or manifests its operations, by which the will and judgment are impaired, and the conduct rendered irrational."

And also his corollary:

"Insanity being the result of physical disease, it is a matter of fact to be determined by medical experts, not a question of law to be decided by legal tests and maxims."—(N. W. Reporter, Vol. XLII, pp. 156-165.)

In 1884 Dr. Buckham was elected a corresponding member of the Medico-Legal society of New York, and subsequently he was chosen a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London, England. Both of these distinguished honors were bestowed upon him as a recognition of his valuable contributions to the medico-legal literature of the period.

For nearly two years before his death Dr. Buckham had been in feeble health.

Dr. Thomas Robson Buckham was born January 24, 1832. About that time his parents, Andrew and Margaret Buckham, who were natives of Scotland, where the former was a magistrate and a man of considerable influence, left their native land and settled near Toronto, Ontario. After graduating from Victoria College the subject of this sketch became interested in the field of politics and successively held the important offices of magistrate, commissioner of the court of Queen's bench, and Master extraordinary of the court of chancery. He commenced the practice of medicine at Brampton, Ontario, and in 1865, moved to Petrolia, Ontario, whence in 1868 he came to Flint. He was married in Edmondton, Ontario, August 21, 1855, to Miss Kezia Snell, who proved a loving helpmeet to him during the remaining years of his life, and who survives to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband. Besides his widow, deceased leave three sons, Dr. James N., Andrew J. and Thomas R.

Dr. Buckham was for many years prominently indentified with the Presbyterian church of this city, and at the time of his death was chairman of the board of trustees of that church. He was also quite prominent in local Masonic circles, being a member in good standing of Genesee lodge number 174, F. & A. M.

GEORGE W. GOODENOUGH.

One of the old pioneers of this county passed away February 23, 1891, in the person of George W. Goodenough, of Davison township. The cause of death was ulceration of the lungs. He had been in poor health for the past six months and had been confined to his room for a month past. The deceased was eighty years of age, and came with his wife from Niagara, county, New York and settled upon his farm of 190 acres, two miles west of Davison, upon his arrival in this locality. He cleared away the forest and in his old age reaped the benefits of the hard knocks of his early life in the then wilderness of Michigan. The deceased leaves a widow, who at her advanced age, is still in good health.

There is but one child left, James W. Goodenough, who resides with his family on the farm. Lucien G. Goodenough, of Flint, is a nephew of the deceased.

PETER VAN TIFFIN.

Died at his home in Grand Blanc, Peter Van Tiffin, February 27,

1891, aged 94 years, 9 months and 25 days. Deceased was born in Middlebourg, the Netherlands, May 2, 1796. When about eight years of age, with his parents, he came to America, and settled in New York state, in the township of Rush, Monroe county.

When about twenty-two years of age he married Miss Hannah Allen, daughter of Mr. E. Allen. In 1834 he with his wife and children came to Michigan and settled in Grand Blanc, where until his decease made his home. He survived his wife nearly twenty years. When about thirty years of age he experienced religion and joined the Baptist church in the township of Rush, New York. On coming to Michigan he united with the Baptist church at Grand Blanc and was a member of that church when he died. For more than fifty-seven years he has known its history, and shared its joys and sorrows with others who have, by their fidelity to Christ, kept the light shining. Like the warrior after the long, hard fought battle he has laid aside his armor to repose in that rest that remains for every child of God.

Of his decendants that survive him there are seven of his ten children, twenty of his twenty-six grandchildren, and thirty-six great grandchildren, making a total of sixty-three.

MRS. LUCY BROWNSON.

Mrs. Lucy Brownson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs G. H. Holman, of Flint, at four o'clock p. m., March 30, 1891; in the 91st year of her age. She was born in west Haven, Vermont, Februaıy 5, 1801. Her maiden name was Barbour. At twenty-four years of age she was married to Luman Brownson, also of Vermont. Soon after, they made their home in western New York. In the fall of 1831 they removed to Pontiac, Oakland county, Michigan, where they lived till the death of her husband, July, 1866. Mr. Brownson was deacon in the Pontiac Congregational church for thirty-three years, where they were united in action and efficient service during his life. She was the seventh of fifteen children, nine sons and six daughters, three only of whom survive her. Her father died at nearly ninety-six, one sister at at ninety-two and one brother at eighty-eight, nearly all living to old age. She was the mother of five children, four of whom are living, O. M. Brownson, of Evart, Michigan; S. N. Brownson, of Kansas; Mrs. C. C. Farrar and Mrs. G. H. Holman, of Flint. Twenty grandchildren and eleven great grand children have come "to call her blessed."

Since the death of her husband (nearly twenty-five years) she has lived with her children most of the time in Flint. Her mental facul-

ties were retained in full vigor to the last week of her life. She read by the hour and conversed with interest upon all matters relating to the highest good of the world with remarkable clearness and enjoyment. She was so genial, kind and sympathetic, so loving and lovely in her old age, as always to be welcome to the homes of her children and friends. Her stay was never too long, and she was known as "Grandma Brownson" wherever she went, especially among the young people.

MRS. GOODENOUGH TOWNSEND.

Mary Ann Fish was born in Kortwright, Delaware county, N. Y., on the 23d day of February, 1819. She received a good common school educaton, and in the spring of 1837, she came with her father's family to Michigan, and settled in the township of Genesee. She then commenced teaching and taught in the Stewart district in Genesee, in the Butler district in South Grand Blanc, at Pine Run in the Cole district at Flint—now Burton, and the Hart district, Mount Morris.

On the 18th of November, 1840, she was married to Goodenough Townsend, who still survives her. In March following, they moved into the town of Davison, then an almost unbroken wilderness, the nearest neighbor being more than two miles away. Here she endured the privations and hardships of a new country, which none but those that have experience know.

She was trained up by her parents, Reuben and Fanny Fish, in strict principles of religion. She joined the M. E. church at Flint, in 1838, and was one of the seven first members of the M. E. church at Davison. She always took a deep interest in the welfare and building up of the church. She was a member of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, and was for some time president and was made a life member. She was also a member of the W. C. T. Union, and favored the principles of prohibition.

She died on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at 10:50 a. m., aged seventy-two years one month and twenty-two days. She was a good and accommodating neighbor and had no enemies; a kind and affectionate wife; a tender and loving mother. Her last and youngest brother, Dr. M. W. Fish, of Oakland, California, died three weeks and two days before her, leaving only one sister, Mrs. J. F. Johnson, of Lake Arthur, La. She was the mother of nine children. Two, Hattie M., and William F., died young. Mary, Mrs. E. Ransom, of Flint, Melancthon, W. S., Fannie E., George W., and Reuben F., were present to minister to her wants and receive her parting blessing. Mr. S. W. Pratt, of Kingfisher, Oklahoma Territory, was not present, but words of love and tender

regard, and well wishes were sent. The funeral services were conducted on Friday at the house, Rev. J. W. Kennedy and Rev. A. A. Wall officiating. The services were solemn and impressive. By her request the pall bearers were her three sons, her son-in-law, E. Ransom, and two grandsons, Reuben aud Arthur Ransom, who conveyed her remains to Pine Grove cemetery, there to rest until the resurrection of the just.

MRS. ARTEMISIA GIBSON.

Mrs. Artemisia Gibson, relict of the late Charles DeWitt Gibson, who died in 1876 at the age of seventy-seven years passed away yesterday morning May 6, 1891, at her home in Whigville, at an advanced age. The deceased was a woman of many admirable qualities of heart and mind and was held in high esteem by a host of friends and acquaintances all over the county. She was born in western New York, in the latter part of the first decade of the present century and was united in marriage to Mr. Gibson, at Avon, Livingston county, N. Y., in 1831. Two years later she came west with her husband and settled in Grand Blanc township, where Mr. Gibson opened a store and for several years sold goods to the few early settlers and traded with the Indians, who at that time were very numerous in this part of the State. Mrs. Gibson was a remarkably fine looking and intelligent lady, and nobly performed her share of life's duties to her husband and children. The closing years of her well-spent life were passed on the old homestead in the midst of kind friends and pleasant surroundings. Mrs. Gibson and her deceased husband were the parents of eleven children, viz.: Thornton W., Jane W., Charles F., Chauncey W., Caroline A., Corodon DeWitt, John E., Mary A., Sarah J., Francis A., and Stamford S. The surviving members of the family are Thornton, Stamford and Mary, who live at home; John, of Lapeer; Chauncey, of San Francisco, Cal.; Francis, of Bay City; Sarah, who is married and lives at Bay City, and Mrs. Dr. Case, of Grand Blanc.

HENRY JUDD.

Henry Judd died suddenly, about 11 o'clock p. m., May 19, 1891, at his residence in Burton, about three miles from Flint, aged seventy-three years Mr. Judd was born in New York and came to Michigan about fifty years ago. He had lived in Burton for forty years and leaves a second wife and two sons—William, of Nebraska, and Miles, of Detroit.

INGHAM COUNTY.

C. B. STEBBINS.

The number of deaths in Ingham county of which I have been able to learn of persons entitled to be classed as pioneers under the rules of the society is thirty-six. Of these fifteen were from the first of June, 1890, to January 1891, and twenty-two during the present year to June 1. The number aged over eighty years was seven, namely: one of eighty, one of eighty-two, one of eighty-three, two of eighty-four, one of eighty-six, and one of eighty-seven.

There were under 30 years	2
30 to 40 "	2
40 to 50 "	2
50 to 60 "	5
60 to 70 "	8
70 to 80 "	10
80 to 87 "	7

The average age was a fraction over sixty-four years, omitting four whose age was under forty. The average of the other thirty-two was sixty-nine.

Nativity—Michigan, 7; New York, 5; Vermont, 4; New Jersey, 3; Pennsylvania, 2; Kentucky, Maryland, Germany and Ireland, 1 each; unknown, 10.

1890.

June 2.—Mrs. Minerva Scammon, aged seventy-two years. Mrs. Scammon was born in Alleghany county, Pa., and came to Lansing with her husband (who survived her), in 1856. She was an exemplary and active christian.

July 10.—Mrs. Liza Zeigler, aged forty-one years. Mrs. Zeigler was born in Jonesville, Mich., and had been a resident of Lansing about twenty years. She was an honored member of St. Paul's German Evangelical church.

July 14.—Lloyd Nelson Turner, familiarly known as Lord Turner, aged seventy-seven years. He was born a slave in Kentucky. He was set free in 1834 and came to Lansing in 1855. The following truthful description of his quaint characteristics from the State Republican:

Everyone will remember the aged patriarch with feelings of kindness. Endowed with a peculiar sense of what was just, and with a quaint, unique way of expressing it, his sayings acquired quite a noto-

riety about the city in the earlier days, and his advice was often sought by his brethren, among whom he was a kind of an oracle. He had a quick appreciation of humor, and was not at all slow at repartee; and though all uncultivated, some of his forcible expressions carried a certain weight with them not to be ignored. What he lacked in education was partially supplied by his experience and keen observation of life in general.

Of about medium height; of shambling gait, his thinned-out, half-gray locks covered always with a big broad brimmed hat or an ancient drab tile, under which twinkled a pair of eyes sharp as a ferret's; and with his miscellaneous lot of ill-fitting clothing and ill-sorted foot wear, the old colored gentleman presented a decidedly curious and somewhat comical appearance on the street. Whenever passing a citizen he would make a backward shamble, bow his aged head and take off his hat with a certain dignity and grace that impressed itself on the passer-by; yet there was not the slightest hint of the servile in his bow—simply a courtesy which he believed was due, and one he never failed to make. His quaint figure will be sadly missed on the street by our citizens, who have been accustomed to it for nearly half a century.

July 16.—Mrs. Angeline M. Drury, aged seventy years. Mrs. Angeline M. Drury died at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. B. Porter, 215 Capitol Ave., of consumption, after an illness of seven years. Mrs. Drury was born in Vermont, January 31, 1820. When a child, she moved with her parents westward, residing in Glens Falls and Clyde, N. Y., where she received her education in the public school and the academy. When fourteen years of age she united with the Presbyterian church of Clyde, and at the age of fifteen became a teacher in the district school near this village which vocation she followed two years, when she came with her father's family to Michigan, where they located on a new farm near Otsego, Allegan county. In 1838 she taught the public school in Kalamazoo, and the next year a select school in the village of Otsego. She was married, in December, 1839, to Samuel T. Drury of Otsego.

Becoming interested in the institute at Olivet, they removed to that place in 1848 and became active workers in its behalf giving time and money in large measure, and this college today owes a large share of its popularity and good work to Mr. and Mrs. Drury. Feeling that Olivet college was on a sure foundation for good and grand work, she was ready and glad to second her husband's desire to turn thought and and intent toward a new field in the southwest. They visited Springfield, Missouri, where was an institute that gave promise of great good,

and with their never failing determination gave this school their hearty support, both in labor and money, and to such an extent and so successfully that the board of trustees named the school "Drury college," as a token of respect and honor for the good work done for them.

Besides the great interest Mrs. Drury has always taken in education work, she has been an ardent worker in the church and Sunday school and W. C. T. U., and her cheerful voice and guiding hand will be greatly missed in the many societies with which she was connected. Since the death of her husband at Olivet in 1883, Mrs. Drury has been an invalid, making her home in Lansing with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Porter, where every kindness has been shown her that her declining years might know no sorrow beyond that of the dread disease that eventually caused her death. Mrs. Porter and Mr. Geo. H. House of Saginaw, are the sole survivors of the family.

July 16.—James Champion Huffman, aged sixty-two years. Mr. Huffman was born in Pittsburg, Pa. When eight years old he came to Tiffin, Ohio, with his parents, and in 1868 settled in Lansing, following the bakery and confectionery business till his death, which was the result of the grippe.

August 3.—John C. Cannon, at Cannon Creek, Col., aged fifty-five years. Mr. Cannon was one of the most prominent citizens of Mason, and was well known throughout Ingham county. He had been in declining health for more than a year. Two months ago he resigned his position as secretary and manager of the Rogers Manufacturing Co. and left for Colorado, hoping that the climatic change would act as a restorative. His wife and daughter accompanied him and were at his bedside when the end came.

Mr. Cannon was fifty-five years of age. He served his comntry three years as corporal, Co. B, twenty-sixth Michigan infantry. In 1876 he was elected register of deeds for Ingham county and was re-elected in 1878. He has since been mayor of the city of Mason for two years. He was very popular and highly respected.

September 22.—Thomas Wm. Hebbard, aged fifty-three years. Mr. Hebbard was born in Woodsboro, Maryland. In 1845 he came to Milford, Michigan, and in 1863 settled in Lansing, and entered the livery business, starting the firm of Giles and Hebbard. Subsequently he engaged with John A. Kerr in the Republican newspaper office, then a weekly. He spent five years in the Saginaw valley, buying staves for a New York lumber firm, was appointed to the city treasurer's office in 1874 or 1875 to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Treasurer Loomis, after which he entered the grocery business with N. J. Roe. In 1877 he

built the Hebbard block, now occupied by Page & Turney's grocery store, where he conducted a grocery business in partnership with Ald. Henry Klocksiem, retiring in 1879. He was justice of the peace from 1883 to 1887.

September 24.—Jacob Baumgrass, aged seventy-five years. He was a German by birth, but for many years a resident of Lansing, or on a farm just out of the city. He was a skillful painter and a passionate lover of flowers. He was a member of the German Methodist church.

October 16.—Mrs. Polly Greene, aged 83 years. She was born in Royalton, Vermont, came to Lenawee county in 1833, and in 1836 was married to Deacon S. R. Greene who was from Berlin, Vermont. They settled in Lansing in 1848, when it was simply a city of mammoth stumps. She left to mourn her loss, her aged husband and two daughters. Her only son died on the battle field in the service of his country.

October 31.—Mrs. Lucy Lounsberry, aged sixty-seven years. She had lived in Williamston since 1842.

November 1.—Jesse E. Tenney, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Tenney was born in Orwell, Vermont. He graduated from Middlebury college and studied law with Judge Phelps, father of Edward Phelps, minister to England. He was admitted to the supreme court bar of Alabama in 1839. He traveled extensively in Europe and acted as commercial agent at Padua, Venice, Marseilles and Lyons, returning in 1845, and engaging in the practice of law at Franklin, Vermont. In 1854 he married Harriet A. Edgerton and came to Michigan and became principal of the Homer academy, and was for four years superintendent of the Marshall schools. He acted as State librarian from 1859 to 1869, by appointment of Governor Wisner, and subsequently practiced law in Lansing. He was acting mayor of Lansing for nine months, in place of George W. Peck, who removed to Saginaw; was judge of the recorder's court of Lansing for three years and member of the board of education six years. He was an active republican ever since the organization of the party, prior to which he was a whig. He was a man of literary taste, fine cultivation and extensive reading. He made a great many addresses, orations and political speeches. He was an active friend of the soldiers, and did all he could during the war to aid them by shipping supplies to the hospitals and battlefields.

Judge Tenney held the office of United States circuit court commissioner of the eastern district of Michigan for more than twenty years, and was engaged in the real estate and insurance business for several years. He also obtained considerable local notority as the author of a

series published in The Statesman over the nondeplumes of "Peleg Olepod" and "Sile Spike." The letters by Sile were of a political nature, one of which, giving a supposed conference with Stephen A. Duglas while en route over the Michigan Southern railway to Cleveland, during the campaign of 1858, was copied by the New York Tribune and several other leading newspapers of the day, and from which the late D. R. Lock, of the Toledo Blade, acknowledged he obtained his style for the noted Nasby letters.

December 4.—Mrs. Mary E. Pugh, aged fifty-three years. Mrs. Pugh was born in Portland, Michigan and came to Lansing with her parents while a child. Subsequently the family removed to Detroit. In 1854 she was married at Portland, moving to Toledo, Ohio, and locating at Lansing in 1865, where she has since resided. She leaves nine children. She was an active and honored member of the Congregational church in Lansing.

December 19.—Mrs. P. Anna Van Auken, aged sixty-eight years. She was born in Deckertown, N. J., where she lived up to the time of coming to Lansing in 1856, where she resided until her death. During the last ten years, she was a great sufferer from a disease which rendered her unable to take a step, but always comforted by her trust in God.

December 27.—Mrs. Marintha A. Judson, aged sixty-two years. Mrs. Judson was born in Murray, N. Y. In 1875 she married Elnathan Judson, of Richland, Michigan, and came at once to Lansing to reside. Her husband died in 1881. She was a member of the Presbyterian church of Richland, and a woman of great force of character, combined with a kind and sympathetic nature that won her many friends.

1891.

January 1.—Mrs. Caroline A. Shaw, aged eighty-seven years. Mrs. Shaw was born in Hanover, N. J., in 1803, and married Robert B. Moores in 1831. In 1835 they moved to Licking county, Ohio. Mr. Moore died in 1848. She came to Lansing in 1873, after the death of her second husband, Jacob Shaw, where she resided with her daughter Mrs. J. E. Weed. She was a member of Plymouth church, Lansing.

January 24.—Mrs. Caroline Linderman, aged eighty-six years. Mrs. Linderman was one of the oldest residents of Ingham county; having settled in Mason with her husband in 1836.

February 8.—Warren Hinchey, aged seventy-four years. Mr. Hinchey was born in Rochester, N. Y., and came to Michigan at an

early date. For thirty years he was one of the prominent engineers of the Saginaw valley. About ten years ago he took charge of one of his brother's farms near Meridian, where he remained until last fall. A stroke of palsy three years ago rendered him utterly helpless and he never recovered, having to be lifted in and out of bed.

February 15.—Matthew P. Marvin, aged sixty-eight years. Mr. Marvin was born in Stafford, N. Y., July 23, 1823. He came to Monroe, Michigan, with his father's family at the age of ten years, living there until 1848, when he removed to Jackson. In 1849 he was married at Columbus, Ohio, to Miss. Mary E. Gregory. Jackson was their home until 1856, when he entered the hardware business in Lansing with E. W. Dart, becoming subsequently a traveling agent for several large Detroit firms. In his later years he was a dealer in flour and feed, and during his entire life bore an unblemished record as a fair and honest business man, ready to assist any and all when compatible with a just consideration of his own interests. He was one of the early citizens, and his death is deeply deplored by scores of warm friends who sincerely sympathize with the family in their sad affliction.

February 22.—Mrs. Sarah I. (Parker) Donovan, aged forty-four years. Mrs. Donovan was born in Redford, Michigan. In 1872 she was married to Hon. Wm. Donovan. Their residence has been in Lansing thirteen years. Mrs. Donovan's social qualities and kindness of heart made her very dear to a large circle of friends.

February 26.—Lucius Daniel Johnson, aged thirty-five years. Mr. Johnson was born in Clinton county, Michigan. In 1861 the family came to Lansing, he began the study of law at the age of sixteen, and graduated from the Ann Arbor Law School at the age of twenty years, he gave promise of obtaining a prominent position at the bar. But consumption claimed him as one of its legion of victims. He went to New York for treatment under the Koch system; but the doctors told him frankly, that his situation was beyond hope. He returned home, and in a short time passed away, lamented by many friends.

February 27.—Isaac Douglass North, aged thirty-six years. Mr. North was born in Delhi, Ingham county, and came to Lansing while young. His death was the result of the grippe, which terminated in pneumonia.

March 4.—A. Arnold Clark, aged twenty-nine years. Mr. Clark, was born in Calhoun county, Michigan, and graduated from Albion college, taking the degree of bachelor of arts in 1881, and later received the degree of master of arts. In June last he had an attack of typhoid fever the sequel of which was lung fever. In January he went south, and for a time was better, but brain disease supervened, causing his

death. He died at Aiken, S. C., and his remains were brought to Lansing for burial. Prof. Clark was correspondence clerk in the office of the State Board of Health. Although but twenty-nine years of age he was the author of various papers on scientific subjects which attracted the attention of sanitarians of other states. He had an extended acquaintanceship throughout the State, and was a very scholarly and cultivated young man, and a fluent speaker.

Some eighteen months ago he declined the tender of the chair of English literature at the Agricultural College that he might have time to complete a novel dealing with economic questions upon which he was engaged.

March 9.—Mrs. Bernard C. Kelley, aged fifty-two years. She resided in Lansing nearly thirty years. She died from an attack of apoplexy, and left a host of friends to mourn her loss. She was the mother of ten children, seven of whom survive her.

March 22.—James Northrop, aged eighty-two years. Mr. Northrop was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., and moved to Ohio when in infancy. He there married Miss Emily Ann Wheeler, December 2, 1832, subsequently moving to Michigan, locating in Meridian township, Ingham county, in about 1854. A stove erected under a maple tree comprised his first Michigan home and it was some months before he secured a better. He farmed it in Meridian township until about eighteen years ago when he moved to Lansing, entering the lumber business in which he engaged for only a few years. He married his second wife, Miss Dora Elliott, November 25, 1873. In business Mr. Northrop was upright and conscientious. As a friend he could not be overvalued and as a husband and father he was all that could be desired. In Meridian township he held several public positions, that of supervisor, school director, etc. Mr. Northrop leaves a wife and four children.

April 1.—Mrs. Olive P. Ward, aged eighty-four years. Mrs. Ward was born in Rutland, Vermont, April 23, 1807, and was married to Alanson Ward at Middleburg, N. Y., wheu sixteen years of age, subsequently moving to Michigan and Lansing, in the year following the location of the State capitol site. The city was then but a forest, and none but the very earliest settlers had arrived. They remained and grew up with the city. In Middleburg Mrs. Ward was a member of the M. E. church. She was throughout her entire life devoted to others and to those little works of charity for which there are so many opportunities and which are so gratefully remembered by the recipients. Wherever she went she carried a certain undefinable comfort with her, and herself was always her last thought and care. Few have done

more for the welfare of their friends and few have been as universally loved. Even in her later days Mrs Ward retained her faculties in their full power, remaining wonderfully bright and intelligent for her advanced age, and always keeping up her interest in the current events and everything to the very last.

April 1.—John Rouse, Sr., aged sixty-eight years. Mr. Rouse was one of the oldest residents of the city, a man of much natural talent and intelligence, and one whose genial, open and honest nature won for him a host of warm and long-time friends who will deeply regret his demise. Mr. Rouse leaves a wife, five sons and three daughters, two of whom A. F. and John Rouse, Jr., have for many years been prominent in Lansing social, professional and political circles, and are highly esteemed.

April 7—Peter Lowe of Mason, aged seventy-nine years. But very few of the earliest pioneers of Ingham county remain. One of the best known and most distinguished as a business man, Peter Lowe, departed this life at Rogers Park, Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 7, 1891. He was born in the township of Neversink, Sullivan county, N. Y., May 24, 1812. In 1834 he came with his father's family to the township of Stockbridge, this county, where they settled upon what is known as Lowe's Plains. In about the year 1837 he was married to Emeline E. Wheaton, a resident of that township, and in 1842 he was elected the first clerk of Ingham county. After entering upon the duties of this office he came to Mason on foot two days of each week for some time, to transact the business of the county, not minding the walk of twenty miles through the forest. In the winter of 1843 he removed to Mason and became one of the first settlers. At different times during the early history of the county he was clerk, treasurer and register of deeds, and no man was more closely identified with the interests of the county. He began his business career in Mason first as a member of the general mercantile firm of McRoberts & Lowe and later was identified with the business firms of Coatsworth & Lowe, hardware and drugs, succeeded by Phelps & Lowe and in about the year '56–7 becoming the hardware firm of Lowe, Sayers & Phelps. In 1869 he was one of the partners to organize the bank of Lowe, Near & Co., in which John Rayner was the company. In 1870 this was succeeded by Lowe, Smead & Co., which existed until 1881. In all these organizations readers will recognize names of our pioneers most prominent in our early business affairs.

In November, 1886, the wife with whom he had lived about fifty years died in Mason and since that time he has been cared for by his

children, in the home of his son Charles, going to Ionia in July, 1887, and then to Chicago in May, 1890, where he lived till his death.

No name among our pioneers was more familiar. No man among them was more highly respected. His long association with all that conduced to our interests endeared all to him and all will remember Peter Lowe in reverence. He was a devoted member of the M. E. church here from its earliest days and a charter member of Mason lodge, No. 70, F. & A. M., which he served as master in the years 1857-8, 1861 and 1863.

Three sons survive him, Eugene, of Detroit, Charles, of Chicago, and Edward, of Aberdeen, Dakota, all prominent business men. Of his brothers and sisters there are still living Mrs. Chappel, of Dansville, aged seventy-seven; Mrs. Martha Presley, of Muskegon, aged eighty-four; Richard R. Lowe, of Webberville, aged about eighty-one; a sister Rachael, and Mrs. Sally Putnam, of Gratiot county, the youngest, but who is over seventy years of age. Thus do they pass away.

April 10—Noah Phelps, aged sixty-seven years. Mr. Phelps was one of the pioneers of Ingham county, a resident of Okemos. In accord with his request his remains were taken to Detroit for cremation.

April 11—Mrs. Celia Cantrell, aged eighty years. Mrs Cantrell has been a resident of Lansing twenty-three years.

April 16—Mrs. Mary J. Smith, aged sixty-two years. She was the widow of William H. Smith of Delhi. Mrs. Smith was born in New York state and came west with her parents when quite young, settling in southern Michigan. At twenty-three she married and settled in Delhi, and has resided there for forty-seven years. Her husband had been a prominent farmer of that township and died of the same complaint one year ago. She leaves no children.

April 24—Charles E. Nash, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Nash was born in Smithfield, New York. He came to Michigan at an early day, settling at Monroe, when it was the only place of any size in southern Michigan, and a competitor with Toledo as a commercial city. In 1856 he came to Lansing, and was clerk in the State Land Office several years.

April 24—Mrs. Nancy S. Thayer, aged seventy-two years. Mrs. Thayer was born in Madison county, New York and came to Lansing in 1854 with her husband who died in 1865.

May 9—Harvey Morehouse, aged eighty-four years. Mr. Morehouse was born at Newark, New Jersey, August 23, 1807, where he resided until 1831, learning the shoemaker's trade and marrying his present wife. From Newark he moved to central Ohio, and October 14, 1848, came

to Lansing, which was then but a wilderness, the trees having just been felled through the forest for what is now Michigan avenue, and the stumps not yet having been removed from Washington avenue. He was engaged in the shoe trade from 1852 to 1855, conducting business on Washington avenue, where the Lederer store now stands and on the site of the present Hudson house. He bought and cleared the lot now known as the Edgerly property on Allegan street. He was known as a generous, whole-souled citizen, whose life work and good deeds will remain as an everlasting monument to his memory.

Mr. Morehouse gave three sons and a son-in-law to the Union army in the war of rebellion. One son was captured at the battle of Spotsylvania, and died in hospital in Washington from disease contracted by five months in a rebel prison, soon after his release. His remains were brought home to Lansing for interment. Another of the sons received a wound in battle, from which he never fully recovered; but he remained in the army till the close of the war. The third son was once slightly wounded, but he too was mustered out at the same time with his brother. The son-in-law also served the contest through, but died only a few days after reaching home. Few families in the land can make such a record as the above.

May 19—Robert Foster, aged seventy-four years. The following is a synopsis of his history, as given at his numerously attended funeral:

Robert Foster was born July 10, 1817, in Garrison, Fermanagh county, Ireland. He was one of a family of thirteen children. One of these, a sister, died in childhood, and the subject of this sketch, after a lapse of sixty years, is the first to follow her. Few are the family circles, equally large, whose ranks remain so long a time unbroken by death. Of the Foster family Robert was the first to emigrate to America, sailing from Ireland May 4, 1840. On June 6, he landed in New York and subseqently located in Huron, Erie county, Ohio, remaining there about thirteen years, employed as a farmer and carpenter. At this place November 21, 1844, he was married to Jane Osborn. In 1853 he came to Lansing, and at the end of two years settled on a farm a few miles west. In 1873 Mr. Foster came into the city for the second time, and remained one of its residents to the time of his death. May 6, 1873, he began work as a janitor in the old capitol building, continuing in that work until the present administration took possession of the State executive offices.

Robert Foster was honest, industrious, frugal and diligent. He was in all respects a manly man; one whom everybody loved and respected. In all his social relations he was thoughtful, liberal and

cheerful. On Christmas morning, in the year 1862, while Rev. J. Boynton was pastor of the Central M. E. church, Mr. Foster was converted. His change of heart was marked and clear, and he at once joined the church, remaining to the day of his death one of its most consistent, loyal, earnest and loving members. It is doubtful if the society ever had a constituent who loved it more than did he.

Robert Foster was a fond, kind and true husband and father. His last illness began on Thursday evening, May 7, being taken with a chill on his way home from prayer meeting. It developed into double pneumonia, and for twelve days he was a great sufferer. A few hours before his death he recalled a pledge he had given his pastor for the missions, and calling for his purse he paid the same with his own trembling hand. He leaves a wife and four children, and of him it may be truly said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

May 20—Mrs. Sarah L. Papineau, aged seventy-nine years. Mrs. Papineau, whose maiden name was Green, was born at Sennitt, Cayuga county, New York, March 20, 1812. Her father was a prominent business man, having large interests at Auburn, where his daughter's girlhood was mostly spent, and where she received the benefits of the best educational advantages available in those days.

At about twenty years of age Miss Green married Daniel Papineau, a merchant of Wayne county, N. Y., and removed to that county, residing there until 1854, when she removed with her family, consisting of two daughters, Jeannette and Henrietta (Mrs. W. S. George) to Detroit, where she resided until January, 1859, forming an extensive acquaintance through her active coöperation in numerous benevolent and religious works in that city. In the latter year Mrs. Papineau removed to Lansing, where she has since resided, honored and beloved by a large circle of friends and dependents, who will mourn, in her death, the loss of a stanch friend, a safe and sympathetic counselor, and an aggressive foe to every form of tyranny over the weak and defenseless ones of earth.

Born of revolutionary ancestors, Mrs. Papineau early imbibed those principles of freedom and equality which led her to an ardent hatred of the institution of American slavery, and her labors in the interests of the black race soon made for her a prominent place in the ranks of the old abolitionists, and gave to her the companionship and confidence of such leaders as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Foster, and a host of devoted men and women who suffered outrage and martyrdom for conscience sake. While residing in Detroit her home was the refuge of many a black man or woman, fleeing through

darkness, and surrounded by deadly dangers, toward the light of the north star; and at the time of the negro massacre in that city her home sheltered numbers of trembling unfortunates who had fled from the murderous wrath of a maniac mob. Mrs. Papineau was naturally an ardent supporter of the Union during the civil war, lending every assistance in her power, and saw in its results the blessed fruition of her dearest hopes, the abolition of American slavery.

Though possessed of a strikingly powerful individuality, and as stern as a rock in the advocacy or defense of a principle or a cause espoused, there was a certain softness of manner—an indefinable charm—in Mrs. Papineau's presence which betokened a sympathetic helpfulness gracefully intertwined with the sterner qualities of her nature, and which inspired all who knew her with a feeling of confidence, hope and strength in any undertaking which met her approval. Some of the fruits of her labors are yet seen in the Thompson home for old ladies, and the home for the friendless in Detroit, both of which were the recipients of her services and aid at their founding, and were marked objects of her sympathy and care through life, both as an officer and director. Mrs. Papineau was also a member of the ladies' monument association of Lansing.

As might be surmised, there was a deep religious current in Mrs. Papineau's nature, which lent strength and vitality to her conscientious convictions. From early womanhood she was an earnest Unitarian, and an active member of that society while residing in Detroit; but her liberal sentiments easily led her to act with the Universalists upon her arrival here, where there was no society of her faith, and she has been identified with that church since, though freely extending aid and sympathy to charitable and religious works without regard to denomination or creed.

May 24—Andrew J. Shiveley, aged twenty-nine years. Mr. Shiveley was born in Okemos, April 18, 1862, and came to Lansing when a lad. He was a miller by profession and was taken sick at Grand Ledge, where he had just been engaged in a profitable position. Mrs. Shiveley was just preparing to move there when her husband was taken with typhoid fever which subsequently developed into brain trouble.

May 25—Mrs. Sophie Howard Knight, aged fifty-two years. Mrs. Knight died at the Battle Creek sanitarium, where she had been for some time for treatment. Her burial was at Lansing, which had been her residence since 1863.

Mrs. Knight was born at Zanesville, Ohio, April 17, 1839, and from youth upward has been a teacher of music. She came to Lansing in

1863 from Louisville, Ky., where she was employed as teacher in the Grant and Butler schools, leaving on account of the war. In Lansing she was first engaged in the Olds academy, afterwards in the Misses Rogers' female college. At the close of the war she returned to Louisville for a time.

From early youth Mrs. Knight had the best musical training available in this country, studying in Boston, and in New York under Madame Anna Bishop. Her voice was remarkably sweet and flexible, of good power, and always under control. She taught music in Lansing, Detroit and Chicago, singing in the churches of all three cities. Her Lansing musicals were a treat eagerly sought for by lovers of music, and for the promotion of her art in all directions Mrs. Knight did much. She was very proficient in French and studied German and Italian for their bearing upon music. In disposition Mrs. Knight was as sweet and tuneful as her voice, an exterior that covered much kindness of heart, determination of character and numbers of excellent traits. She was a musical enthusiast and her musical art entered into her soul.

IONIA COUNTY.

ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

Name.	Place of death.	Date of death.	Age.
Sylvanus Wilber	Easton	June 28, 1890	84
Wellington C. Page	Ionia City	July 25, 1890	69
Nelson Tuttle	Orange	August 18, 1890	89
Elliot M. Martin	Danby	December 17, 1890	84
Rev. John M. Coe	Ionia	April 8, 1891	79

SYLVANUS WILBER.

Mr. Sylvanus Wilber was born August 12, 1806, in Vermont, where he lived until 1826. He married Miss Sabra Blodgett of Vermont and from that state moved to St. Lawrence county, New York, where he lived as a farmer until 1854, when he moved to Easton, where he lived a model farmer until June 28, 1890. God then saw fit to move his resting place and give him one not prepared with hands, but eternal and in the heavens. Mr. Wilber has raised nine children, eight of whom survive to mourn the loss of their father, but mourn not as those that have no hope.

WELLINGTON C. PAGE.

Wellington C. Page, one of the most highly esteemed of the old residents of Ionia died at his home on East Main street July 25, 1890.

Mr. Page was born in Whitestown, New York, November 12, 1820, his father being a native of Vermont and his mother of New Hampshire. In 1839 he came with his family to this county, a farm being purchased in Ronald. Later a large tract of land was purchased and he worked at clearing this for fourteen years. Afterward he engaged in mercantile business in Ronald, subsequently removing to Ionia, where he has successively associated in partnership in mercantile business and banking with H. J. Wilson, W. P. Burhans, and Burton Babcock. He was the contractor and builder of the railroads from Portland to Greenville and from Ionia to Stanton.

Mr. Page has for many years been one of the most active members of the M. E. church and one of the most faithful members of the official board. He contributed largely to the building of the present Ionia church, as well as towards those of other denominations.

In April, 1841, Mr. Page married Miss Maria Cronk, who died early in 1860. Of the children of this marriage, one son, George survives. On November 9, 1860, Mr. Page married Miss Amerilla O. Heath, of Palo, who, with a son, R. Lee Page, and a daughter, Mary A. Page, survive him.

Mr. Page continued his active life to the last, his more recent business association, as a senior partner in the firm of Page, Bates & Co., being among the most important of his business enterprises. In politics Mr. Page has been actively identified with the republican party ever since its organization, though he has declined to accept the political preferment that was often tendered him.

NELSON TUTTLE.

COMPOSED AND READ BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD AT THE FUNERAL.

Nelson Tuttle was born in Deerfield, Sunderland county, Mass., Dec. 24, 1800. His parents moved to Ohio and settled in Palmyra, Portage county, in 1805, where he grew to manhood. He was soundly converted and joined the M. E. church in 1818. In 1829 he was made class leader and steward and has been kept in those offices continuously to the end of his life. He was united in marriage with Sophia Pangborn, May 23, 1824, and lived in happy fellowship with her until 1865, when she was called to her brighter mansion just across the river. She was the happy mother of eleven children, five sons and six daughters, of

whom six are still living, five daughters and one son, the others having preceded her to the blissful shore.

He came with his family to Michigan and settled in Ionia township, Ionia county, in 1846, and here has been his home since that day until called to his brighter home over on the other shore, August 18, 1890. In February, 1866, he was married to Eunice K. Talcott, with whom he has lived in blessed fellowship for almost twenty-five years, and now he rests from all his toils and his works do follow him, and will to the end of time. At an early day he built what was for many years known as the Tuttle church, which he kept in good condition for public worship until the more commodious brick church was erected, largely through his instrumentality, and where, with his family, he was always in his place at the hour for worship until declining health rendered it next to impossible for him to be present. Many things might be said of his fidelity to the church of his early choice and of his constant attendance upon the means of grace, of his fidelity as leader and steward, of his great liberality in furnishing money to meet the expenses of the church and to supply the means of grace to carry forward the benevolent enterprises of the church, a duty from which he never shrank, and the burden of which he was never wont to complain. Noble christian man! A member of the church militant seventy-two years and officer in the army for sixty-one years. True to every trust committed to his hands, he leaves with the church on earth an untarnished legacy of more value than a fortune of silver and gold.

ELLIOT M. MARTIN.

Elliot M. Martin was born March 15, 1806 in Otsego, Otsego Co. New York, was married to Mrs. Catherine Quackenboss, October 12, 1831. In 1846, he with his family removed from New York to Michigan and settled in the township of Orange. In September of 1852 he was bereaved of his wife. In 1863 he removed to Danby which continued to be his home until his death. In January 1871 he was married to Mrs. Alzina Bennet, with whom he enjoyed life until her death May 14, 1885. Mr. Martin was born and always lived in a new country. Inured to work in his boyhood, his life was one of unceasing labor incident to pioneer experience. The support of a large family of eleven children allowed no time for recreation, and his mind was too practical to indulge in day dreams. He was respected by his neighbors for his sound sense and practical judgment, and when the pilgrimage of his life was ended he was borne to his silent resting place by sorrowing friends who realized that they had lost an old friend. His death occurred December 17, 1890.

REV. JOHN M. COE.

Rev. John M. Coe died at his home in Ionia, April 8, 1891, aged seventy-nine years, six months and fourteen days.

Deceased was born in Johnstown, Montgomery county, N. Y., August 24, 1811. When about six years of age his parents moved to western New York and lived in Livingston and Genesee counties.

In the spring of 1830, in his nineteenth year, by consent of his parents, he came to the territory of Michigan, and stopped at Farmington. The following is from the deceased's own pen while yet with us: "Being there quite out of means, and a stranger, I went to work at whatever came to hand, principally chopping and clearing land for the first two years. I then learned the carpenter trade, at which I have done considerable work in my day. In the spring of 1832, while chopping in the woods for a Mr. Sessions, near Walled lake, in Oakland county, the Lord Jesus Christ found me, a poor sinner, and saved me by grace, I trust, and caused me to love him. Up to this time I had been a very wild and thoughtless young man. My educational opportunities had been very limited, and my religious training not very careful. On the 11th of November, 1832, I was baptized into the fellowship of the First Baptist church of Farmington, by Elder C. A. Lamb, pastor. At that time there were only six or seven Baptist churches in all Michigan. Among the early ministers whose names I recall were Elkanah Comstock of Pontiac, John Booth, Stephen Woodman, R. H. Benedict, J. S. Twiss, Elijah Weaver and C. A. Lamb, all gone home. Soon after I united with the church, my thoughts were turned to the subject of preaching the gospel to the perishing. I think it was the love I had for Jesus, and the wide-spreading destitution that pressed this subject, upon my mind. Under the sense of my lack of piety, education, and, in fact all other necessary qualifications, I shrank back for a time. I was encouraged by brethren, and after spending some time in school at Townsend, Vermont, and Hamilton, New York, I went into the ministry, and on the 19th day of June, 1839, I was ordained to the work of the ministry in Mr. Bennett's barn in the town of Nortfield, Washtenaw county, Michigan. Rev. Wm. Barrett, Samuel Jones and —— Guernsey were among the ministers who took part in the exercises. I have had the pastorate of several churches, among which are Ingham (now Dansville), from 1840 to 1844; Unadilla, Litchfield, Somerset, Wheatland, Second Rome, Oakfield and other places, in all of which I baptized a goodly number. During my labor with nearly all the churches, I was doing pioneer work in new settle-

ments and poor churches with a salary that would average about $150 per year."

Deceased was three times married; to him were born three daughters and one son; his widow and two daughters survive him. To a friend a few years since he wrote as follows: "About the year 1849, a disease of the throat and lungs laid me aside, from which time my ministry has been very much interrupted, and for several years have preached but little, and now I am dowi. on the border land, seventy-three years old, I look over the past and see much for which I ought to be humble and much for which I am thankful. The Lord is my rock and refuge."

Rev. A. Cornell of Ionia, for many years intimately acquainted with Brother Coe, adds the following tribute to his memory: "Brother Coe had been quite feeble for some years. He failed very gradually, was fully conscious of his near approach to death, and would have gladly welcomed death but for his wife and children. He was highly respected as a man, a citizen and a christian. He had the entire confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. As a minister he was sound in doctrine, clear and logical in his preaching, never turning aside to embrace new theories or discarding the 'old paths.' True to his Master and of unwavering faith, his end was such as might have been expected—peaceful and happy."

JACKSON COUNTY.

JOSIAH B. FROST.

Name.	Died.	Place of death.	Birthplace.	Age.
Nehemiah Wheeler	July 30, 1890	Blackman	New York	85
John Wood	Dec. 20, 1890	Blackman	New Hampshire	75
Mary A. Tucker	Oct. 28, 1890	Concord	Ohio	75
Almira Strand	Nov. 14, 1890	Concord	New York	67
Samuel Todd	Dec. 28, 1890	Jackson	Ohio	69
Francis Salliger	Dec. 14, 1890	Jackson	New York	71
Margaret Clark	Sept. 16, 1890	Grass Lake	Vermont	75
Norman Collins	Nov. 17, 1890	Grass Lake	New York	74
Mary Irwin	Sept. 16, 1890	Grass Lake		83
Franklin Fisk	Aug. 17, 1890	Grass Lake	New York	84
George Hawkins	Aug. 19, 1890	Leoni	England	72
Sylvester Hemens	July 18, 1890	Leoni	England	80
Anson Updyke	Aug. 29, 1890	Leoni	New York	72

JACKSON COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Died.	Place of death.	Birthplace.	Age.
Daniel J. Larkins	July 14, 1890	Hanover	New York	82
George W. Mooney	Dec. 1, 1890	Jackson	New Hampshire	68
Polona Hall	Oct. 30, 1890	Waterloo	Michigan	67
Lizzie Dubois	Aug. 1, 1890	Columbia	New York	88
Chester R. Harrington	July 29, 1890	Summit	New York	78
Edward Aldrich	Dec. 10, 1890	Henrietta	Vermont	83
E. W. Mooney	Dec. 1, 1890	Jackson		68
Bridget Kelley	Dec. 17, 1890	Jackson	Ireland	79
Maria Eckert	Oct. 30, 1890	Pulaski	New York	68
George Parker	June 3, 1890	Pulaski	New York	68
Charles B. Conant	Nov. 26, 1890	Sandstone	Massachusetts	76
Elijah Farnum	Aug. 4, 1890	Sandstone		89
Asa Wyman	July 30, 1890	Sandstone	New York	76
Reconcile Perkins	July 14, 1890	Rives	New York	83
Patrick O'Neal	July 11, 1890	Rives	Ireland	90
Maria Norton	Dec. 1, 1890	Leoni	New York	78
Susannah Tabor	Aug. 30, 1890	Leoni	New York	80
James Graham	Aug. 3, 1890	Norvell	New York	86
William S. Crittenden	Nov. 7, 1890	Norvell	New York	79
Sophronia Toker	Oct. 26, 1890	Napoleon	New York	82
Chauncey C. Smith	Aug. 18, 1890	Napoleon	New York	74
Guy Hendy	Dec. 6, 1890	Napoleon	New York	72
Carlton Cooley	Sept. 10, 1890	Parma	New York	68
Martin Daily	Aug. 3, 1890	Jackson	Ireland	82
William Perry	Sept. 25, 1890	Jackson		75
Holden Bryant	Oct. 23, 1890	Jackson		75
Mary Welsh	Nov. 27, 1890	Jackson		80
Almira Woodruff	Nov. 18, 1890	Jackson	New York	78
Ezra M. Aldrich	Oct. 27, 1890	Jackson	New York	58
Elizabeth Baker	Sept. 4, 1890	Jackson	Vermont	71
Elizabeth Chapman	Sept. 9, 1890	Jackson		83
Sarah Cutler	Sept. 13, 1890	Jackson	New York	74
Ann A. Markham	Nov. 12, 1890	Jackson	New York	73
Almanon Holt	Dec. 26, 1890	Liberty	New York	61
Mary B. Sloat	Oct. 1, 1890	Liberty	Canada	67
Charles] Buck	June 22, 1890	Liberty	New York	74
Septimus Cobb	July 29, 1890	Norvell	New York	82
Thomas Coulson	June 12, 1890	Norvell	England	69
Philinda Watkins	Aug. 26, 1890	Norvell	New York	76
Mary M. Diver	Sept. 5, 1890	Jackson	New Jersey	78

JACKSON COUNTY.—Continued.

Name.	Died.	Place of death.	Birthplace.	Age.
P. J. Tascol	Dec. 19, 1890	Jackson	Germany	62
Elizabeth M. Todd	Oct. 18, 1890	Jackson	New York	71
James H. Smith	June 20, 1890	Jackson	Michigan	55
Cyrus D. Hanks	June 9, 1890	Jackson	Vermont	77
William Berrien	Oct. 5, 1890	Jackson	New Jersey	77
William L. Clark	Nov. 4. 1890	Jackson	New York	64
Daniel B. Hibbard	Sept. 24, 1890	Jackson	New York	72
George Allen	Dec. 29, 1890	Jackson	Michigan	62
Ebenezer Fisk	Oct. 5, 1890	Jackson	New Hampshire	88
Isaac V. Wakeman	June 24, 1890	Jackson	New York	72
Samuel Hopewell	June 7, 1890	California	England	68
Ira Eaton	Oct. 17, 1890	Jackson	New York	73
Olive L. Ferris	Nov. 10, 1890	Springport	New York	80
William Champlin	Dec. 13, 1890	Springport	Connecticut	83
Elizabeth Pope	Sept. 16, 1890	Springport	Canada	78
Mary E. Bostwick	June 30, 1890	Jackson		60
Mrs. Abigail Botsford	Jan. 31, 1891	Tompkins		61
Mrs. Catalina Billings	Jan. 22, 1891	Jackson		
George Beiswenger	April 20, 1891	Jackson	Germany	67
Mrs. Ann Binnings	May 10, 1891	Sandstone		67
Mark T. Bussey	May 11, 1891	Jackson		
John Brooks	June 20, 1891			
John Chapman	Oct. 26, 1890	Napoleon		
Mrs. Mary Cunning	Jan. 15, 1891	Summit		81
Merrick Chamberlin	March 30, 1891	Horton		
Mrs. James Carver	April 18, 1891	Liberty		55
Mrs. Eliza Church	April 26, 1891	Blackman		
Jackson Crouch	May 13, 1891	Sandstone		82
Mrs. Eliza Cockburn	May 12, 1891	Jackson		79
Mrs. Julia A. Chapman	May 14, 1891	Grand Haven		83
Mrs. Elizabeth Douglas	March 22, 1890	Jackson		57
Mrs. Betsey Lusk Decker	Dec. 16, 1890	Detroit		53
William Dunham	Feb. 13, 1891	Jackson		56
Mrs. John N. Dwight	March 30, 1891	Evanston, Ill.		
Mrs. Lucy A. Gordon	Feb. 2, 1891	Jackson		
John F. Hirschman	Feb. 2, 1891	Jackson		89
Mrs. Catharine Hayes	May 30, 1891	Jackson		
Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball	April 7, 1891	Sandstone		83
Joseph C. LaDow	May 14, 1891	Jackson		76
Mrs. Sopha O'Riley	May 1, 1891	Jackson		80

JACKSON COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Died.	Place of death.	Birthplace.	Age.
William Parrott	Jan. 22, 1891	Hanover		79
Mrs. Charlotte P. Price	April 16, 1891	Jackson	England	62
Mrs. Maria Sibley	April 30, 1891	Jackson		84
John G. Swick	March 2, 1891	Michigan Center		81
Mrs. Jacob Sagendorph	Sept. 6, 1890	Jackson		54
Samuel Todd	Dec. 31, 1890	Jackson		61
Simeon Thayer	April 27, 1891	Jackson		67
Mrs. Almira Woodruff	Oct. 15, 1890	Jackson		77
Mrs. Margaret Wright	Jan. 10, 1891	Jackson		82
Newton Whitney	April 18, 1891	Jackson		66
William H. Welch	April 20, 1891	Michigan Center		52
Mrs. Ann Wright	April 23, 1891	Jackson		84
Mrs. Eliza P. Weatherwax	May 17, 1891	Jackson		87

HIRAM ANSON.

Hiram Anson died at his residence, corner of Greenwood avenue and Morell street, Jackson, January 20, 1891. It will be remembered that early in December he fell and broke his hip and it was feared at the time he would be unable to survive his injuries on account of his advanced age and infirmities; he has been nearly blind for several years.

Hiram Anson was born in Meaney, Duchess county, N. Y., June 2, 1802. His grandfather, Cyrus Anson, was a captain in the revolutionary war. At the age of nineteen he began to learn the trade of cooper, following that vocation until 1836, when he removed to Jackson county, locating in Spring Arbor, buying eighty acres of wild land for $150. He immediately began the work of improvement. With a log house on the farm he moved his family into it and remained until in a few years a larger structure was erected. He continued to reside there until 1864, when he moved into Jackson. In 1826 he married Minerva Stiles, in Canandaigua, who died in 1860, leaving no children, one child having died in infancy. September 17, 1860, he married Mrs. Jane Frances Neden, who survives him. While living in Spring Arbor he filled the office of deputy sheriff for two years. He was also engaged quite extensively in buying and shipping horses, cattle and hogs to eastern markets.

EDWARD ALDRICH.

Edward Aldrich, of Henrietta, died December 10, 1890, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was born in Vermont, resided several years in New York state, came to Michigan in 1844 and settled in Henrietta. The first five years he worked the John D. Barard-Batteese farm, the balance forty-one years, he passed upon the farm where he died. Willard Reed and Mr. Daggett of the early pioneers, alone survive him. Mr. Aldrich made no open profession of religion, but his moral character was above reproach. Politically he was a republican, voted for both Harrisons, read the Citizen for sixteen years, until his eyesight failed, and never asked for or held an office, was quiet and unassuming, an industrious and thrifty farmer, raised a family of four sons and as many daughters, six of whom were with him in his last sickness and burial, and died respected by all. His wife with whom he lived nearly sixty years survives him. He was confined to his room thirteen weeks, from diseases incident to old age, and with the exception of quite long periods of sleep, his mind was unimpaired to the last.

His funeral was from the U. B. church the resident pastor officiating. The bearers, among whom were Moses and Wm. McGee, were all old and well known residents. He sleeps in the Fitchburg cemetery among scores of his old compeers.

EZRA M. ALDRICH.

Ezra M. Aldrich died very suddenly at his residence in Jackson, Monday evening, October 27, 1890. The summons came unexpectedly, but did not find him unprepared for the last great change. The cause of death was neuralgia of the heart.

Ezra M. Aldrich was born in Batavia, N. Y., January 15, 1832. His father died when he was a mere lad, leaving his widow with five children of which Ezra was the fourth. He remained at the place of his birth until he was nearly seventeen years old, going to school in the country and in Batavia. In 1848 he came to Michigan, and settled near Parma, where he began his western life by clerking in a store. In 1852 he went to California and for four years mined for gold, but with indifferent success, and in 1857 he returned to Jackson. He entered the employ of Hayden & Co., and he remained with that firm nearly ten years, having general charge of the business of its two mills most of the time. He spent two years in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and then returned to Jackson and purchased an interest in the hardware business of Rice, Pratt & Gibson, where he remained four

years. He then went to Mississippi and lived there nine years, farming near Michigan City. In December, 1878, he returned to Jackson and took a position with the Withington & Cooley manufacturing company and retained it until the organization of the Union bank in 1884. He was appointed cashier and held the position at the time of his death. A few years ago, in company with S. W. Phillips and his own son, he took the contract for making brooms at the prison, but sold out a short time ago. In 1861 he married the daughter of the late Judge J. E. Beebe, who with a son and two daughters survives him. He was a brother-in-law of Gen. W. H. Withington.

Mr. Aldrich was active in church work and for a number of years has been a vestryman in St. Paul's church. He was also a highly esteemed member of Jackson lodge, No. 17, F. & A. M., and of Jackson commandary, K. T. In his lodge he had held most of the offices and at the time of his death was treasurer. It is doubtful if any man in Jackson had as many friends as Ezra Aldrich and certainly no one had more. Enemies he had none, for to know him was to be his friend. He made friends by his sterling integrity, his high sense of honor and his uniform kindness and courtesy to all with whom he came in contact. His was a practical christianity; he lived and exemplified his religion more than he talked it, and this gave him a powerful influence over young men. He was deeply interested in youth, entering into their hopes and aspirations, and always quietly but earnestly endeavored to lead their minds in the direction of right thoughts and upright lives His was the charity that vaunted not itself; it ended not alone with deeds of kindness, but drew the mantle over the shortcomings of others, always ready to whisper good counsel in the ear of the erring and to aid in his reformation. Politically Mr. Aldrich was a staunch democrat but had never held office. This, however, was because he had persistently refused to accept the nominations that were often urged upon him.

Death for him had no terrors and it may be that he felt its impending coming. Only a day or two before while in conversation with a young friend he said that everything was ready if death should come to him suddenly.

REV. DR. CHESTER S. ARMSTRONG.

(Jackson Citizen, Nov. 13, 1890.)

The residents of Jackson were greatly surprised and pained last evening, to learn of the sudden death, at Battle Creek, of Rev. Dr. C. S. Armstrong pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city. The first

tidings of the sad affair came about 7:30 in a telegram to E. A. Hough. A few moments later D. S. Fleming was called up by telephone and informed of the death. The news was conveyed to his stricken wife in the easiest possible manner by Mrs. A. W. Stitt, with whom the Dr. and wife were boarding, at 222 West Wesley street. Other members of the church were notified and W. N. Eaton and Wm. Miller departed for Battle Creek to bring home the remains, which reached this city this morning. They were also accompanied by Rev. H. S. Jordan pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Lansing. From the latter gentleman the Citizen learned the particulars of Mr. Armstrong's sudden demise. Mr. Jordan said in brief: "Dr. Armstrong and myself were holding special missionary service at Battle Creek. The doctor spoke well and powerfully at the afternoon meeting. While we were on our way to the church for the evening service, Mr. Armstrong complained of being unable to breathe. After a moment his difficulty was apparently overcome, and we walked arm in arm to the church. As we entered the vestibule he again complained of the same trouble and I assisted him to a seat and leaving him in charge of some ladies who were just entering I went for a physician. Returning I found Dr. Roaraback at his side and administering a remedy. The Rev. Dr. revived somewhat and urged me to open the meeting. A third attack came on shortly afterwards and the physician ordered him taken to his boarding place. A carriage was procured and we placed him in it, Dr. Roaraback and myself accompanying him. While on the way Mr. Armstrong revived and evidently realizing his condition fervently commended his wife and family to God. He then sank down and was to all intents dead before we reached the house, although he gasped once or twice after being taken in. Not knowing any of the members of his church here I telegraphed the news to E. A. Hough and afterwards learning of Mr. Fleming called him up by telephone."

Dr. Armstrong was born at Parishville, New York, sixty-four years ago, and came to Jackson county at an early age, residing in Springport. Obtaining a common school education, he spent one year as teacher in the Jackson high school, and then went to the university at Ann Arbor where he graduated in 1852. Returning to Jackson he secured the position of superintendent of the high school, which he held one year. Among his pupils at that time were Dr. C. H. Lewis, Mrs. Lucy Lewis, Mrs. Benj. Newkirk, and others residing in the city.

From 1854, to 1857 he attended the Union Theological Seminary in New York. In the later year he removed to Lansing where he was ordained to the ministry and became pastor of the First Presbyterian

church where he remained eight years. In 1864–5 he served as chaplain of the fourth Michigan cavalry. Returning to Lansing at the close of the war, he served five years as the pastor of the Franklin Street Presbyterian church. He then went to Alton, Ill., where he preached eleven years, and then became synodical missionary for the state of Illinois, a position he held eight years. He came to Jackson three years ago as pastor of the church here, since which time he has done a wonderful work in the Lord's vineyard.

The doctor has never fully recovered from an attack of the la grippe last spring and has at various times complained of difficulty in breathing. When he left the city he appeared to be in usual good health. His death is believed to have resulted from heart disease.

He leaves a widow and six children. Mrs. Nichols and Emily Armstrong, of Trinidad, Colorado; Mrs. Dr. Kennedy of Clifton Heights Pennsylvania; Harriett and Mary Armstrong, of Philadelphia; and James Armstrong, Rochester, N. Y.

GEORGE ALLEN.

George Allen died very suddenly about ten o'clock, p. m., December 29, 1890, at his residence corner First and Mason streets, Jackson, aged sixty-two years. Mr. Allen was about as usual the day before attending to his business affairs. During the evening he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs and expired before anything could be done for his relief.

Mr. Allen came to Jackson from Pontiac in 1871 and has since that time been engaged in the ice business. While serving in the Mexican war he contracted a disease which has in a great measure unfitted him for active duties and from which he never recovered. He was a member of Pontiac Commandery K. T., and of the Knights of Honor of Jackson. He leaves a wife and one daughter.

MRS. CALVIN T. BEEBE.

On Monday, April 20, 1891, Mary A., wife of C. T. Beebe, died at her home, East Biddle street, Jackson, at the age of seventy-six.

Mrs. Beebe was born in Pembroke, N. Y., January 23, 1815, and her girlhood was spent in that village. She married Mr. Beebe in 1835, and for fifty-seven years had been a wife. She was the mother of eight children, two of whom, Burton M. Beebe, of Jackson, and Mrs. W. S. Kessler, of Albion, are living. Mrs. Beebe came to Jackson with her husband in 1848, and has lived here for forty-three years. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Beebe united with the Baptist church and for

sixty years had been a member of that church. She was a close student of the bible and was very familiar with the sacred volume, her delight being to read its pages time and again. Mrs. Beebe was an affectionate wife, a loving and tender mother, and a true friend and kind neighbor. These qualities made her many friends. The stricken husband has the sympathy of all in his great bereavement in the loss of his life's companion. For fifty-seven years they had happily walked the journey of life together.

WILLIAM BERRIEN.

William Berrien died, October 5, 1890, at his residence, 518 West Main street, Jackson, aged seventy-seven years. Born in New Jersey in 1813, he early, with his parents, moved to the State of New York. In 1836, with the tide of immigration he came to Michigan and began his struggle with the wilds. He settled on the land in Sandstone, where he lived so many years and to secure the purchase of which he walked to Jonesville one night against another man on horseback. With wonderful strength and energy, combined with exceeding good judgment and tact he rose rapidly to be the foremost financier of the locality where he lived. He had the rare faculty of making the people with whom he dealt his friends. He moved to Jackson in October, 1873. His only living descendants are two grandchildren, Mrs. Marion L. Campbell and Mrs. Wm. B. Waldron, and one great grandchild. And so another of those sturdy pioneers has gone down before the sickle of years. These pensioners on time are fast passing away and soon none will be left to tell the tale of the early days.

RICHMOND BRIGGS.

Month by month the few remaining representatives of the sturdy generation of pioneers who came to Jackson county in the territorial days, are ceasing to relate the stories of their struggles and adventures, and are joining the great unseen majority of their associates. At about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, March 28, 1891, at the homestead in the northern part of the township of Concord, two and one-half miles southwest from the village of Parma, died Richmond Briggs, a highly respected citizen of this county, aged seventy-eight years, ten months nineteen days, and was interred in Sandstone township, in the cemetery a short distance east of Parma, the funeral occurring from the late residence on Tuesday, March 31.

Richmond Briggs was the fourth of seven sons in a family of eleven children of Pardon and Betsey (Cook) Briggs; the former a native of

Connecticut, son of John and Zilpha (Madison) Briggs, and the latter a native of Rhode Island, both of English ancestry. He was born in the town of Sheldon, Genesee (now Wyoming) Co., N. Y., May 9, 1812. He removed with his parents in 1830, to Livonia, Wayne Co., Mich., and during the excitement over the Black Hawk war in 1832, he served for a short time in the militia under Col. Holbrook.

In 1836, he came to the western part of Jackson Co., Mich., settling in Spring Arbor (now Concord), purchasing of the government the farm of 160 acres in section two of this township, whereon he has resided during the remaining fifty-five years of his quiet, useful life. Enjoying the entire confidence and respect of his neighbors and acquaintances, he was in 1872 elected a justice of the peace, and was regularly re-elected until 1881, when, upon declining a renomination at the hands of his republican fellow townsmen, his son, William C. Briggs, was chosen in his stead. For some time past, the deceased has been in very feeble health, but retained the full exercise of his faculties to the last.

He married first in Concord, April 10, 1839, Caroline M. Chapman, daughter of Jesse and Belinda (Comstock) Chapman, who died April 13, 1843, aged twenty-four years and three days, by whom he had two sons, the late William C. Briggs, who died at North Concord, Nov. 6, 1889, aged forty-eight years, ten months and seventeen days, leaving a widow, three daughters and several grandchildren, and George W. Briggs, now of North Concord. He married secondly, June 4, 1843, Mary Swift, who was born February 9, 1810, daughter of Theodosius and Polly (Winchester) Swift, who survives him, and by whom he had one daughter, Delia Louisa, wife of Andrew LaFleur of North Concord. The deceased also leaves a brother, Dexter, and two younger brothers living at or near Plymouth, Mich.

About 1847, his former wife's orphan niece, Martha M. Fuller, then but five weeks old, was taken into his family and given a home until her marriage in 1866, to Charles T. Ford, of Albion. A home was similarly given to John Kelly, from the age of nine years, until after attaining his majority.

The deceased was uniformly honest and honorable in all his dealing, kind and considerate to all about him, and faithful in the various relations of life. His memory will long be cherished by his surviving relatives and friends.

FREDERICK CHERIER.

Frederick Cherier died at the residence of his son-in-law, Carl Eberle,

in Jackson, Wednesday, December 17, 1890, at 3:30 o'clock p. m., aged sixty-six years, five months, and thirteen days. He was born in Nordhoffen, in Gotha, his father having been one of Napoleon's soldiers who was left in Nordhoffen during the famous retreat from Moscow. Mr. Cherier came to this country in 1854. He was one of the charter members of the German Workingmen's Relief society, No. 1, and was connected with nearly all the German societies of the city. Mr. Cherier leaves a wife and one daughter in comfortable circumstances. The daughter is the wife of Carl Eberle, of Jackson. Mr. Cherier reached his sixty-sixth year and has lived in Jackson thirty-six years. He has been a faithful husband, a kind father and has helped hundreds of people in need and withal was a true and firm friend. He was a member of the Harmonie society, where he held the office of treasurer during this term.

WILLIAM CHAMPLIN.

William Champlin died in Springport, December 10, 1890, aged eighty-three years. He was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, October 4, 1807. His parents moved to New York state, where he lived until 1851, when he came to Michigan. He stopped for three or four years in Michigan Center and then removed to Springport. In 1856 he married Lucinda Nelson by whom he had six children. She died in 1870, and 1878 he married Mrs. Louisa VanOrder. When a young man he worked at the trades of tailor, and carpenter and joiner, but after settling in Michigan devoted his time to farming, with good success.

WILLIAM N. CHOATE.

Wiliam N. Choate died at his home, 314 First street, Jackson, April 16, 1891, after several years' illness. Mr. Choate had resided in Jackson for nearly forty-nine years, and during a long period was one of its most active and enterprising business men—aiding in the development and growth of the city. He was among the pioneers of Jackson, and while in health did much to promote its progress. At one time he held large property interests, and erected several buildings, the residence now owned by C. R. Kinckerbocker, Esq., and the Hamilton tea store being among the number. Some years since Mr. Choate's health failed, and for a long period he has been a great sufferer from the malady that resulted in death. His age was seventy-six.

Mr. Choate was born in Lansingburg, New York, in 1815. When two years of age his family removed to Auburn, where he received his education and also learned the trade of a tinner. He embarked in

business in the same city, and after two years purchased an establishment in Rochester, which he conducted until 1842, when he came west and settled in Jackson, carrying on a hardware store here. He subsequently became a partner in a foundry and machine making business, but finding it unprofitable retired from it at the end of three years. He was also prominently identified with coal mining in this county for several years, and did much to develop that interest. Mr. Choate was in the tin and hardware trade in Jackson for more than a quarter of a century. For the past twenty-two years he has retired from business, and when in health devoted his time largely to working for measures for the growth and improvement of the city, being especially interested in schools and the cause of education. He was united in marriage with Marilla Sackett, of Moravia, New York, in 1837, and was the father of eight children, six of whom, with the widow, survive him.

MRS. ELIZA CHURCH.

Mrs. Eliza (Park) Church died at her home in Blackman, April 26, 1891, of heart disease. She was one of the oldest settlers in the county, having located in Sandstone with her father, Rev. Jason Park, in 1833. She was a member of the Congregational church, of this city, and respected by all who knew her.

MRS. MARTHA S. CADY.

Martha S., wife of Jonathan Cady, died at her home three miles south of the village of Grass Lake, on Friday, April 8, 1891. Her age was sixty-three years. The deceased, who was a daughter of John V. Price, came to Grass Lake township when she was but eight years old, and ever since has been one of its most respected residents. She was a native of New York, but her ancestors were Pennsylvanians. She was united with Jonathan Cady in marriage forty or forty-one years ago and was the mother of four children, all of whom survive her, to wit: Mrs. Mary L. Calley, of Vassar; A. O. Cady, of Jackson; Mrs. E. Jennie Cowden and H. D. Cady, of Grass Lake township. Mrs. Cady was an exemplary wife, a tender mother and a kind and generous neighbor. Her death is deeply regretted by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, who will long miss the genial spirit that has taken its flight to the other world.

CHARLES A. CRARY.

Charles A. Crary died Monday morning, May 12, 1891, at his residence near Jefferson at the age of eighty-two years. He was born in

New York and came to this county in 1835, settling on the farm where he died. Politically he was a republican and was one of those who assembled "under the oaks" at the "borning" of the party. He had held a number of township offices. He was a member of the Baptist church and a man who lived his religion. He helped to lay out the village of Jefferson and built the first woolen mill in this section. His wife died several years ago and since that time he has lived with his only son, Byron Crary.

JAMES DOREMUS.

James Doremus died at his home in Parma, Saturday, April 4, 1891, aged eighty-one years. Mr. Doremus was born in Seneca county, New York, November 4, 1809, and removed with his parents to Delhi, Mich., in 1831. Ten years later he purchased a farm in Parma, where he has since resided. In 1833 he was united in marriage with Rebecca Barber, with whom he lived until her death, which occurred May 8, 1880. He leaves five children, one being Thomas O. Doremus of Jackson.

OWEN ELLISON.

Owen Ellison, one of Jackson's most substantial and prominent pioneers, died at the home of his son F. M. Ellison, in Summit, Friday, April 17, 1891, of disease incident to old age.

Mr. Ellison was born at Newbery, New York, February 17, 1809, and was consequently eighty-two years of age. He removed to Freedom, Washtenaw county, Michigan, in 1835, and a year later to Summit, Jackson county, where he has since resided, and where he cleared and for many years worked a large farm, by which he secured a competence. Mr. Ellison was one of nature's noblemen. He was never prominent in political circles, but gave his attention to his own private affairs, and gained the reputation of being an upright citizen and good man. He was a member of the Jackson county pioneer society and took a good deal of interest in its meetings.

REV. EBENEZER FISK.

The Rev. Ebenezer Fisk died Sunday morning, Oct. 5, 1890, at the home of his son Rev. D. M. Fisk, pastor of the Congregational church Jackson, at the advanced age of eigthy-eight years. The last ten years of his venerable life were spent in the family of his son, four in Hillsdale and six in Jackson. His closing days were made peaceful and happy through reflections of a well spent life in the service of his

Master. His son, Rev. Daniel M. Fisk and his family, by their filial care and solicitude, have been a source of continual sunshine which has brightened his fading years.

Mr. Fisk was born in Boscawen, N. H., Oct. 1, 1802. He studied at the "old" New Hampton Institution, and when twenty years of age consecrated his life to God. He received license to preach in 1828 and, Nov. 4. 1830, was ordained by the Sandwich Q. M., becoming with his father, associate pastor of the Second New Hampton church. The father soon passed to his rest, and the son continued with the church twenty-five years. He also preached in Laconia, Hill, Alexandria, Bridgewater, Andover, Plymouth and Center Harbor. Almost single handed he lifted the Bristol church into life. He engaged in many revivals and baptized hundreds. By natural ties closely connected with the early "fathers," he was a typical Freewill Baptist, a pastor, an evangelist, a farmer, a valued and trusted citizen.

He served in town offices and was five years representative in the state legislature. He was trustee and president of the corporation of New Hampton Institution for many years, as well as also a member of the board of corporators of the printing establishment. He was a man of consistent life, of generous deed, powerful in prayer, an able preacher especially valuable as a revivalist, though his long pastorates show that he was also a shepherd. He was married June 12, 1828, to Miriam A. Gordon. Their only surviving child, is Rev. Daniel M. Fisk, A. M.

COL. ALBERT S. FOLLANSBEE.

Col. Albert S. Follansbee died suddenly in Chicago on Tuesday, March 31, 1891. Col. Follansbee commanded the portion of the forces of the 6th Massachusetts infantry in its march through Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, when the soldiers were fired upon and massacred by the Baltimore rebels. He handled the troops admirably and conducted his forces through the howling murderous mob, fighting his way at the head of command through the streets of death. His gallant conduct in repelling the assault, won him the title of "Hero of Baltimore." He served all through the war with distinction, and when the contest was over he located in Jackson, being the foreman of the Webster and Courter tannery while that concern was running. When the institution was closed Col. F. removed to Chicago. He is well and pleasantly remembered by many citizens of those days.

JOHN FARRELL.

John Farrell, of Parma, died very suddenly April 7, 1891, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Mr. Farrell was born in Ireland in July, 1807, and came to this country in 1850, settling in New York, where he remained six years. In 1856 he removed to Eaton Rapids, and two years later to Parma, where he has since resided.

He was married January 11, 1829, to Miss Margaret Duffy, his wife surviving him. Eleven children were born to them, seven of whom are now living. These are Mrs. Mary Harrison, Mrs. Bridget Wall, Mrs. Maggie Ferguson, Mrs. S. W. Miller, Laurence Farrell of Jackson, Michael Farrell of Parma, and John Farrell of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. Farrell has always enjoyed exceptionally good health. The morning of his death he arose as usual and went out to do his usual chores. Returning to the house shortly afterwards he sat down in a chair and almost instantly expired.

MRS. CAROLINE W. GRIDLEY.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Caroline W. Gridley was received with sorrow by her large circle of friends. Mrs. Gridley was the daughter of John R. Todd and was born at Verona, N. Y., April 1, 1816. On May 4, 1837 she was married to the late Judge G. Thompson Gridley, and came west, settling at Ypsilanti, where they resided seven years, coming to Jackson in 1844. Mrs. Gridley was a woman of rare executive ability and a strong mind. She at once became a member of the Congregational church. She was a devout christian and an earnest worker for nearly half a century, but her declining years prevented her from taking an active part during the past two years. She was a faithful wife and fond mother, and only those who knew her intimately could properly appreciate her loving nature. Some two years ago she became ill with diabetes and never fully recovered. About two weeks ago she began to fail rapidly and was again confined to her bed. She passed away in a peaceful sleep at 3:30 p. m., Thursday, Jan. 8, 1891. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Norah Gridley, of Chicago, and Mrs. Florence Knight of Jackson.

OSCAR HARLOW.

Oscar Harlow for fifty-two years a resident of the township of Grass Lake died at one o'clock, Sunday afternoon, Aug. 31, 1890, at his home three and one-half miles east of the village.

"Oscar Harlow was born in Lodi, Washtenaw county, Nov. 28, 1836. He came with his parents to Grass Lake in the spring of 1838, and was brought up on a farm receiving a liberal education in the common schools. He attended the Grass Lake academy five or six terms, also the Detroit commercial college one term. He lived with his parents until his marriage with Miss Hortensia Francisco, which took place Oct. 31, 1865. Mr. and Mrs. Harlow have had three children, two of whom are living. After his marriage Mr. Harlow built on the site of his present home. He is a worthy member of the Grass Lake Congregational church."

CHESTER R. HARRINGTON.

Chester R. Harrington departed this life on the morning of July 29, 1890, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. A little over four month ago he had an attack of la grippe, which his advanced age and enfeebled condition rendered incurable (other complications having set in) and finally resulted in death.

Mr. Harrington was born in the town of Hartford, Otsego county, N. Y., on the 25th day of June, 1812. In 1817 his family removed to Genesee county, N. Y., where he received his education and assisted his father on the farm. In 1830, whan he was eighteen years old, he resolved to cast his lot in the then far west—Michigan. Accordingly he came on and entered from the government the farm near Jackson, where he lived for sixty years and where he died.

After securing his land he returned to Genesee and made preparations to move out and occupy it. Accordingly he placed his effects in a wagon and with an ox team started for his home in the wilderness. Driving through Canada he crossed the river at Detroit in a leaky flat-boat, which all hands were obliged to bale to keep afloat, and took his way to his territorial home through the unbroken forests, fording streams and dragging his load through mud and quagmire at times almost impassable. He finally, after eight days of constant struggle, arrived at his farm and laid down under his wagon box the first night for much needed rest and repose. The next day he built a shanty to protect himself from the animals and elements, and thereafter laid his plans for a Michigan farmer, in which he was eminently successful.

In 1824, in the little village of Jacksonburgh, he married Miss Julia Ann Godfrey, who also came to Michigan in 1831, from Genesee, and who now survives him. To them eight children were born, four of which are still living, to wit: Jerome Harrington, of Jackson, Mrs. Byron Foote, Flavel, and Chester R. Harrington, of Summit. Mr. Harrington

lived a quiet, unostentatious life, rigidly adhering to the honorable and the right, and leaving an unsullied name to his family, and friends who survive him.

MRS. HENRY A. HAYDEN.

Wednesday afternoon, December 3, 1890, about three o'clock, Mrs. Henry A. Hayden died at the residence on Blackstone street, Jackson, after an illness of but little more than a week. She was attacked with pneumonia and seemed to be doing so well that her recovery was looked for up to Sunday, when the disease took an alarming turn and she sank rapidly.

Mrs. Hayden was sixty-three years of age and had been a resident of this county for many years. Her maiden name was Mary P. Stevens. She was married to Hon. H. A. Hayden, December 22, 1862. She was one whose death will be widely mourned, for hers were qualities of the head and heart that inspire and retain feelings of affection. An earnest christian, her charity was widespread but unobtrusive. She leaves one daughter, Miss Annie, who is at present in the south, a brother in Missouri and a sister in Concord.

ALMERIN HATT.

On the morning of December 23, 1890, Almerin Hatt, of the township of Liberty, left the house with the supposed intention to do some work on his farm. Not returning in a reasonable time, search was made for him and his lifeless body was found in a spring near the house. Mr. Hatt had not been in perfect health for a long time, being subject to fits, which at times appeared to mentally incapacitate him and the probability is that in passing the spring he was suddenly seized with sickness, and falling into the water, head foremost, was drowned.

Mr. Hatt was born in Tompkins county, N. Y., in 1830, and was consequently about sixty years of age. He came to Washtenaw county, Michigan, in 1835, where the family remained a year, afterwards removing to Jackson county and settling on a farm in what is now the township of Napoleon, half a mile south of Eldred station. He married Mary Crouch thirty years ago and moved to Liberty, where he has since resided. A wife and three children survive him, also two sisters, Mrs. E. P. Davis and Mrs. Mary Carpenter, both of whom reside in Jackson, and three brothers, Nathan, James and Isaac, two of whom live on the old homestead and the other in the immediate vicinity.

HARRY HAGUE.

Harry Hague died Friday morning, May 15, 1891, at the residence, 215, South Blackstone street, Jackson, where he had lived thirty-six years. He was attacked with grip over a year ago and never recovered his strength, his death resulting, however, from Bright's disease.

He was born in Derbyshire, England, August 31, 1824, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to learn the trade of frescoing, graining and painting. He came to this country in 1851. He remained in New York until 1852, when he removed to Jackson and has resided here ever since. His first work was the frescoing of St. Paul's church, and it was so satisfactory that he soon received orders from all over the State. He carried on an extensive business, employing as high as twenty men, and retired from active business a few years ago, having accumulated considerable property. He was married in England to Miss Mary Ann Morley who, with two sons, Edmund H., and Edrick H., and a daughter, Mrs. E. M. Evans, survives him. He was a good citizen and leaves behind a large circle of warm friends.

WILLIAM D. HITCHCOCK.

William D. Hitchcock died May 23, 1891, at Tougaloo, Miss., after an illness of one week. Mr. Hitchcock was attacked with typhoid fever, which terminated in congestion of the brain, and the end soon came. Mr. Hitchcock was a native of this county and resident here for many years. Eight years since he was elected secretary of the Tougaloo university and educational institute where the colored people are taught, and he filled the place worthily and well. Mr. Hitchcock was a good citizen, a christian man whose interest in promoting good works was always manifested. The body arrived May 26, and the funeral was held at the Freewill Baptist church that afternoon. Mr. Hitchcock was a prominent and active member of this church when he lived in Jackson, and sorrowing friends today paid the tribute of respect to his memory. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn his loss.

DANIEL B. HIBBARD.

Hon. D. B. Hibbard died at 1:30 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 24, 1890. He had been far from strong all summer but went east two weeks before to attend the races in Boston, and while there took cold. He came home Monday Sept. 15, and the next day Dr. J. T. Main was called to see him and found him suffering from collapse, such as

usually accompanies some grades of typhoid fever. At no time did the physician entertain more than a grain of hope of his recovery.

Mr. Hibbard was born in Phelps, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1818 and had just passed his seventy-second birthday. His father died when he was but four years old and after reaching the age of twelve he left school and for the next six years earned his living by various occupations. He came to Jackson, June 1, 1836, with three dollars as his total cash assets for starting life in a new country. But he was accustomed to hard work and was not at all discouraged, and soon secured a job of driving stage at fourteen dollars a month. Later he entered the employ of Paul B. Ring and drove stage to Adrian. His fortunes mended and in time he became owner of several lines. In company with the late Morris Knapp he started a line of daily stages to Lansing and drove the first stage and carried the first mail to that point after it was selected as the state capital. He was interested in lines running to Grand Rapids, Detroit, Adrian, Hillsdale, Chicago and other places. These were continued until the railroads supplanted them. He brought the first steel spring iron axle buggy to Jackson, established the first livery stable and by his means and under his supervision the Hibbard house was built. He was also largely interested in erecting the first electric light plant in the city, and built the opera house that bears his name. He also organized the Hibbard Rheumatic Syrup company, recently removed to Detroit. He early took an active interest in the breeding of fine horses, and to him is due much of the credit which this county and section have gained in this direction. He was also an extensive owner of real estate, both in the city and throughout the State. He was also a stockholder in the People's National bank. Politically he was a staunch democrat and took an active part in the battles of his party. He was not an office seeker, but in 1865 was elected mayor of Jackson and served one year. Personally he was a man of plain unassuming manners, warmly attached to his friends, never uncertain in his convictions of right and wrong and never lacking the courage to stand by them. Though somewhat irascible at times, his impulses were entirely kindly and his warm heart led him to perform many acts of charity in a way that the world did not know of. By most of his acquaintances he was known as "Uncle Dan."

In 1840 he was married to Esther Darrah, who survives him, as do four children, viz.: William, of Little Rock, Ark., Daniel B., Mrs. E. R. Smith and Mrs. Elizabeth Burrell.

FREDERICK W. KIRTLAND.

Frederick W. Kirtland, Esq., died at his home, 127 West Wilkins street, Jackson, April 7, 1891, after several week's illness, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Mr. Kirtland was born in Durham, Greene county, New York, July 16, 1806, where his youth was passed. He first engaged in business at New London, Connecticut, and for six years carried on a dry goods store. In 1843 Mr. Kirtland came to Jackson, where he opened a dry goods store and continued in that line for a lengthy period. For many years he was an active, pushing business man, but of late he has not given attention to trade.

On coming to Jackson forty-seven years ago, Mr. Kirtland took an active part in the work of the First Congregational church, aiding in promoting the building up of that society, which had been organized two years prior to the arrival of Mr. Kirtland. He was clerk of the church for several years, and was one of its deacons for nearly a third of a century. He helped organize its Sabbath school in 1843, was its first superintendent, and continued an active worker in the school for over twenty-five years.

Mr. Kirtland was married to Eliza Crump Cleveland, daughter of Judge Cleveland, in New London, Connecticut, who died in 1839. In 1843 he married Betsey S. Cross, daughter of Thomas Cross, of Portland, Maine, who survives him. He was the father of eight children, seven of whom are now living. There were four brothers and three sisters in Mr. Kirtland's father's family, all but one of whom have preceded him to the other land. One sister, Mrs. Cooper Sayers, of Phillips, New York, survives him.

Mr. Kirtland resided in Jackson for over forty-seven years. He was one of the pioneers of that city, for a long time was one of its active merchants and business men, and aided in building up the town and advancing its prosperity. He was the warm friend of the church and delighted in promoting the cause of religion. In the long time he was among us he met all the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and was among the best of citizens, friends and neighbors. Of a kindly, generous nature, remarkable in its quiet strength and equitable distribution, he was the friend of all good causes and his life has made the world better for the living. By his sterling qualities of head and heart he won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. A deep regret is felt by all his friends over the end of this long and useful life.

There was a large number in attendance upon the funeral services

which were held at his late residence Sunday afternoon. Rev. D. M. Fisk officiated and the music was furnished by Mrs. E. Averill, Miss Gregg, Messrs. F. E. Haynes and Lewis. The pall bearers were W. W. Bennett, W. C. Lewis, N. C. Lowe and Edward Dack, all deacons of the Congregational church.

MRS. ANN E. KENNEDY.

Mrs. Ann E. Kennedy, wife of George W. Kennedy, died at Orion, Friday morning, April 17, 1891, aged sixty-four years.

Mrs. Kennedy was born in Arcadia, N. Y., April 24, 1827, removing to Summerfield Monroe county, Michigan, 1831. She was married to Mr. Kennedy, April 4, 1849, and lived in Hanover from that time until November 15. 1864, when they came to Jackson. Mrs. Kennedy had been a sufferer from cancer for years and went to Orion a few weeks before for treatment, but the disease had obtained too strong a hold to be overcome. She was a woman of estimable and lovable character, of high intellectual attainments, of noble sympathies, one who was ever ready to hearken to the cry for aid from those in distress. She bore with patient resignation her protracted and unceasing affliction. While at Orion she was supported and comforted by the presence of her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Dodge, who has been untiring in her efforts to relieve her mother's last suffering.

LOIS A. LONGYEAR.

Miss Lois A. Longyear died at her home in the village of Grass Lake, at one p. m., Sunday, June 8, 1890, aged seventy-five years. The deceased had a premonition of her approaching dissolution, and wrote down with her own hand the arrangements for her funeral and burial. She said she desired no sermon preached over her remains, only a couple of familiar hymns sung and a few remarks by her pastor. She then wished her body placed in the vault to remain as long as might seem advisable before interment. Her wishes in these particulars were duly carried out. On Friday, 6th, during the day she lay down and sank into a slumber from which she never wakened. Miss Longyear was born in 1815, in Schandakin, Ulster county, N. Y. She came to Michigan and settled in Grass Lake in 1837, and here she had ever since resided. Experiencing religion early in life, the deceased became a charter member, so to speak, of an M. E. class at Leoni, there being but one member now left, Mrs. Torrey of Grass Lake. Subsequently when the Grass Lake M. E. church was organized she joined its membership and to the last faithfully persevered in that faith. For

many years she and a bachelor brother resided together, and possessing a comfortable property, lived in independence and ease. The funeral occurred at the family residence on Tuesday, and was conducted by Rev. O. F. Winton.

MRS. JOHN MALNIGHT.

Mary, wife of John Malnight, died at her home at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, July 10, 1890, aged fifty-two years. Besides her husband she leaves six living children (five having died) all of whom were about her bedside when she breathed her last. She succumbed to inflammation of the bowels, caused by an attack of dysentery, and was sick only about nine days. The deceased enjoyed the respect and esteem of her friends and acquaintances, and her kindliness of heart and domestic tastes endeared her especially to the members of her household. She will be sadly missed from her home circle. She was a member of the Baptist church.

PATRICK O'NEILL.

Patrick O'Neill died at his late home in Rives, July 11, 1890, of kidney disease, after an illness of three weeks of terrible suffering borne patiently to the end. Although a man of four score years and ten, his constitution and strength were remarkable to the last. His mind was as clear as it was fifty years ago. He never had a headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia or rheumatism.

In his habits he was thoroughly temperate and he never used tobacco in any form and used liquor as a medicine when recommended by his physician as necessary. The deceased was born in the parish of Croom, county of Limerick, Ireland, March 14, 1800. He remained at home until after the death of his parents, and landed in America in 1848, and settled at Geneva, Seneca county, N. Y. In 1854, he came to Washtenaw county, Michigan, where he remained seventeen years. In 1871 he purchased his farm in Rives where he resided until he died. He leaves a widow and seven children, four sons and three daughters, in comfortable circumstances. He was a good husband, a kind and loving father, and an honest, upright, truthful citizen. In politics he was a democrat.

WILLIAM W. PERRY.

William W. Perry died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. C. Faulkner, 1216 East Main street, Jackson, at midnight, September 25, 1891, from dropsy of the heart, resulting from la grippe.

Mr. Perry was born at Slaterville, Rhode Island, in 1815. In 1856, he came to Michigan, settling in Jackson, where he has since resided. He was a carpenter by trade and followed this branch of business until a short time ago, when his health failed. He has been twice married, and leaves a widow and three daughters, Mrs. E. L. Cooper by a former marriage, Mrs. T. C. Faulkner and Mrs. M. S. Larrabee. Mr. Perry was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and was highly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact.

BENJAMIN PATCH.

On Wednesday, April 9, 1890, Benjamin Patch died at his home in Liberty, after an illness of several months from consumption. Mr. Patch was one of Jackson county's pioneers, and during all the years in which he has resided in this county he has ranked high as a citizen, and goes to his grave mourned by a large circle of friends. Deceased was born in Bennington county, Vermont, in 1824. His parents removed to Oswego county, New York, when he was but two years old, and when he was nine years old they removed to Niagara county, and in that year his father died, leaving a widow and ten children. At the age of thirteen years he came to Liberty, with his uncle Joseph Patch, and here he resided till the day of his death, and here he married in 1849 Miss Louisa Sutfin, who survives him with one daughter, Mrs. Polly Palmer of Liberty, and four sons. Of these Anthony and Stephen, the two eldest, are respected residents of Jackson, while George resides in Somerset, and Gifford, the youngest, lives on the old homestead. In all the walks of life Mr. Patch was an honored citizen, and during the fifty-three years he has been a resident of this county, he has won a large concourse of friends who speak of him only in terms of praise. He realized that his end was approaching, and with calm fortitude accepted the situation.

"Like one who lays down to pleasant dreams
He drew the drapery of his couch about him"

and welcomed death. A good, true man has gone out from among us forever; but ah! he is the gainer.

HENRY C. PALMER.

On Friday evening, September 5, 1890, Henry C. Palmer entered the office of Dr. H. J. Hale to obtain medicine for his personal relief when he suddenly sank down and died. His malady was heart disease, from which he had been a sufferer for a number of years. Help was sum-

moned and the remains were conveyed to the residence of the distressed family, who were overwhelmed with grief at their sudden affliction.

Mr. Palmer was born at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1844. In the fall of 1861 he enlisted in the 16th Michigan Infantry, and did brave and honorable service at the front. He fought on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and during the second day's engagement was severely wounded by a shot through the body. After recovering he again took his place in the ranks and in a fight received a ball in the left arm which was amputated, when, in 1865, he was discharged from the service. Returning to Michigan he learned telegraphy at Chelsea and entered the service of the Michigan Central railroad. He was stationed first at Three Oaks and afterwards at Battle Creek and Lake Station, coming to Grass Lake in 1871, where he resided up to the time of his death. He was one of the oldest operators on the Central and one of the most faithful and accurate. Although his bodily afflictions must have been at times almost unbearable, still he could ever be found at his post ready to perform its duties.

MRS. CATHARINE H. PIERCE.

Catharine H. Pierce, wife of Charles L., died Sunday, May 10, 1891, at 2 p. m., aged fifty-six years, four months and ten days. Deceased was born at Alexander Bay, Jefferson county, N. Y., December 31, 1834. She was married March 4, 1854, and at once settled in Jackson, where she has resided ever since. Her husband and nine children are left to mourn her loss. The children are: Inez L., wife of Byron C. Rowley; Frank C. of Jackson; Charles D. of Chicago; Lotta S. wife of Wesley G. Becker of New York city; George E., Eliza M., of Jackson; John M., of New York city; Harry C. and Don W., of Jackson, all of whom are at present at home. Mrs. Pierce had been sick for nearly a year and was a great sufferer. The death of this estimable lady will be mourned by all who knew her.

A large number of friends gathered at the residence of C. L. Pierce Wednesday, for the last sad rites over the remains of Mrs. Pierce. The services were simple but impressive. Rev. R. B. Balcom read the burial service, and Mrs. Z. W. Waldron and Miss Lizzie Gregg rendered the music. The six sons of the deceased acted as pall bearers, and the remains were interred at Mt. Evergreen.

MRS. JEANNETTE S. RICE.

Mrs. Jeannette S. Rice, wife of Ethan H. Rice, died at her home Tuesday morning, November 25, 1890, after a long illness. That this

estimable lady has passed away will be learned with deep sorrow by all who knew her. Mrs. Rice had resided in Jackson for many years and was beloved by all her acquaintances. As a friend and neighbor her kindly nature and christian heart won her devoted friends. To those in distress she was a true helper, and the suffering never appealed to her in vain. Early residents will remember the noble work of this christian lady during the dreadful scourge of cholera in the village of Jackson; she administered to the sick, comforted the suffering and assisted in the last sad offices when others held back. A life of devotion to her family and friends is ended, but a precious memory of good deeds remains.

BENJAMIN W. ROCKWELL.

Benjamin W. Rockwell died at the residence of his son in Leoni, Saturday, March 28, 1891, aged seventy-nine years and two months.

Benjamin W. Rockwell was born in New York city January 31, 1812. His parents, Thomas and Sarah (Tylee) Rockwell, emigrated to Onondaga county, N. Y., when he was six years old, and purchased a farm, where Benjamin remained until 1837; he then went to Cleveland, Ohio, for five years, then came to Jackson, where his father and mother died, after being together over fifty years. His father was a deacon in the Congregational church at the time of his death. Mr. Rockwell visited Michigan in 1836, and being well pleased with the country, returned to Ohio, and the following year brought a stock of goods and opened a general store in Jackson, opposite where the Commercial hotel now stands. He remained in business two years, and sold to David Ford. He then engaged in the crockery business, it being the first crockery store in Jackson. He followed this business two years, when he purchased what is known as Rockwell's addition, and pursued the life of a farmer for a good many years. About four years ago he went to live with his son, Thomas, in Leoni, where he died. Three children survive him, Edward, Thomas and Mrs. F. A. Palmer.

DAVID H. RANNEY.

David H. Ranney died suddenly in Rives township, on Monday, March 30, 1891, of heart disease, aged sixty-nine years. He was born in Middlesex county, Connecticut, on July 18, 1820, and came to Jackson at an early date. He was a resident of California for a number of years, during which time he was elected postmaster, and in 1860, he moved back to this State, and bought the farm which he has lived upon until his death. He has many friends who will mourn his loss. He leaves a wife and seven children.

CALVIN SILSBEE.

Calvin Silsbee died at his home in Henrietta, Sunday morning, December 14, 1890, of cancer of the stomach. He had been sick for some time with Bright's disease, but had recovered from that when the affection that took his life made its appearance. He was seventy-four years of age and had lived in this county over forty years. Some fifteen years ago he was charged with the murder of his brother-in-law, who was killed while falling a bee tree, but his innocence was clearly proven. He was a man held in high esteem by his neighbors.

PETER SMITH.

Peter Smith died at his home on West Washington street, near First, Jackson, at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, February 24, 1891, after an illness of nearly six months.

The immediate cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, he having suffered a stroke two weeks before, since which time the vocal chords were paralyzed and he could not speak, neither could he partake of food.

The remarkable part of Peter Smith's life was that he had driven the team to the wagon which drew out agricultural tools for thirty years. He began when Lathrop & McNaughton were the prison contractors, and when they gave place to Withington, Cooley & Co., he still held the reins and continued there until ill health forced him to take to his bed.

He was a kindly man, a good father, and true to all that goes to make up the sum of daily life—an honest man. He leaves a wife and grown up daughters.

DAVID W. SNOW.

David W. Snow died in Parma, May 22, 1891, aged sixty-nine years and seven days. Mr. Snow was born in Rutland, Vermont, May 15, 1825, and came to Michigan in 1848. He had lived most of the time in Sandstone since he came to Michigan, and for twenty-eight years had been an invalid. His loyal wife had cared for him kindly and tenderly all these years, with the help of her children. The funeral was largely attended Sunday, May 24, 1891.

JOSEPH F. SAMMONS.

After an illness of several weeks Joseph F. Sammons died at his residence, 506 South Jackson street, at two o'clock Saturday afternoon,

April 18, 1891. His sickness began with la grippe and developed into catarrhal pneumonia, with a complication of brain fever. Mr. Sammons was a patient sufferer through his lingering illness, and his features in death bear an expression of peaceful resignation. His illness was closely watched by a large number of people, who recognized the fact that in his death Jackson looses one of its noblest and most useful citizens.

Mr. Sammon's mother, Mary L. Sammons, aged eighty-eight years, and four sisters, besides his wife and son, Arthur N., are left to mourn his loss. The sisters are Mrs. John Mabin, Owosso; Mrs. Amasa Quivey, Parma, and Mrs. George Wilcox and Mrs. George Hadden, of Jackson.

Joseph F. Sammons was born March 9, 1830, in Orwell, Rutland county, Vermont, and is of Holland ancestry. His father, Cornelius Sammons, removed to Michigan when Joseph was less than three years old, settling in Webster, Washtenaw county, but he remained there only a year and a half, moving next to Blackman township, Jackson county, where he purchased a farm. The failing health of his father left Mr. J. F. Sammons in charge of the farm when only eighteen years old, the only schooling he received being before that time in the country schools, but he was of a studious disposition and learned much by the perusal of instructive books. He remained on the farm until 1868 and in the meantime as the country became settled up, in addition to his farming operations, he engaged in the sale of agricultural implements. After leaving the farm Mr. Sammons removed to Jackson and conducted the implement business here until 1870, when he was elected justice of the peace for a four year's term. Since that time he has refused all nominations for office, but has been an ardent and earnest democrat, and was a member of the board of police commissioners at the time of his death, having been appointed a year ago by Mayor Knight. In 1874 he commenced the erection of the Sammons block and in 1876 engaged with Mr. Quivey in the business of funeral director and embalmer, Mr Quivey retiring in 1880. While a resident of Blackman he served that township seven years as supervisor, from 1862 to 1868 inclusive, being chairman of the board the latter year.

Mr. Sammons has done much to bring into closer relations the funeral directors of the State. To the original call for the State covention in Jackson in 1880 his name was attached and on the organization of the association he was chosen vice president, besides taking a leading part in the deliberations of the convention and doing efficient work in

committee. The following year at Grand Rapids he was re-elected vice president. He has also held the office of treasurer and delegate to international conventions of the association. Speaking of his usefulness to the association the Casket of May, 1881, published at Rochester, New York, said: "'Tis better that a man's own works than that another man's words should praise him."

While a resident of Blackman, Mr. Sammons was united in marriage at Kalamazoo, in 1855 to Miss Isabella A. Smith, a native of Wyoming county, New York, to whom were born two children—Cora E., born in 1860 and died in 1862, and Arthur N., born February 20, 1863, who was engaged in business with his father at the time of the latter's death.

Mr. Sammons was a member of Jackson lodge No. 17, F. & A. M., having joined that organization in 1864, and for some years was its treasurer. He was fond of travel and has visited most places of interest from Dakota to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and being a keen observer and possessing marked literary talent, has corresponded with different papers, his contributions to the Patriot at different times during his travels having been read with great interest.

The death of Mr. Sammons was learned by his many friends with sincere regret, his kindly nature having won for him the highest esteem of all with whom he came in contact, either socially or in a business way. He did much to aid in the progress and development of Jackson and will be long remembered for his noble spirit and kindly deeds.

MRS. SARAH WISNER SHOEMAKER, WIFE OF COL. MICHAEL SHOEMAKER.

Sarah Wisner was born in Pen Yan, Yates county, New York, on the 31st day of March, 1829, and was the daughter of Henry A Wisner.

The maiden name of her mother was Susan Hathaway. Henry A. Wisner, the father of Mrs. Shoemaker, died at the early age of forty-one years, but not before he had attained a high rank in the legal profession of which he was a member. He graduated at Union college in 1820; was admitted to the bar of the supreme court in 1823; and commenced the practice of the law in Pen Yan, Yates county, where he continued to reside until his death, on the 22d of December, 1840.

The following extract is from an obituary notice:

"Amongst Mr. Wisner's college mates were some of the most distinguished men of the day, as William H. Seward, Elias K. Kane, U. S. senator from Illinois, Judge William Kent, Bishop Doan of New Jersey and others. Among these distinguished men he stood preëminent,

and bore off the highest honors of his class. At an early day he took a high rank amongst his associates as a sound and able lawyer and counselor; distinguished for his clearness of perception, and the ready adaptation of the principles of law to the particular case in hand, and the skill and facility with which he selected and presented its strong points from a mass of testimony."

Polydore B. Wisner, of Geneva, New York, the grandfather of Mrs. Shoemaker was a pioneer in western New York, and was a lawyer of distinction. He was district attorney for the western district of New York when it was composed of all the counties west of Madison.

Henry Wisner, of Orange county, New York, the great grandfather of Mrs. Shoemaker, was "one of the members of the Continental Congress of 1776 who voted for the declaration of independence, and was subsequently a member of the state committee of safety for New York; and of the convention which formed the constitution of the state of New York in 1777."

Mr. Hathaway the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Shoemaker was one of the pioneers of Yates county, New York, and a member of the well-known Hathaway family of New Bedford, Mass., from which place he emigrated.

Mrs. Shoemaker was well worthy of this ancestry, and by her natural gifts, and by her acquirements, did credit to it. In quickness of perception she was excelled by few. Fond of books, a large part of her leisure was given to reading, and from this source she derived more pleasure than from any other outside of her domestic circle. Her reading covered the entire range of literature, and she was as much, if not more, interested in what is called solid, than in light literature.

Of a happy, cheerful disposition, she was as a conversationalist unsurpassed; her varied knowledge, ready wit, and pleasant manners giving her intercourse with others a charm which made her the center of attraction with her large circle of friends, and especially endeared her to all within her home circle.

Mrs. Shoemaker was of a singularly hospitable disposition, and nothing gave her greater gratification than opening her house to, and entertaining her friends. It was, however, in her home life, in and with her family where the charm of her kindly disposition, her agreeable manners and her affectionate feelings were mostly apparent. It was here that she was most lovely and most beloved; it was here where she was best known, and most appreciated, and where her death has caused the greatest void.

It is in her home that her loss is most keenly felt, it is there that

the loving, kindly, bright and agreeable wife and mother has left hearts that will, while life lasts, mourn over their separation, in this life, from the crowning glory of their home.

Mrs. Shoemaker had a slight stroke of paralysis on the 15th of December, 1890, and for two or three months there was strong hope of her recovery, but the disease gradually, from that time, acquired greater force, and terminated fatally on the 30th day of April, 1891, when she calmly and peacefully passed away.

Mrs. Shoemaker bore her long sickness with christian fortitude and resignation, having been for some time before her death aware that her disease must have a fatal termination.

Her funeral was conducted by the Rev. R. B. Balcom, of the Episcopal church, and the affectionate regard of her friends was manifested by the profusion of flowers at her funeral, and the many letters of condolance received by her sorrowing and berieved family.

Mrs. Shoemaker was twice married. Her first husband was the Rev. James Richards, Presbyterian minister of Pen Yan, New York.

She was married to Hon. Michael Shoemaker in 1857, since which time she has been a resident of the city of Jackson.

Mrs. Shoemaker was the mother of ten children, four of whom survive her; Mrs. Lizzie Marean, the daughter of her first marriage, and wife of Josiah Marean, a prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, New York.

Her children by her second marriage are Mrs. Susan Gertrude Winpenny, wife of J. Bolton Winpenny, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Bowen Wisner Shoemaker, a practicing lawyer of Chicago, Illinois; and Margaret Winifred Shoemaker, now living with their father at their home in Jackson.

The son-in-law and daughter of Mrs. Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs. Winpenny have caused a beautiful memorial window to be placed in St. Paul's Episcopal church, at Jackson, as a token of love, from their children, for the grandmother they loved so well.

WILLIAM H. SPRATT.

William H. Spratt, one of the circuit jurors was taken ill Thursday, May 21, and was excused. He immediately went to his home in Concord but pneumonia developed and he rapidly grew worse until Friday night, May 22, 1891, when he died.

Mr. Spratt was born in Washington county, New York, and was one of the earliest settlers of Michigan, having come here in 1835 with his father who settled on a farm in Concord township. He leaves a host of friends who mourn his loss. He was an excellent citizen and his

funeral on Sunday was attended by 1,500 people. Among the number were seventeen jurors, besides sheriff Boyle, stenographer Daniels and county clerk Tefft.

Mr. Spratt was a delegate to the republican senatorial convention which was held at Hillsdale in 1890, which nominated Gen. W. H. Withington.

MRS. MARIA WARNER.

Mrs. Maria Warner died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. Calkins, 405 Francis street, Jackson, at two o'clock Monday morning, May 18, 1891, of paralysis, aged eighty-one years.

Deceased was a pioneer of Jackson, coming here fifty-two years ago. She was born in Trumansburg, New Jersey, February 13, 1810. When a young woman she came west with her parents and settled at Ypsilanti, moving thence to Brooklyn and thence to Jackson in 1839, residing there ever since. Her husband, Gustavus Warner, died eighteen years ago. She was for many years a member of the Baptist church. Of her children, Mrs. Calkins alone survives. Two sisters, Mrs. J. P. Kaywood, of Leoni, and Mrs. Emily Updyke, of Dansville, N. Y., survive her.

JONATHAN WOOD.

Jonathan Wood one of the pioneers of Jackson county, died at his home in Blackman, Saturday, December 20, 1890, of pneumonia.

Mr. Wood was born in Keene, New Hampshire, September 20, 1815, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1830, settling in Blackman, where his father, Jothan Wood, erected the first frame house in the county.

In 1849, in company with his father and another brother, Mr. Wood went to California. After a few month's stay he returned, and until 1862 he resided on his farm in Ingham county. After the death of his father the homestead came into his possession and he has resided there since. February 16, 1875, he was united in marriage with Olive J. Haight, who, with one son, Jay J. Wood, survives him. He also leaves three brothers, Lincoln Wood, of Jackson; Chas. Wood of Blackman and George Wood of Sandstone.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

HENRY BISHOP.

Pioneers who died since June 1, 1890.

Name.	Date.	Age.
Elizabeth Stuart	June 24	81
Elizabeth N. Cope	" 29	72
Mrs. T. R. Russell	July 3	78
Cornelia Hill	" 28	80
Luther Torrey	August 1	77
Samuel R. Balch	" 3	76
Dr. G. R. Weightman	" 4	84
Hanna E. Emerson	" 8	87
Emeline Sherman	" 9	77
Augusta W. H. Barrett	" 15	85
Harriet Van Vlick	" 19	75
James W. Rosebrook	" 22	75
Elizabeth Balch	" 25	75
John W. Breese (State Pioneer)	September 10	71
Cornelius Abraham	October 10	80
Mrs. Edwin Mason	" 15	85
John Stimson	" 22	60
Randall Drake	November	91
John Sumner	" 9	80
Col. Orlando H. Moore	" 13	63
John Drummond	December 2	82
Phœbe Smith	" 4	82
D. D. McMartin	" 5	82
Sarah McMaster	"	88
Lidia P. Kinney	" 10	80
George W. Earl	" 12	68
	1891.	
John Dudgeon	January 7	70
Moses Kingsley (State Pioneer)	"	81
David Turnbull	" 17	73
Mrs. Robert Pursel	" 19	78
James Cave	February 4	93
Mrs. Luther H. Trask	" 7	84
William J. Humphrey	" 17	73
Mrs. Thomas Durkie	" 20	90
William Carder	March 3	89

KALAMAZOO COUNTY—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date.	Age.
Mrs. Prudence Wattles	March 7	90
George Thurston (State Pioneer)	" 19	83
Mrs. I. H. Moss	" 20	77
Hon. Thomas S. Cobb	" 21	71
Cyrus P. Demming	" 31	86
James M. Fellows	" 31	82
Albert Langley	April	78
V. R. Hicks	" 11	81
Alpheus Snow	" 16	68
Thomas Goodrich	" 22	76
Mrs. Thos. G. Carpenter	" 24	91

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART.

Elizabeth Haig was born near Edinburg, Scotland, August 24, 1809. As her death occurred on the 24th day of June, 1890, she lacked just two months of four score years and one. She was married to George Stuart, March 26, 1827. The married pair sailed immediately for the city of New York, where they resided till the fall of 1837, when they removed to Gourdneck Prairie and purchased a farm, where they resided till the death of Mr. Stuart, in 1851, and where the widow has since had her home. At her husband's death she had seven children, four sons and three daughters, the youngest an infant of two months, David R., who became so well known and respected throughout the community and whose death not many years since in Schoolcraft, while holding the office of postmaster, was so generally lamented. Of the remaining children, Gilbert, the eldest son, died at his farm home, near Schoolcraft, in April, 1887. The others are all living, the sons wealthy and prosperous farmers. The daughters, all married, are living, one at Momence, Ill., one at Pavilion, this county, and one, Mrs. Mary Bidleman, on a farm near Schoolcraft, where the deceased spent the last few weeks of her life and where her death occurred on Tuesday, June 24, 1890. Several years since, Mrs. Stuart met with an accident that rendered her lame and almost helpless, since which time, although retaining her home and controlling the affairs of her farm, she has been carefully and tenderly cared for at the homes of her children living in the vicinity, passing from one to the other as suited her convenience and inclination. Of the virtues and characteristics of one so well known little need be said. There is nothing but virtues to be recorded, yet

she was a woman of pronounced and strongly marked character. Of Scotch birth, she was possessed in the fullest degree with the Scotch virtues of thrift, industry and prudence. She looked well to the ways of her household, and the fatherless children whom she brought to maturity, and who have gone out into the world from under her care, illustrate the qualities that reigned in their half-orphan home. In religion Mrs. Stuart was a Presbyterian, of true Scotch type. Devotedness to the interests of her church was a leading and prominent trait in her character. She gave willingly, liberally and lovingly to its support and she held its interests scarcely second to those of her home and family. And yet her social and friendly nature was not limited to creed or church. Her friends were of all creeds and of none, and her charities were gauged rather by the wants than by the religion of the needy. One of the well known and wealthy citizens of Kalamazoo, sometimes tells with grateful heart and moistening eye, how, a lone emigrant from the German fatherland, he came footsore, weary and penniless, to the door of the good widow Stuart of Gourdneck, and partook of the bounties of her hospitable board. Truly it is a mother in Israel that has fallen, but she has fallen in the fullness of her years, and none can mourn her departure, but rejoice rather that her infirmities are put off, and a new glory put on.

COL. ORLANDO H. MOORE.

The older residents of Kalamazoo learn with deep regret of the death of that heroic man and former citizen at St. Joseph's retreat at Dearborn, near Detroit, Friday, November 13, 1890, of cerebral degeneration. Brief funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, which were conducted by the Rev. Wm. Dawe, pastor of the Tabernacle M. E. church, Detroit, and attended by the officers of the 19th U. S. infantry stationed at Detroit, a part of whom acted as pall bearers, after which the body was placed aboard the cars and sent to Tulare, Cal., to be interred beside the remains of his wife, who died about twelve years ago. Col. Orlando H. Moore was born July 13, 1827, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and moved to Schoolcraft when a boy and afterward to Kalamazoo. When a young man he developed considerable talent for drawing and studied art with the intention of making that his life business. Later he opened a studio in New York city, afterward going to Coldwater with the same object in view. In 1856 he entered the regular army of the United States, being made a second lieutenant in the 6th infantry. He was made first lieutenant in March, 1861, and two months afterward a captain. At the breaking out of the rebellion Lieut. Moore

was stationed in California, which department was then commanded by Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson, who matured a plot to carry the Pacific states out of the Union and to establish a Pacific republic under the auspices of the commanding general. The United States arsenal at Benicia contained some 60,000 stands of arms at the time, and were practically in the hands of the plotters when Lieut. Moore organized some of the privates and non-commissioned officers in a counter plot to defend Benicia and protect the federal property, being secretly assisted by private citizens, which was successful, thus saving to the government a vast amount of valuable property. At his own request Lieut. Moore was relieved from duty in the department of California and assigned to active duty at the seat of war. December 28 he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 13th Michigan infantry, and August 18 1862, colonel of the 25th Michigan infantry. It was on July 4, 1863 that he received the sobriquet of "Fourth of July Moore," which ever afterward clung to him. On that day he was holding a stockade at Tebb's Bend, Ky., with a force of two hundred men, when he was attacked by the greatest raider of the war, Gen. John Morgan, who had a force of five thousand men under his command. Morgan sent to Col. Moore an order for a peremptory surrender of his force and the stockade. Col. Moore returned word that he "couldn't entertain such a proposition on the Fourth of July." At this refusal the confederates opened fire upon the little command, and for three hours the battle raged, much of it being hand-to-hand fighting. The enemy were finally repulsed, with a loss of sixty killed and two hundred wounded. This fight saved the city of Louisville from pillage, and Col. Moore was presented the freedom of the city when he visited it shortly after the war. Previous to this battle Col. Moore was provost marshal of Louisville and during that time he had gained the ill-will of a number of rebel sympathizers, among them being the editor of the Louisville Journal, and partly through their influence he was relieved and sent with this small detachment to the front. When this battle took place the editor of the journal had the following to say of Col. Moore after the fight: "We do not think that Col. Moore made a very good provost marshal when he was here, but he fights like the devil. We rashly invited him to make a charge with his fraction of a regiment upon the Journal office, but we hope he won't do it. We apologize. We retract. We back out. We knock under."

He took part in saveral other engagements and at the end of the war he went back to his old regiment, the 6th U. S. infantry, of which

he was made major in 1874, and in April, 1882, lieutenant-colonel of the 17th infantry.

In the summer of 1880 Col. Moore sustained a severe sunstroke in the Rocky Mountains while hunting Indians, and in 1884 he was retired from the army on account of the effects of the same, since which time his mind had gradually failed, and he finally yielded to the inevitable and was quietly laid to rest.

In 1856 Col. Moore was married to Miss Sarah Haynes of Coldwater, who died at Tulare, Cal., some twelve years ago. The result of this union was two children, Allen Y. Moore, microscopist of the Cleveland medical college, who died about three yeers ago, and Mrs. H. C. Loveridge, of Coldwater, who has the sympathy of all in her bereavement.

MOSES KINGSLEY.

Moses Kingsley, one of Kalamazoo's oldest and most respected citizens and one of the pioneers of Michigan passed quietly away at 4:30 a. m., January 7, 1891, at the family residence, 316 north West street, after a lingering illness, the result of paralysis.

Moses Kingsley, son of Moses and Mary Kingsley, was born March 5, 1810, at Brighton, Mass., a suburb of Boston. After twenty years of an uneventful life, the young man started out to earn his own livelihood and make his mark in the world. He came west, stopping one year at Rochester, N. Y., and in 1830 started for the new, and at that time sparsely settled territory of Michigan, traveling nearly all the way on foot, there being no railroads at that time coming west. At times he carried his shoes in his hands to save them from wearing out. After a tedious journey he found himself in Washtenaw county, with just ninety cents in old English coppers for a capital upon which to commence life. Taking up the trade of cabinet maker he soon prospered, and, December 18, 1831, he was joined in marriage to Hannah Williams.

In 1833 he assisted in organizing the township of Webster, and at the first township election was unanimously chosen clerk and a school inspector.

In 1834 he was appointed postmaster and mail carrier between Dexter and Ann Arbor, a distance of fourteen miles. About this time Mr. Kingsley was sent east to solicit funds for erecting a church and among others, called on Daniel Webster and received a liberal subscription toward the fund. January 3, 1837, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley removed to Kalamazoo in wagons, and brought with them one child, Daniel Webster Kingsley, who now resides in Independence, Kansas.

The elder Kingsley purchased a farm on the town line between Oshtemo and Kalamazoo. A child was born to them soon after, and died in April, this being the first death of a white person in that part of the country.

In 1840, he assisted in building a private school-house on the site where now stands the Grand Prairie school. This building was used twenty-five years and was replaced by the present modern building. Residing on the farm until 1874, he tired of country life, and moved his family into the city, residing on Vine street. In 1863 he assisted in organizing the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company, and was elected secretary and treasurer. He continued in this capacity for twenty-one years, being succeeded by Richard Sykes, the present secretary. In 1874 he organized the Citizen's Mutual Fire Insurance company, and until 1888 was secretary and treasurer of the company, resigning on account of ill-health. During his business career he became personally acquainted with nearly every resident of the county and city and was considered good authority on subjects of history in Michigan. September 4, 1889, he was the victim of a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. Sunday, December 28, 1890, he was again stricken down and did not rally after that day. In 1844 his first wife died and later he married Clarissa Beckley, living happily until 1879, when she died. March 5, 1880, he was joined in marriage to Amanda M. Gardner, who is left to mourn his loss. During his married life his home was blessed with thirteen children, nine of whom are now living. They are Mrs. Edward McElroy, residing near the city, Mrs. J. L. Root and Mrs. George Buckham, of Ostemo; F. W. Kingsley, of Bloomingdale; Henry M., Moses, Jr., and Chester M. Kingsley, of Kendall; Homer H. Kingsley, of Evanston, Ill.; and Daniel W. Kingsley, of Independence, Kansas.

JOHN DUDGEON.

The demise of Hon. John Dudgeon occurred at ten minutes before four o'clock p. m., January 7, 1891, and terminating a long and distressing illness.

John Dudgeon was born in Ireland, near Belfast, seventy years ago, January 10, 1821. His parents were protestants of Scotch-Irish descent and were well-to-do people. His father was a magistrate for many years. When quite a young man, Mr. Dudgeon came to this country, and settled in Detroit. His purpose was to follow the medical profession, and with that end in view he studied for two years, acting at the same time as a druggist's clerk. But the horrors of the dissecting

room quite overcame his predilection for that profession. After a time he returned to Ireland.

In 1847 he returned to Detroit, and with his brother Anthony became interested in the produce and commission business. In 1848 he came to Kalamazoo and started in the same business here, becoming connected with the firm of Munger & Kellogg. Soon after he became sole proprietor of the business, which he carried on extensively and with success for many years. Subsequently Mr. Charles L. Cobb became a partner, and no firm in western Michigan was more widely or more favorably known. They also became, by the purchase of a large tract of land north of the Central railroad, proprietors of the Dudgeon & Cobb addition, which they opened to the public, much to the benefit of Kalamazoo.

In 1850 Mr. Dudgeon married Miss Caroline Clark, daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Clark, and sister of Mrs. Frances Van Wyck and Mrs. M. H. De Yoe of Kalamazoo. Mrs. Dudgeon and two children, Frank C. Dudgeon and Miss Bessie Dudgeon, are left widowed and fatherless.

Mr. Dudgeon has for the past forty years been among our very foremost citizens in everything which tended to the progress or enhancement of the interests of Kalamazoo. Taking from the first a leading business position here he became immediately known throughout the State and especially in southwest Michigan and everywhere won the confidence, esteem and favor of the people. His business operations have been very extensive and in the eastern markets his name was a synonym of enterprise, reliability, fair dealing and thorough knowledge of the business he was engaged in. As a citizen, he was liberal, active, fearless, progressive and intelligent to a remarkable degree, and was regarded as a shrewd adviser, a wise counselor, an efficient and broad-minded business man, always on the right side of moral questions, devoted to the welfare of this village and city. In social circles he was a favorite, generous, high-souled, abundantly endowed with wit and humor, he always took a leading part in making others happy, contributing his full share to the pleasure and profit of all gatherings in which he was an attendant. His share in the municipal work of our town has been continuous and important. He has been supervisor, trustee and president of the village, member of various commissions, all of which he served with great acceptance. He has been prominent as a member of the Episcopal church and in benevolent work. He has been a trusted leader of the democratic party all the years he has been with us and had the entire confidence of his party. As a husband and father, as a neighbor and friend John Dudgeon had no superior nor had Kalamazoo

any one more loved and respected by the community. His death leaves a void that will long be a source of grief to many and to his family and immediate friends wholly irreparable. His name will ever be closely identified with the progress and prosperity of Kalamazoo and to hosts of friends his life and acts will be a cherished memory.

GEORGE THURSTON.

George Thurston, an honored and venerable citizen of southern Michigan, died about one o'clock a. m., March 19, 1891, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. W. Borden, 126 south Edwards street, after a lingering illness of several weeks' duration.

To Mr. Thurston belongs the distinction of being one of the earliest settlers of St. Joseph county, and no one living in this portion of Michigan knew more of the perils and hardships of pioneer life than he. Mr. Thurston was a son of Samuel B. Thurston, who at the time of his birth, April 11, 1808, resided in the town of Lisle, Broome county, N. Y., and who with his family moved to Brownstown, at the head of Lake Erie, Wayne county, in the territory of Michigan, in February, 1817. At that time, Michigan was supposed to be one vast swamp, and but few had penetrated into the depths of the primeval forests.

In 1827 the younger Thurston left his home accompanied by a young man named John Sturgis, who in after years became well known as Judge Sturgis, and with two yokes of oxen, drawing heavy wagons loaded with seeds and farming implements, they wended their way through miles of forest and swamp lands, following Indian trails much of the way until they reached the eastern portion of what is now called Sturgis prairie. This location appearing favorable they pitched tents and began farming in real earnest, Mr. Thurston turning the first furrow that was ever made in the soil in that portion of the State. In the fall of the year the young men returned to their homes where they remained during the winter. Mr. Thurston and a younger brother returned to the wilds of Michigan the following year. Soon after this the entire family moved west and located in St. Joseph county.

September 9, 1832, George Thurston and Miss Sarah Jones, of Pittsburgh, Pa., were married and they were blessed with ten children. Mrs. Thurston died Sept. 10, 1883, after fifty-one years of married life.

Those of the old settlers of fifty years ago who now live will remember Mr. Thurston as having taken up his residence in this, then the village of Bronson, and who assisted in erecting the residence of Judge Bronson, this being the first dwelling erected in the village.

He was one of the early promoters with Judge Cross of the St. Joseph county pioneer society and after its organization was made its honorable president. He has been for several years the oldest of the living pioneers of his county. His wonderful memory of events and dates, which has been remarkably preserved to him in his last days, has aided the society and individuals to glean from its rich stores much of the early history of pioneer life of the inhabitants of southern Michigan.

His conversion occurred in February, 1861, during revival services at the Baptist church in Kalamazoo. Uniting with the church of the same faith, he and his wife together have remained faithful and consistent members of the church until called from labor to the reward of rest prepared for the redeemed.

Since the marriage of his daughter Matilda J. Thurston, to Mr. L. W. Borden, of Kalamazoo, he has had and enjoyed a pleasant home with them. During the period of nearly two years he has formed the acquaintance of a large circle of friends among the citizens here which has ripened into personal friendship akin to brotherly love. He has often spoken in the warmest terms of so many of his friends whom he held in highest esteem; whose expressions in words and deeds of kindness shown him when in feeble health, and which was reciprocated, that the writer takes great pleasure in referring to them in this brief article with sincerest gratitude.

Henry Bishop writes the following:

George Thurston was born in the town of Lisle, Brown county, New York, April 11, 1808, and immigrated to the territory of Michigan, February, 1817, and resided a while in Wayne county, on a farm owned by Gen. Lewis Cass, and at different places until the spring of 1827, when he made Sturgis Prairie his permanent home. He there located a tract of land and made himself a farm which he has owned and occupied since (except residing in Kalamazoo part of the time for the past few years). His farm made him a desirable home, and to that mode of life he was much attached. His boyhood days were spent beyond the reach of the school-house. He was one of the pioneers that opened the way that enabled those who came after him to enjoy benefits of which he was deprived. No markets then, his rifle and fishing tackle supplied the family with game and fish.

His early neighbors were Indians, among whom he had many warm friends. He once told me the story of a young companion, the son of a distinguished chief, who in following a deer attempted to cross a stream on a fallen log and fell into the stream, when over heated, in

running after the deer, this accident produced a disease from which he never recovered, although the old chief summoned Indian doctors from far and near. He died much lamented by his own people and by Mr. Thurston his friend and companion. It was the earnest desire of the chief that his son should be buried like the white man. No coffin could be procured, but Mr. Thurston cut down a basswood tree and made one from that, in which his young Indian friend was laid, decorated with all the Indian ornaments denoting an Indian chief. His valuable rifle and all his hunting and fishing appendages were buried with him, and lastly and much to Mr. Thurston's regret, his fine pony had to be killed and burried with his young master.

It is very evident that if no worse white men had settled among the Indians than George Thurston, all strife and bloodshed would have been avoided. I have had but a few year's acquaintance with Mr. Thurston, but from what I have learned of his character I looked upon him as being as near perfect in all that goes to constitute true nobleness of character as is often found in this world. But few if any white men west of Detroit have lived in this beautiful State as many years as has George Thurston, and while he has cheerfully contributed his share of the taxes for State, county and town purposes he did so wholly for others' benefit. He never violated a law knowingly, he lived in harmony and dealt honestly with his neighbors. His family relations were harmonious, each one striving to add to the others' happiness.

He leaves five daughters and one son to mourn the loss of a beloved father.

THOMAS S. COBB.

The community was shocked yesterday afternoon, March 21, 1891, by the news that Hon. Thomas S. Cobb had died suddenly in Florida, while en route home from his sojourn of two months at Palm Beach Grove, and anxious friends were inquiring on all sides for news of the sad occurrence.

Thomas S. Cobb was a son of Dr. Moses Cobb, and was born in Springfield, Vt., Oct. 4, 1819. His education was obtained in the schools of the town of his birth and at Kimball Union academy at Meridan, N. H. In 1836 and 1837 he was in the employ of Leach & McLellan, dry goods dealers in Boston, and upon the failure of that firm he entered the employ of Fisher & Cook, manufacturers at Wrentham, Mass., with whom he remained until 1842. A year previous to this, he had formed a partnership with his brother, M. R. Cobb, who opened a store at Schoolcraft, Mich., and sent his brother a stock of

goods from Boston, it requiring two months for the goods to reach their destination by the most expeditious method then known. In 1842 he returned to Boston as book-keeper for Shaw & Chandler, a dry goods jobbing firm, remaining there until 1848, when he returned to Wrentham and became a partner with Mr. Cook, his former employer. Here he remained five years, all the time retaining his interest in the business at Schoolcraft, and moving to Kalamazoo in 1855, he entered into the crockery business with David Fisher. In 1863 the First National bank was organized and Mr. Cobb was elected cashier, retaining the position nearly two years, when he retired but remained a member of the board of directors until 1885, when he severed his connection with the bank. He was one of the active promoters of the scheme to connect Kalamazoo and South Haven by a railroad and in 1869 was appointed superintendent of the line, remaining in charge until the Michigan Central company took the road. He served on the board of education six years and in 1861-62 was a member of the board of trustees of the village. He was elected to the State legislature in 1873 and served two years, in 1875 was elected to the State senate, where he served one term. When the Kalamazoo, Hastings & Lowell railroad company was organized in 1873 Mr. Cobb was an active member and did all in his power to have the road completed, and he was an active spirit in the reorganization into the Chicago, Kalamazoo & Saginaw railroad company in 1883. He was elected president of the road and retained the position up to the time of his death. He was also a member of the Kalamazoo & Hastings construction company.

In 1885 Mr. Cobb was elected cashier of the Kalamazoo National bank, to succeed Mr. George T. Bruen, and December 19, 1887, was elected a director to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Jacob Mitchell. Mr. Cobb's health began to fail several years ago, and January 13, 1891, he resigned as cashier of the bank but retained his position on the board of directors until his death. Soon after resigning his position in the bank he left for the south, where he died.

Deceased has been prominent in business and social affairs for many years and his death is felt by scores of intimate friends.

July 2, 1845, deceased married Susan M. Fisher. They have had six children, five of whom are still living.

Thomas S. Cobb was a rare man. He was the soul of honor, and his whole bearing was indicative of strict integrity. His social qualities made him a genial companion among a large circle of people, who mourn his death in more than an ordinary degree. A devoted husband,

kind and indulgent father, he was also an upright and public spirited citizen.

MARTIN TURNER.

(Contributed by A. D. P. Van Buren.)

This old respected pioneer died Sunday morning, July 19, 1885, at the residence of his son Frank, on the corner of Park and Water streets, Kalamazoo, aged eighty-one years.

Deceased was born in Goshen, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, July 22, 1804. Moved to New York state in 1824 and lived there until 1834, when he moved to Kalamazoo county and settled on a piece of land on the south side of the river near the present village of Galesburg. He was a millwright by trade and together with his brother Jesse, who had preceded him to Michigan by a year and a half, built several mills in this section of the State. He soon moved to Kalamazoo and established a foundry between the old Whitcomb mill and the second bridge, on east Main street. Afterward he formed a copartnership with Mr. Wm. E. White and Elias Cooley, operating a furnace and machine shop, "in a building adjoining Mr. Eames' chair factory on the Arcadia, in the upper part of the village," says the advertisement, January, 1846. Subsequently Messrs. Turner, White & Company, established a foundry on a large scale on the corner of Water and Rose streets, a portion of the ground now occupied by Messrs. Lawrence & Chapin's large establishment. The firm did a large business till on the night of May 5, 1851, fire destroyed the foundry and machine shop, entailing a loss of $8,000. The place was, however, built up and the business continued for a time afterwards.

He did a great amount of work as a building contractor, and there is many a building standing in Kalamazoo today that he constructed. He was a very active, pushing business man all his life, and had the respect and confidence of the entire community.

November 27, 1831, he married Clarissa Witcomb, at Cambria, N. Y., and they lived together until January 16, 1882, when Mrs. Turner died. Their golden wedding was celebrated in 1881, of which a full account was given at the time.

Four children were born to them, Joel W., Frank, Christina (Mrs. George Prindle) and Kate (Mrs. Will Russell.) The last three survive. Joel was killed by the explosion of a boiler in the Eames' foundry, at the head of Lovell street, in 1856. At that time he was a resident of Michigan City and came here on a visit and was on his way to the asylum, and fifteen rods from the building when the explosion took

place, passing along the street and was struck by a piece of scantling on the side of the head and instantly killed.

There is one feature in connection with the late illness of Mr. Turner that should not pass without being noticed. In 1856 Mr. Turner took a little boy aged six years that was brought here by a Mr. Tracy from New York city, and raised him, the boy taking the name of Wm. J. Turner. After arriving at his majority the young man went to Wisconsin and became a miller. On learning of the sickness of his adopted father, he came here and during a long and tedious illness nursed and cared for his benefactor as kindly and attentively as it was possible for man to do. Gratitude is certainly not one of the lacking characteristics in this man and the incident goes to show of what kind of material Mr. Turner was made. He had so treated his adopted son that he had his respect and love.

The funeral was held from the residence of his son Frank, corner of Water and Park streets and was largely attended by relatives and friends, and especially the old pioneers. The floral offerings were numerous and appropriate.

The pall bearers were: Geo. Burrell, H. W. Coddington, M. Everett, U. D. Wheaton, E. P. Totus and Thos. Clarage. Rev. C. O. Brown officiated.

KENT COUNTY.

WM. N. COOK.

Deceased from June 1, 1890, to May 31, 1891.

Date of death.	Name.	Place of death.
1890.		
July 30	Thomas B. Church	Grand Rapids, Mich.
August 3	Zenas G. Winsor	Chattanooga, Tenn.
September 17	Rev. Chas. B. Smith	Grand Rapids, Mich.
October 16	Mrs. Mattie M. Tinkham	" "
November 2	Mrs. John T. Holmes	" "
" 20	Ebenezer W. Barnes	" "
December 3	Joseph Stone	" "
1891.		
January 2	Mrs. Joanna R. Holden	Manistee, Mich.
February 6	Mrs. Sally Hurd Roberts	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" 9	Hon. Julius Houseman	" "
" 16	G. Chase Godwin	" "

KENT COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Date of death.	Name.	Place of death.
February 22	Chas. Conant Rood	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" 22	Chas. W. Hathaway	Detroit, Mich.
March 4	Alexander Blake	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" 14	Hon. Henry Fralick	" "
May 15	Orson Cook	Tp. of Gaines, Kent Co., Mich.
" 21	Jas. M. Pelton	" " "
1890.		
June 16	Mrs. Eunice Turner	Grand Rapids, Mich.
October 23	Mrs. D. A. Blodgett	" "
1891.		
April 17	Mrs. Henry Spring	" "
1890.		
December 6	Mrs. M. L. Sweet	" "
1891.		
May 10	Mrs. Henry Barnes Stone	" "
" 9	Orlando K. Pearsall	" "
" 13	John Calkins	" "

THOMAS B. CHURCH.

The life and character of the deceased are admirably portrayed and sympathetically treated by George H. White, Esq., who enjoyed a close acquaintance with him, and whose purpose in inquiring as to certain facts was fully understood by Mr. Church and his family:

"Thomas Brownell Church was, from a very early day in the history of this vicinity, a well known and highly esteemed citizen. He was one of the oldest and best known of the Puritan families of the Plymouth colony; a lineal descendant of Richard Church through his son, Captain Benjamin Church, who was the commander of the colony's forces during the seven year's Indian war known as 'King Philips war,' in which he conquered that noble Indian Sachem.

Thomas B. Church was the youngest son of Thomas Church and Mary (Almy) Church, and was the great great grandson of Captain Benjamin Church, mentioned above. Every one of his immediate ancestors were named Thomas, and he was the third of his father's sons so named. An aunt of his was the mother of the distinguished bishop, Thomas Church Brownell of Connecticut.

Mr. Church was born at the family seat at Dighton, Bristol county, Massachusetts, September 13, 1813, as appears of record in his native place. The youngest of a large and at the time of his decease, the last descendant who bore his family name except his son, Frederick Stewart Church, the eminent artist. Until past ten years of age his

body was weak and his health precarious, so that it seemed that he, the Benjamin of the family, would not long survive his two brothers of the like name who had each died before his birth. His father was, at times a ship-builder, ship-chandler, warehouseman and a fisherman at Taunton, Massachusetts, and at Providence, Rhode Island. He was left motherless at an early age and lived much of the time with a widowed aunt who was herself an educated woman and gave him his early education. His feeble health prevented his attendance at and enduring the discipline of the schools as then conducted. Under advice he was placed aboard of coasting vessels engaged in the West India trade, at the age of twelve years, hoping that he would thereby gain good health. After some time that result was measurably attained, and he abandoned sea life. He was then placed in a preparatory school, where he made rapid progress. At the age of about fifteen, he matriculated at Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut, an Episcopal institution. After a time failing health caused him to quit Trinity and go to Virginia, and there engaged for a year in teaching. Then he joined his uncle, the late Judge John Almy of Grand Rapids in surveying and civil engineering in western Michigan in 1838. At Grandville he became very sick with fever and was brought by his uncle into his own family, then residing in Grand Rapids. As his recovery was very slow it was evident that he could not very soon resume surveying. Learning that an old acquaintance, James Wright Gordon, afterwards lieutenant governor and acting governor of Michigan, and a friend of his father's and of him, was practicing law with marked success at Marshall, Michigan, he went there and entered himself as a student in his office. He then pursued the study of law with great enthusiasm and energy, and made surprising progress, and was, in 1841, admitted to practice law. In the meantime he was a student in the law school of Harvard college, under the distinguished Judge Story, of the supreme court of the United States, who was an old acquaintance of the family. Mr. Church practiced law nearly a year after his admission, and acted as agent for the non-resident owners of the plat of Marshall, and occupied an office with Gov. Gordon. In 1842 he married Miss Mary Stewart, of Marshall, and in December of that year came to Grand Rapids to reside. At Marshall he was noted for close attention to his studies, a great fondness for reading, an acute and comprehensive intellect, a remarkable memory, his classical attainments, his choice command of words, the ability he displayed in public speaking, and the varied and great amount of legal knowledge he had obtained.

"The Marshall bar at that time was as able as any, if not the ablest in the State, and in numbers was beyond the requirements of that locality. Grand Rapids was regarded as a promising point, so he came here to seek his fortune. Immediately his ability was acknowledged and he took a high position in competition with such lawyers as Osgood, Rathbone, Martin, Sargeant, Patterson, Ball and Johnson. Soon after his arrival the prosecuting attorney (an appointive officer) resigned and without solicitation Governor Barry at once conferred the office upon Mr. Church, who entered upon the duties of it and performed them very acceptably during one term. While holding the office he tried a number of celebrated cases, one of which (notably misstated in the history of Kent county) was that of the people vs. Miller, who was convicted on trial before Judge Ransom in Grand Rapids of murdering Nega, a squaw of the Ottawa tribe, within Ottawa county. Afterward he was pardoned, because he was in the last stages of consumption. Mr. Church, Judge Ransom and the sheriff signed a recommendation of pardon, stating their full belief in his guilt, but basing their action solely on the ground of his health. He died at his father's home a few weeks after liberation.

"February 28, 1845, Mr. Church became editor of the Grand Rapids Inquirer, which he edited with marked ability and learning for four years. He held several local offices preceding 1850. In that year he was elected a member of the constitutional convention and sat in that body and participated in its deliberations with much credit to himself. In 1853 he was elected mayor of the city of Grand Rapids. In 1854 he was elected State representative and sat in the legislature with great advantage to his constituents. In 1858, 1860 and 1862 he was nominated for representative in congress; and because the party who nominated him was in the minority, he failed, though receiving more than his party's strength of votes. During the war he uttered on the platform and stump many patriotic sentiments and warmly espoused the Union cause and urged with all his powers of eloquence, enlistments in the Union army. In his long career as a lawyer he was engaged in nearly all causes of much importance tried in this vicinity. Among the many were the Warren Mills perjury case, the George Mills arson case, the Vanderpool case and the Phillips murder case.

"In politics Mr. Church was a lifelong democrat, in religion an Episcopalian. For the last few years his health was poor, occasioned by over-exertion and an accident at the fire which destroyed the county records, June 23, 1960. His health caused his withdrawal from active law practice. During a career at the bar extending over more than

forty years, on many occasions he made powerful, eloquent and brilliant arguments that thrilled his audiences and gave him a State reputation. It required, however, great occasions to warm him up to his subject, but when they came, his words were animated by intense thought and feelings, and came with an increasing power until they became irresistible, and before which every barrier was carried away; his action then became impressive. It was especially so in his patriotic speeches, his fourth of July orations, and on some occasions in his political speeches. Unfortunately his lymphatic temperament caused him to be very unequal in his forensic displays. If his abilities had been incited into action in the national councils, he would have been more nearly equal in the use and display of them, and would have attracted as marked national attention as any one who has sat therein since the days of Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Douglas. In social life Mr. Church was a rare ornament with his ever instructive, interesting and entertaining conversation. He died at Grand Rapids, July 30, 1890. A widow, an only son and an adopted daughter, with a very large circle of relatives and acquaintances mourn his departure for the other shore. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

ZENAS G. WINSOR.

Zenas G. Winsor, of Grand Rapids, died at Chattanooga, Tennessee, August 3, 1890.

Mr. Winsor and his wife were in Chattanooga for a long visit with his daughter, Mrs. George W. Wheeland and her family. He has not been in firm health for some months past. He was at home in the spring to attend to some business affairs, but was not at all well, and returned as soon as possible to the care of his wife and daughters. The immediate cause of his death was typhoid fever, of which he had not long been ill. The burial was at Chattanooga.

Zenas G. Winsor was born in Spafford, N. Y., December 28, 1814, hence was nearly seventy-six years of age. In March, 1833, when but little more than eighteen years old, he came with his father's family from Syracuse to the wilderness which has since been replaced by the city of Grand Rapids, and it may fairly be said that this city has since been his home. True, for a year thereafter, as a youth, he was at Grand Haven, under the Hon. Rix Robinson, as an employé of the Great American Fur Company, that is to say, of John Jacob Astor. In those days peltry and fur were plentiful in this region. Then for two or three years Mr. Winsor spent a good deal of time previous to 1840, at "the mouth of the Thornapple," where is now Ada, continuing

in the employ of the Hon. Rix Robinson. Then his business brought him back here, and ever since, until the infirmities of increasing age compelled him to rest from active labor—having earned that rest—he has been connected with the mercantile and the shipping interests of Grand Rapids and Grand Haven, the shipping interests including both the Grand river line of boats and the Chicago and Milwaukee lines. He was also quite largely identified with the realty interests, and his family had an important influence in the early efforts to make salt here, and in other directions for the growth and improvement of Grand Rapids. Mr. Winsor was a quiet, modest, plain, honorable citizen, a good neighbor, a true friend—the stuff pioneers in thrifty, prosperous cities are made of. All who knew him will mourn his death, and will feel their hearts grow warmer as they recall his life and worth. He leaves a widow—his third wife—three married daughters, Mrs. Wheeland, of Chattanooga; Mrs. S. B. Humphrey, of Lincoln, Neb.; and Mrs. Benton Harris, of Gibbon, Neb.; and a son, Henry, of his immedate family. He also leaves a younger brother, Mr. E. E. Winsor, and a sister, Mrs. Adelaide M., widow of Dr. Chas. L. Henderson, of Grand Rapids.

DR. CHARLES B. SMITH.

Dr. C. B. Smith died at his home in Grand Rapids, Sept. 17, 1890. Charles Billings Smith was born in Paris, N. Y., on Oct. 29, 1814, and entered college from his native town. He left college in the third term of his junior year, but pursued the class studies regularly, and in 1846 was restored to the class list.

He was a member of the most famous class that ever graduated from Yale, and had such men as Wm. M. Evarts, Morrison R. Waite, Samuel J. Tilden, Andrew D. White, ex-president of Cornell, Judge Pierrepont and Judge Sillimon for classmates. He studied theology under the instruction of Dr. N. W. Taylor, in New Haven, Conn., and in 1840 began work as an evangelist in western New York. After continuing this work for about two years he went to Chicago, where he organized the Tabernacle Baptist church and became its pastor. A one story frame structure was built on the corner of LaSalle and Washington streets, where the old Board of Trade building formerly stood, and this primitive church edifice was dedicated in August, 1843. It 1846 he took charge of a church in New Haven, Conn. In June, 1851, he became pastor of the Sixth street church in New York City, and held this position for three years. In 1856 he again came west and became

pastor of a church in Iowa City, where he continued until 1860, removing thence to Dubuque, Iowa, where he preached for three years.

Dr. Smith first came to Grand Rapids in 1863, and for six years was pastor of the Baptist church. In 1869 he became political editor of the *Daily Democrat*, which position he held for seven years.

Dr. Smith leaves no family excepting his widow, formerly Mrs. L. M. Ellicott, whom he married Sept. 30, 1866.

He was one of the most entertaining writers who ever lived in Grand Rapids, and his facile pen has made the very stones weep when writing of the virtues of his dead acquaintances. You could not mention a subject on which he could not talk or write understandingly and entertainingly, and he was a very encyclopædia of knowledge, with a large fund of anecdote on which he could draw at will.

Dr. Smith received the honorary degrees of B. A. and M. A. from Yale in 1847 and the degree of D. D. from Wabash college in 1859. Besides minor works, he published in 1846 "The Philosophy of Reform," of which a second edition has been published, "A Life in Earnest," in 1849, of which there have been three editions, and "Scenes in the Life of Luther," 1848, of which eight editions have been issued.

Dr. Smith was a man of strong character—of Marked individuality. His nature was generous and kindly, and tender, but the intensity of his feelings and the earnestness of his convictions sometimes led him into vehemences of expression which a stranger would mistake for harshness. His opinions, right or wrong, were at least sincere and honest, and he was always ready to assert and defend them. He had been a great student and a wide reader. Until failing health forbade it, his voice was often heard in public assemblages, and he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the local press.

MRS. MATTIE M. TINKHAM.

Mrs. Mattie M. Tinkham, well known to every old settler in the city, and county, peacefully passed away at her home at 85 Paris avenue, Grand Rapids, October 16, 1890, after an illness lasting over a year.

She was born in Ohio, in 1838, and was the daughter of S. O. Kingsbury, also well known to the older residents. She moved to the city with her parents in 1844 and married John F. Tinkham in 1858. They had two children, Frederick, so long with Nelson, Matter & Co., and Mrs. Harry Ellis, living with her husband at Ford River, near Escanaba. Hers was a noble christian life. She was a member of St. Mark's Episcopal church and had been since she was sixteen years old.

She has a brother, Peas Kingsbury of Muskegon, ex-county treasurer of Muskegon county. She was a sister-in-law to Gen. Wm. P. Innes, Mrs. Innes and Mr. Tinkham being brother and sister.

MRS. JOHN T. HOLMES.

About five o'clock p. m., November 2, 1890, the serious illness of Mrs. John T. Holmes terminated in death as had been expected for several days, and another of the best known, most respected and thoroughly loved of the "Mothers in Israel" in Grand Rapids, was at rest from her labors. Mrs. Holmes was born May 18, 1815, and in 1836 became the wife of the man whose life she has blessed for more than half a century since, in Niagara county, N. Y. In 1837 they came to Michigan, and to Grand Rapids in 1838. Here they have lived ever since, and here she has ever proved a most faithful, loving wife, a wise yet tender mother, and generous friend. She leaves of her own family, her honored husband and three children, Mrs. L. C. Remington, Miss Lizzie, and John T. Holmes, Jr. These have the sympathy of all who knew her; they also have the assurance that none has left a more fragrant memory, a more goodly life record than she.

EBENEZER W. BARNS.

Mr. Barns was born in Pomfret, Vt., in 1819, and came to Grand Rapids in 1838 with his father's family. He was the first clerk Kent county ever had, and was afterward county treasurer. In 1850 he removed to Grand Haven, and there, in 1853, married Mrs. Slayton, sister of Mrs. Dwight Cutler. Mr. Barns remained in Grand Haven fifteen years, eight of which he was postmaster. He returned to Grand Rapids in 1865, and was engaged in the forwarding business, on Grand river chiefly, until he retired from active business in 1885. He left a widow and two married daughters, Mrs. I. E. Lambert and Mrs. David Potter, in Emporia, Kan., to remember his virtues and counsels, and a host of friends—all who were acquaintances—to honor his memory. His death occurred November 20, 1890.

JOSEPH STONE.

Joseph Stone, one of the oldest citizens and an old resident, died at the residence of his brother, Mr. Charles Stone, 222 East Fulton street, Grand Rapids, Dec. 3, 1890, aged eighty-six years.

Mr. Stone, who was born in Rhode Island in 1804, came to Grand Rapids when forty years of age, and has made his home here with the exception of about six years which he spent with two of his sons,

Charles and Calvin, on the Pacific coast, ever since. He has ever had the esteem and respect of all who knew him, and is gathered to his fathers in the fullness of years, and of the honors accorded to a well spent, useful life. His wife preceded him in death some twelve years. He leaves four children, the two sons above mentioned, Normandus A. of West Fulton Street, and Mrs. Mary Burchard. Mr. Charles Stone is the only one of his generation, of his family yet living.

MRS. JOANNA R. HOLDEN.

Mrs. Joanna R. Holden, mother of E. G. D. Holden of Grand Rapids, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Fanny H. Fowler, on Jan. 2, 1891. Mrs. Holden was born in Londonderry, N. H., March 10, 1800, and was married to Josiah R. Holden, at Grafton, N. H., January 24, 1825. Mr. and Mrs. Holden resided in New England until 1832, when they emigrated to Ohio and endured the hardships incident to pioneer life until 1834. Then they went to the state of Illinois, where they remained until 1843. Subsequently they removed to Michigan, and located in the vicinity of Grand Rapids. Six children were born to them four of whom lived to adult age. Three of the children, Charles H. Holden of Chicago, Mrs. Fannie H. Fowler, wife of Hon. S. W. Fowler of Manistee, and Hon. E. G. D. Holden of Grand Rapids, survive her. Mrs. Holden had remarkably good health until a few days before her death, and lived to the ripe old age of ninety years, nine months and fifteen days.

MRS. SALLY HURD ROBERTS.

Mrs. Sally Hurd Roberts or "Grandma Roberts" as she was more familiarly known died at Grand Rapids, Feb. 6, 1891.

Nothing better in the way of review can be presented now than the following sketch of her published in the Daily Eagle, July 3, 1890, in honor of her rounding the full hundred years of her life that day. Since then her life has been calm, quiet, the patient waiting for the happiness of the end which has come:

An honored member of our community has reached today a point that few in this generation ever attain. Far beyond the psalmist's "three score years and ten," she has completed a rounded century of human life. This is Grandma Roberts' birthday.

One hundred years ago in the outskirts of the village of Middle Haddam, Connecticut, there lived Jacob Hurd, the third to bear a name already made honorable by true and upright men, with his good wife Abigail Carey, and their rapidly growing family. Jacob Hurd

was a sea captain from Cape Cod, and quite unused to farming. His immediate ancestors came from the land of blue bells and heather bequeathing to him their strong Scotch nature and reverence for truth and righteousness. His wife Abigail Carey, was of French and English descent. On the the third of July 1790, there came into this New England home, Sally, their fourth child and third little daughter. Three lands—Scotland, France and England—brought their gifts of brain and heart to this little girl, who had started on a long journey; how long no one dreamed. The old brown farmhouse, on the road to Middle Haddam, near the rushing waters of the beautiful Connecticut river, was the well remembered home of Sally Hurd's childhood. Here the household grew to number ten children. The family bible bears this record of the family of Jacob Hurd, third.

BIRTHS.

Jacob Hurd was born March 28, 1762. His wife, Abigail Carey, was born May 24, 1762. The following are their children:

Fanny, April 6, 1784.
William, July 21, 1786.
Amanda, June 14, 1788.
Sally, July 3, 1790.
Clarissa, April 24, 1792.
James C., March 27, 1795.
Newell, December 27, 1796.
Randall, November 11, 1800.
Caroline M., February 11, 1803.
William A., March 14, 1806.

Mrs. Roberts can tell today of the quiet old farmhouse, crowded with boys and girls, and the busy home life within its walls. She remembers the peach orchard and the delicious fruit, mellowed and painted by the golden sunshine that a lavish summer brought with each returning season, and the apple trees heavily laden with autumn and winter fruitage.

This wholesome country life, with its household activities, laid the foundations and developed the graces of her character. She trudged along, a healthy little country girl, in blue homespun and a cape sunbonnet, with the other children, over the hills and through sweet country roads, lined with mountain laurel or fragrant with new-mown hay, to the school at Middle Haddam, where she learned her "a-b abs" in the old fashioned New England primer, the multiplication table, and the rule of three, and had lively times "spelling down."

At home she learned system and industry. It was the household custom for a woman to come once a year to do the weaving for the family, while Sally and her sisters would spin. The children were taken regularly to the village church, whose high-backed pews and sounding-board that swung like a canopy above the parson's head are to us only a tradition, to her a most picturesque recollection. We think of New England life one hundred years ago as pitifully quiet and bare compared with our crowded, hurrying existence of the present; and yet to Grandma Roberts, those are still "the good old times." What we may gain in variety and novelty and material progress, they fully balance in quality and real thoroughness. The old world had poured its bluest blood into the veins of the new nation. There were courtly manners and fine phrases then, as now. Mrs. Roberts remembers her father in powdered hair and a queue, knee breeches, silken hose, and silver buckles on his shoes. There was much hospitality, mutual helpfulness and interchange of social pleasures. There were singing schools, apple parings, and quilting bees, in all of which the family had their share. It was at a quilting party of the olden time that Sally Hurd, a fair young girl—

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

first saw Amos Roberts, her future husband. She can tell you now the gown she wore, and how her hair was curled and powdered, and how she danced with him some stately minuet, or was it "money musk" or "Virginia reel?" at their first meeting. They were married on the 23d of December, 1809, when the young bride was nineteen years old—just in time for a merry Christmas, as the records of the church of Middle Haddam testify, to wit:

"This certifies that Amos Roberts and Sally Hurd were married, by Rev. David Selden, December 23, 1809, as appears from the records of the Congregational church of Middle Haddam, Connecticut. Attested by Henry M. Selden clerk of the church."

Mrs. Roberts' youngest sister, Mrs. Caroline M. Strong, the only surviving member of her family is now living at Haddam Neck, Connecticut, and is a woman of great intelligence and marked literary ability. She was present at this wedding, so long ago, and writes: "I remember the marriage well, though I was but six years old, and I have yet to see a better looking pair. The whole community pronounced them the handsomest on record." It is further stated, and is worthy of mention as a bit of local history, that this was the two hundred and seventh

marriage performed by Rev. David Selden during a pastorate of forty years. There were three hundred and nineteen in all.

The young married couple made their home in Bridgewater, N. Y., and then moved to Mohawk, Herkimer county, N. Y., where they lived for some years, coming far west to Grand Rapids, in 1838, for their permanent home.

For thirty years they lived in a large, old-fashioned, well-remembered house, upon the corner of Ottawa and Fountain streets, the present site of the Peninsular club house. Michigan had entered the Union as a state in 1836—the twenty-sixth star upon our national banner. There followed a rush of settlers in the Grand River valley. Col. and Mrs. Roberts came to meet the sober realities of backwoods life, to grow and build up their fortunes, with this wonderful world around them. The journey from New York that we can make, by the aid of steam almost while the mushroom grows, in a single night, certainly from their starting point in less than twenty-four hours—was then a tedious experience. From Detroit, on horseback or by steam, it took five days to reach Grand Rapids. Travelers came by the "Thornapple road," to Ada, and sometimes by boats and scows over the river. There were no bridges, only rough roads and Indian trails, and here in a new world the pioneers made their new home.

Mrs. Roberts has borne six children—four sons and two daughters—of whom Mrs. John W. Pierce is the only one living, and in her home she spends these last honored years of her life. It has been her rare privilege to look in the faces of seven generations. She distinctly remembers her grandparents, and can tell you today that her grandfather, Jacob Hurd, was born "in the region of Cape Cod, very shortly after the arrival there of his parents from the Highlands of Scotland. Afterward the family moved to Chatham, Conn., where Jacob Hurd, the second, married Thankful Hurlbut of the same town, and where both lived and died.

The Highland Pilgrim great grandparents made their home and died in Westchester, Conn. Mrs. Roberts' maternal grandfather, Carey, was a Frenchman, while her mother was a Bigelow of English descent. She has rocked the cradles of four generations. There have been twelve grandchildren, twenty-two great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild. There are today in Grand Rapids representatives of five generations.

In her long and fruitful life she has borne the honors and the cares of the highest and dearest relation into which a woman can enter. She has been a loving daughter, a good sister, a true wife, a faithful mother,

an ideal grandmother, always a wise and helpful friend. Wisdom, who holds length of days in her right hand, in her left hand riches and honor, has poured all her gifts at Grandma Roberts' feet. She possesses an ancestral right and tenure to "length of days." Her great grandmother was one hundred and three when she died, while her great grandfather died more than ninety year old, from the effect of a fall from a horse. Jacob Hurd, the second, died in the ninety-first year of his age, her father, Jacob Hurd, the third, lived to be ninety-nine years and nearly nine months old, and died during the rebellion, a true patriot to the last, saying with his dying breath, "Slavery must and shall be abolished." An aunt of Mrs. Roberts—Mrs. Rebecca Bowers, of Middle Haddam—lived to be one hundred years old, and died in 1855, greatly honored and respected. The sermon delivered at her funeral is entitled, "A Memorial of a Christian Centenarian.

Grandma Roberts was a mother by instinct and choice as well as by nature. Besides her own children she adopted and educated two nieces of her husband's and two grandchildren and opened her hospitable home to other relatives and friends. Her sister recalling the memories of her long life, says: "I have formerly heard numberless little anecdotes of Sally's amiability and good will during her girlhood, and I am sure she has been held in never-failing remembrance for these noble qualities ever since. I have always loved her as a motherly sister."

It is a family tradition that Grandma Roberts' coffee pot was always on the kitchen stove, and that no worn or weary traveler could pass her door without being warmed and fed. The "tramp" had not grown to be a professional in those days, and hers were worthy and deserving guests. The children used to say that they could never go into grandma's kitchen without finding some poor woman or hungry child having a good meal. This unfailing hospitality was a relic of her New England training. Her early life in Grand Rapids furnished ample opportunity for its exercise, and many of our older residents cherish a grateful memory of Mrs. Roberts' kindly deeds.

Her life has exemplified, most fully, the love that "thinketh no evil." It has been said over and over again, that no harsh, uncharitable criticism ever escaped her lips. She always framed a ready excuse for the wrongdoer or unfortunate person. Her regard and love for the church and its services was transplanted from New England to her western home, and St. Mark's church will always hold her in grateful memory for her substantial service and warm interest in its organization and subsequent growth.

There have come, in her long and varied experience of life, many cares and griefs. Her tears have fallen upon scores of open graves. One by one the friends she tenderly loved have gone from her into the life beyond, while she remains, with all her faculties of mind and heart unimpaired, though sight and hearing have failed. She has tasted joys flecked by trouble, and sorrows soothed and tempered by joy—the common lot of human life. The world is full of spasmodic virtues. Far better is the long and honored life that is an accumulation of daily goodness.

There is a divine meaning, an infinite pathos, a sublime hope, in a life like hers. We tread softly, with reverent hearts, in such a presence.

Consider all the wonderful things she has seen—the growth of the world, in thought and experience and material prosperity. It is the province of one generation to mature the germ that shall bear fruit and yield its harvest in the next. Surely, the present time is a feast of ingathering. In Mrs. Roberts' girlhood the nation was a child, just taking its first steps. She has lived during the administration of every president of these United States. She has seen the young nation grow strong and ready to lead the world. In her day fables have become facts; wild dreams and fancies sober common sense realities. Steam and electricity have wrought their miracles. Wars have practically ceased, and an age of peaceful arbitration has dawned upon the world.

To grow gracefully, like the ripening grain or the shock of corn, fully ripe, in its season, is a rare attainment. Too often old age is pitifully weak and helpless—a second childhood, without the charm and beauty of the dawning life. Sometimes a bright halo crowns the closing years of a well spent life, making it radiant with a glory from the future. Grandma Roberts has given to her children and her children's children, more than a memory of good and upright ancestry. She has given them a gracious presence, and today they arise and call her blessed.

How good the simple tale appears—
  This record of one hundred years!
With reverent hand we backward roll
  The finished century's folded scroll.
Down the long vista we behold
  Quaint pictures of old times unfold
New England elm trees bent their shade
  Above our little country maid.
New England sunshine flecked the way
  Her footsteps traveled day by day.
Old puritanic lines of thought
  In her life's fabric were inwrought—

The still strong spirit, that we learn,
Bears hidden blossoms, like the fern.

She grew—a maiden sweet and fair,
Skilled every household task to share—
To wind the flax upon the reel,
Or deftly turn the spinning wheel.

A winsome bride of long ago,
She heard the summons, "Westward, ho!"
With dauntless hope and faith she went
Midway across our continent,
To build her snug, secure home-nest
In our broad empire of the West.
No queen, upon her royal throne,
More loyal homage e'er has known;
No titled dame has ever borne,
A sweeter name than she has worn.

She treads in life's declining hours,
A sunlit pathway strewn with flowers,
Whose seeds she planted long ago,
Before her brow was wreathed with snow;
For generous thoughts and kindly deeds
Are evermore life's rarest seeds.

We bring to crown her closing days,
No idle words of fulsome praise,
But tender words and memories sweet
We lay at Grandma Roberts' feet.

JULIUS HOUSEMAN.

Julius Houseman was born at Zeckendorf, in the kingdom of Bavaria, Germany, Dec. 8, 1832, of Hebrew parentage; his father, Solomon Hausmann, was a native of Bavaria, a merchant and manufacturer of silk and cotton goods at that place, where he died in 1873, at the age or seventy-one years. His mother was Henrietta, daughter of Julius Strauss of Heiligenstadt, Bavaria; she died in 1835, at the age of thirty-five years. Mr. Houseman was the older of two children born to them, his sister, Mary, being now the wife of Albert Alsberg, a prominent merchant of New York city.

Mr. Houseman's education, up to the time he was thirteen years of age, was obtained in the national schools of Zeckendorf and Bamberg, and was completed with a two years' commercial course, after which he engaged as a dry goods clerk in a store in Bavaria, where he remained three years. Very early in life he had a strong wish to come to this country, and so in 1851, when nineteen years of age, he started out to cross the

ocean and seek usefulness and business success in America. His first home was in Cincinnati, where he was clerk in a clothing house for a few months. Then he went to New Vienna, O., where he remained as clerk in a general store until March, 1852, when he came to Michigan, to Battle Creek. In Battle Creek he engaged in the merchant tailoring and clothing business with Mr. I. Amberg, the firm name being Amberg & Houseman. He soon heard of Grand Rapids and its prospects, and in August of that year, 1852, before he was yet twenty years old, came to this city for a home, establishing a branch of the Battle Creek house here. The business under his able management prospered, and in 1854, he became sole proprietor, which he continued for nine years, growing steadily in the confidence and esteem of the community, and in wealth and influence. In 1864 the firm of Houseman, Alsberg & Co. was organized, with branch houses in New York, Baltimore and Savannah, which continued until 1870, when the firm was dissolved, Mr. Houseman retaining possession of the Grand Rapids establishment. In 1876 he disposed of his business to his cousin, Joseph Houseman, Esq., who had been a partner for several years, and the late Moses May, who continued it for a number of years under the firm name of Houseman & May, which was later succeeded by Houseman, Donally & Jones.

Mr. Houseman had meanwhile taken an active interest in other lines of business and investments, notably in timber lands and the manufacture of pine lumber in this State, and after 1876 devoted himself largely to those interests. He is one of the largest holders of real estate in this portion of Michigan, and also has large tracts in the Upper Peninsula and in other states. He has many investments in lumber companies in this and other states. He also bought quite largely of real estate years ago, and has long been one of the most sagacious and progressive promoters of the growth of the city. The Houseman building which occupies the entire half block bounded by Lyon, Ottawa, Pearl and Ionia streets, is one of the largest and finest business blocks in the State, and a fitting monument to his good taste and good citizenship.

He has also been largely identified with other business interests here, and in all of them has proved a tower of strength, both with his cash and his counsel. In 1870 he became a stockholder in the City National bank, the predecessor of the National City bank. In August, 1874, he was chosen a director to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the late Ransom E. Wood, who was going to Europe with his family. That office he has since held.

In 1882, at the annual meeting in January he was chosen vice pres-

ident of the bank when the late William B. Ledyard declined a re-election because of infirm health, and that office he has since held. Mr. Houseman was one of the organizers of the Grand Rapids chair company, has ever since been a director, and was vice president. He was a director, too, of the Grand Rapids Brush company and a leading stockholder, director and president of the Grand Rapids Fire Insurance company, which in large measure owes its proud position as one of the best companies of its class in the west to his business energy and sagacity. He was one of the founders and directors of the Michigan Trust company. He was identified with many other enterprises, and left a large property, estimated to be worth nearly or quite a million dollars.

In political affiliations Mr. Houseman was a democrat, yet his partisanship was never narrow, and in his official life he ever strove for the public weal, with all his great energy and sagacity. He served the city as alderman for eight years, from 1863 to 1870, was mayor in 1872, and in 1874, and represented Grand Rapids in the State legislature in 1871–2. In 1883 he was elected to represent this district in congress, and was the first democrat who had been able to achieve that honor in this district in many long years. In all his official relations he enlarged the esteem in which he was held, won added confidence and respect.

He became a member of the Masonic fraternity in 1854. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows and of the B'nai B'rith. He was a lea ng member of both the Peninsular and the Owashtanong clubs, and had served the latter as a director and officer.

He was of the Hebrew faith, and has been one of the most generous promoters of Congregation Emanuel in Grand Rapids since its organization. Though a faithful son of the Covenant he had a broad charitable spirit in matters of faith, and was as tolerant of others' belief as he desired them to be of his.

He was ever one of the most generous of men. Hundreds of people throughout this city and section of the State have been the recipients of his quiet, unostentatious, but wise helpfulness, both in counsel and in liberal assistance with funds, or in other tangible ways. Many a tear will be dropped in his memory by persons to whom he, unknown to the world, has proved a friend indeed. He was a good man in all his relations in life and few if any will be more missed than will he.

The immediate relatives left by Mr. Houseman are his daughter, an only child, Mrs. David M. Amberg and family of Grand Rapids, his sister, Mrs. M. Alsberg of New York city. William Houseman, a half brother; Mrs. Simon Mainzer, a half-sister, and his cousin, Mr. Joseph

Houseman and family. He leaves, also, several half-brothers and half-sisters in Germany.

He died at Grand Rapids Feb. 9, 1891.

G. CHASE GODWIN.

The day of Hon. Julius Houseman's funeral Mr. G. Chase Godwin, after attending it, complained of not feeling well, and the next day, after being at the office but about an hour went home. His illnes, the grip, and a complication of other ills, terminated fatally Feb. 16, 1891, at his home, 125 Livingston street, Grand Rapids.

G. Chase Godwin was born April 18, 1840, in Wyoming township, this county, being a son of a pioneer of that township, Wm. R. Godwin who settled therein in 1836. Mr. Godwin's education was received in the common schools of Wyoming and the public schools of Grand Rapids. In 1862 he entered the law office of Holmes and Champlin (Hons. John T. Holmes and J. W. Champlin) to study law, and in 1865 was admitted to the bar. For six years he was a partner of Judge Holmes, then was a partner of Mr. J. Edward Earle, and later of Judge Adsit and Prosecuting Attorney McKnight. He has held the offices of city attorney, of recorder of the city, and of U. S. district attorney during President Cleveland's administration, and was assistant prosecuting attorney at the time of his death. He has long been a prominent member and counselor of the democratic party, and has been frequently named by his friends of that organization for other high and responsible positions. He was one of the leaders of the local bar, and has been identified with some of the most important criminal and civil litigation of Kent county and western Michigan, during the past quarter of a century.

In 1868 Mr. Godwin married Miss Cornelia Chambers, daughter of Nelson Chambers, Esq., of Wayland. She survives him; also four children, one son and three daughters.

CHARLES C. ROOD.

Charles Conant Rood, one of Grand Rapids' oldest citizens died at his residence No 210, East Fulton street, Feb. 22, 1891. He was only confined to his residence since Wednesday noon last, but has been in failing health for some time. With indomitable courage, although aware of his serious condition, he attended to business as usual up to Wednesday noon. Then he went home—"his house was in order"—and calmly and quietly awaited the end which he, better than others,

knew was so very near. Mr. Rood was one of the older residents of Grand Rapids. He was born in Vermont, Aug. 24, 1815, and was one of a large family of brothers and sisters. His father came to Michigan, to Oakland county, about 1821 or 1822, and his home has been in this State ever since. So early a resident in the then territory of Michigan he well knew the struggles and privations of pioneer life—the toilsomeness of securing an education, of fitting himself for the profession which he early selected, the law. He studied his profession for a time in Detroit, later in Marshall, and in 1846 came to Grand Rapids to make it his permanent home, and here his life work has been done. On Feb. 28, 1850, he married Cornelia Foster, daughter of the late F. D. A. Foster. She survives him. He leaves besides, of his immediate family, three children, Mrs. E. B. Fisher, Chas. F. Rood and Mrs. Chas. F. Renwick, all of Grand Rapids. Mr. Rood was a member of the Masonic fraternity, was a democrat of the Jeffersonian school in his political affiliations, was eminently a man who minded his own affairs, was a kind and true husband, a loving father, a good citizen.

CHAS. W. HATHAWAY.

Chas. W. Hathaway was born in Ashfield, Mass., April 15, 1825. When ten years old his parents, Col. Nehemiah and Lucretia Hathaway moved to Grand Haven, being among the first white settlers there. In 1836 the family moved to Grandville, and in 1840 to Grand Rapids. Col. Hathaway set up and operated the first trip hammer at McCray's machine shops, where the Butterworth & Lowe works now are. After his death in 1844, Chas. W. continued the business, being already an expert blacksmith and an ingenious and experienced mechanic. As a maker of edge tools and a temperer of axes, drawing knives and chisels there was not a more expert mechanic in the State. His tools were known throughout the State. For about four years he was a resident of Spring Lake, and employed in the mills of Hopkins Bros. where his ingenuity as a blacksmith and engineer won for him an enviable reputation among the mill men of Grand river. In 1852 he worked as an ax and tool maker for the firm of Cook, Blain & Gunn.

About 1856, with Daniel Alcumbrack, he entered edge tool making, succeeding by purchase to the business which had been started five years previously by Cook & Blain. The shop was near where now is the north end of the Valley City mills. While in this business he invented and for some time manufactured steel fingers for grain cradles, which, until the old hand cradle was supplanted by harvesting machines, were considered very fine for their use. Later, about the close of the

war, James D. Lyon, his brother-in-law, was associated with Mr. Hathaway, and the factory in 1870 was turning out some twenty dozen axes per day. Not long after he removed to Detroit, where he resided until his death and held for several terms the office of building inspector.

In November, 1846, Mr. Hathaway married Mary T., daughter of Deacon Addison Tracy, a well remembered early settler here, who with his two sons, H. A. Hathaway, of Buffalo, and C. S. Hathaway, the well-known Detroit News journalist and art critic survive to mourn the loss of a much beloved husband and father. He died at Detroit, February 22, 1891.

ALEXANDER BLAKE.

Still another of the pioneers of Michigan and old residents of Grand Rapids has joined the majority. A little before four o'clock p. m., March 4, 1891, Mr. Alexander Blake of Cherry street entered into rest.

Alexander Blake was born in East Greenwich, Washington county, N. Y., May 21, 1812, and so was nearly seventy-nine years of age. He came to southern Michigan a little more than fifty years ago, and was for a time largely engaged in mercantile operations, in conducting a foundry, and in buying and selling cattle in Lenawee county and that section of the State. About 1853 or 1854 he engaged in lumbering in Newaygo and vicinity, and his family shortly after made Grand Rapids their home, and for a good many years he was one of the most prominent and successful operators on the Muskegon river and its tributaries. Later he met with business reverses which impaired his fortune greatly, and about 1876 went west, whence he returned some four years ago to take the rest his labors and years so richly earned. He has lived since his return at 311 Cherry street.

Some forty-five years ago Mr. Blake married Miss Susan Crosby in Lenawee county. She survives him, also their four daughters, Mrs. Geo. R. Perry, and Mrs. Otis H. Babcock, Miss Ophelia Blake, one of the teachers of the Division street school, and Miss Mary Blake, teacher of drawing in the city schools. Mr. Blake was one of the most sagacious, energetic and honorable of business men, was a kindly neighbor and friend, a good citizen and a model husband and father. Though he had not been so actively identified with affairs of late years in Grand Rapids, a large circle of older residents will sympathize with his family.

HENRY FRALICK.

(See Memoir by R. C. Crawford, elsewhere.)

ORSON COOK.

Orson Cook, one of the oldest residents of Gaines township, died Wednesday night, May 15, 1891, at the old homestead, aged seventy-seven years. He leaves three children, Martin V., of Oregon; Ira E., now in California, and a daughter, Mrs. John Ross of Gaines. He also leaves two brothers, Ariston J. Cook of Ross and Cleveland C. Cook of Grand Rapids.

Orson Cook was born in Seneca county, New York, July 6, 1814. In 1829 his parents moved to Wayne county and in 1838 moved to Grand Rapids, which at that time contained but a few log houses. Mr. Cook built the old Bronson house on Canal Street. He also built the first school house in Gaines and was the first and warmest supporter of the first newspaper, the Grand Rapids Enquirer. He was a staunch democrat and held the offices of justice of the peace and town treasurer for many years.

JAMES M. PELTON.

Jas. M. Pelton, an old resident of Gaines township, and one of the oldest pioneers of the Grand River valley died at his home Tuesday night May 21, 1891. Mr. Pelton was well known throughout the county having been a supervisor of Gaines for eight years and of Byron for six years. He also held the office of justice of the peace for twenty-five consecutive years. Mr Pelton was born in New York seventy-seven years ago but his boyhood days were passed in Canada, where his parents moved. At the age of twenty-two he came to Kent county and has made it his home since. He purchased his farm in Gaines in 1865 and has since lived there.

MRS. EUNICE TURNER.

Another of the pioneers of 1836, Mrs. Eunice Turner, widow of the late Isaac Turner, passed away peacefully, at her home, corner of Turner and Third streets, Grand Rapids, of old age, June 16, 1890, about 4 o'clock. She has been in failing health and quite helpless therefrom for some time, yet had not until but a few hours before her decease, manifested any marked change, and so her death, which was not unexpected, was yet a surprise to her family, and but two of her children, Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Rosenberg were with her at the time of her death. So great was her age, and so feeble had she become the force of the expression, "second childhood," was fully exemplified in her case, but as she had given the most loving of care to others, she was not without it during her need for it.

Mrs. Turner, whose maiden name was Bullis, was born Sept. 11, 1801, at Peru, a small hamlet near Plattsburg, N. Y. In 1819 when she was eighteen years old, she became the wife of Isaac Turner, in Plattsburg. In 1836 they came from that city to Michigan, and settled in what is now Grand Rapids. They lived for a short time on the east side of the river, but a little later Mr. Turner becoming largely interested in real estate on the west side, they went across to that side for a home, and there she lived almost without interruption since. She was living at a home her children had provided for her, corner of Turner and Third streets, and where she was cared for by a competent nurse, when she died.

Mr. Isaac Turner, her husband, was one of the most competent mechanics—a millwright—in the State. He was of the material requisite for successful pioneers, and during his long and busy and most useful life, which closed by his death March 6, 1879, he was one of the foremost citizens, a leader in improvements, in the efforts which conduced to the growth of Grand Rapids, and especially of that portion with which he was so long most intimately identified. Mrs. Turner was indeed a helpmeet for such a man—a good wife, a devoted and loving mother, a kind and helpful neighbor and true friend. She was of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, and though ever quiet and retiring devoted to her household and the duties it devolved upon her. She had in the highest degree the esteem and regard of all who knew her.

Mrs. Turner had had ten children. Four of them preceded her in death. The six yet living are: Aaron B. Turner of the Eagle; Chester B. Turner of Detroit; Willard S. Turner of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Alzina Madison, Mrs. John Rosenberg and Mrs. E. F. Harrington, all of Grand Rapids; of those dead was Mrs. Boardman Noble, of Grand Rapids. She left twenty-six grandchildren and twenty-seven great grandchildren, among her direct descendants.

MRS. D. A. BLODGETT.

Mrs. Jennie S., wife of Mr. D. A Blodgett, who died Oct. 23, 1890, in Grand Rapids was born in Lycoming county, Penn., Aug. 26, 1841, and was the only daughter of John and Clara L. Wood. On the 9th of September, 1859, she was married to Mr. Blodgett at Woodstock, Ill., where her parents were then residing. She came at once with her husband to her new home at Hersey, in this State, where she continued to live until the family moved to Grand Rapids in the fall of 1881, and since then Grand Rapids has been her home.

She leaves, beside her husband, two children, John W., and Susan Richmond, wife of Mr. Edward Lowe. Her mother still survives her, and she has had a most happy home with her the greater portion of the time since she was married.

Mrs. Blodgett was a woman of great breadth of view, of remarkable grasp of business and the larger affairs of life and the world. Her husband valued and sought her counsel in all the cares of business, and in her found not only an unfailing friend but a helpmeet in the truest sense of that homely but admirable word. She was so fully conversant with his interests and plans that she could and did act for him in many important matters of practical detail on many occasions. While attending to all her other duties of wife and mother she always found time to cheerfully share in his plans, labors and triumphs.

She had an abiding and hearty interest in the progress of the world, in the development and betterment of mankind. She read and thought on topics of this nature to a degree and with a pleasure not often seen in one of her sex.

Yet while she was of a particularly strong, broad cast of mind, she was one of the most simple and unaffected of women. She had a passionate love of the good, the true and the beautiful in nature and in art. She had read much, of the best books, and often counseled her children and friends in literature, always with wisdom and tact. She had rare good taste, and innate judgment in art—her friends came to rely implicitly on it. The beauties of the flowers, of the birds, of the fields and the forests appealed to her most strongly. The robins ever found a dish of water, fresh for them, daily, on the lawn at her home, and knew perfectly well how welcome they were. She petted animals; and above all she loved children. Not a few of the little folks in onr city had learned that fact and watched lovingly for her coming and going before her long illness prevented her showing them how truly she enjoyed their smiles and affection.

She was thoughtful of others, always to the utter exclusion of herself. During all her long illness, and intense suffering, not a complaint, not a murmur escaped from her; she thought only of making those about her happy. That the world was shut out from her eyes did not prevent her thought of striving, for the pleasures of seeing beautiful things, for others, nor cause her ever to advert to her own blindness. But a few days ago, hearing of illness in the family of a friend—she had not been told of the death—she desired a delicacy sent to them, and told what dish it should be carried upon "because

food is so much more appetizing from pretty dishes, you know." This little incident is the key note of her character and nature—tells as well as volumes could, of the one whose loss is irreparable to her family, but whose memory is indeed fragrant, and will grow more and more precious as time recalls to them the value of the lessons of her loving and her life.

She had their most ardent devotion in life. Every other interest was subordinated or sacrificed by husband and children, to add to her comfort, to afford her relief. Now that rest has come to her, they cannot regret it—they loved her too well—but no words can express their sense of loneliness and loss, and their friends can only point to the spirit she manifested as the true example for them, to make life the better for others because she had lived.

MRS. HENRY SPRING.

Mrs. Henry Spring died at her home in Grand Rapids, April 17, 1891.

Mrs. Spring was born in Orleans county, New York, December 5, 1830, and became the wife of Henry Spring, March 26, 1854. She leaves her husband, a daughter, Mrs. Geo. E. Raymond, and one son, Willard S. Spring, now attending college at Ann Arbor. Her other son, Fred, died suddenly seven years ago last January. While not being fond of society in its ordinary sense, she took a lively interest in all the movements in the community that had in view its moral and social elevation. She was quite prominent in the union benevolent association, which was for some time under her management, as well as the humane society, and it was in the interest of the latter work that she caused to be built a drinking place at the corner of State and Cherry streets. Always a member of the Universalist church, she took an active part in its affairs, and was at one time assistant superintendent of the Sunday school. One characteristic that she possessed was that she did her own working and her judgment never was at fault.

MRS. MARTIN L. SWEET.

Mrs. Martha L., wife of Martin L. Sweet, died December 6, 1890, of pneumonia, aged seventy.four years. Mrs. Sweet was born at Fabius, Cayuga county, N. Y., married M. L. Sweet and came to Grand Rapids forty-six years ago. She leaves three children, one daughter and two sons. She was well and favorably known for her kindly acts by the old residents of Grand Rapids.

MRS. HENRY G. BARNES STONE.

Mrs. Henry G. Stone, daughter of Jacob Barnes, Sr., came to Grand

Rapids with her father's family in 1836. Was born May 4, 1828 in Vermont. Died at her home in Grand Rapids, May 10, 1891; was the mother of nine children, four of whom survive her, two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Stone was a consistent christian mother, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal church.

ORLANDO K. PEARSOLL

was born at Troy, Michigan, came to Grand Rapids about 1845. A carpenter, but of late for several years engaged in real estate and insurance. Died at Grand Rapids, May 9, 1891.

JOHN CALKINS.

John Calkins was born in Sherburn, Chenango county, N. Y., June 23, 1806. Came to Michigan in 1849 or 1850. Settled at Grass Lake. Died at Grand Rapids. May 13, 1891.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

FRANCIS A. DEWEY.

List of Pioneers who have died between June 1, 1890, and June 1, 1891.

Name.	Date of death.	Residence.	Age.
Henry Reed	June	Tecumseh	60
James A. Jackson	"	Macon	81
Mrs. Nixon	"	Rome	70
Anson Roff	"	Clinton	75
Martin Hoag	"	Morenci	78
Elisha Luke	"	Ogden	75
Joseph Exelby	July	Britton	56
Thomas Earl	"	Jasper	72
Jane Hearneye	"	Raisin	87
Charles Mickly	"	Fairfield	80
Hon. A. W. Childs	"	Hudson	81
Robert Biddleman	"	Adrian	79
Edwin Goff	"	Blissfield	69
Lydia Hause	"	Ridgeway	82
Sarah Rudolph	"	Ogden	85
Alanson Pool	"	Deerfield	78
James M. Wells	"	Adrian	63
Caroline Rounds	"	Medina	74
Rufus Estes	"	Hudson	86
Roswell Lamb	"	Rollin	95

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Residence.	Age.
Wm. Pitchim	August	Cambridge	78
Sarah Stout	"	Tecumseh	69
Acel Sanford	"	Macon	90
John Philips	"	Hudson	88
Rabeed Aylsworth	"	Adrian	93
Mary E. Spafford	"	Tecumseh	58
Benjamin Converse	September	Medina	77
Hiram Bailey	"	Clinton	69
Mrs. Caleb Mapes	"	Hudson	80
G. W. Huntoon	"	Adrian	60
Peter Derby	"	"	73
Israel Goodale	"	Fairfield	74
Mrs. Childs	"	Rollin	77
Jonathan Hare	October	Blissfield	86
Sherman Fitch	"	Hudson	70
John Mitchel	"	Adrian	75
Andrew Stepson	"	Morenci	77
Mrs. Frost	"	Weston	85
Hannah Posyth	"	Adrian	79
Hudiah Hill	"	Deerfield	76
Richard Green	"	Medina	88
Philip Wareham	November	Woodstock	80
Jacob Armer	"	Ridgeway	74
Mary McKinney	"	Tecumseh	76
Sarah Caswell	"	Adrian	91
W. M. Taylor	"	Rome	70
Mrs. Rodman Taylor	"	Franklin	81
Catherine Bandger	December	Adrian	91
Harriet Sheldon	"	Ogden	80
Caroline Osborn	"	Adrian	65
James Farrer	"	"	70
Fleming McMath	"	Dover	82
John Richards	"	Hudson	83
Mrs. J. S. Talmadge	"	Blissfield	82
Charles Culberston	"	Tecumseh	71
Charles Cole	"	Cambridge	70
Lydia Harmon	"	Morenci	97
James Wilson	"	Blissfield	83
Lewis Goodwin	January, 1891	Palmyra	83
William Cadmus	"	Macon	92
Parmelia Rector	"	Tecumseh	76

LENAWEE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Residence.	Age.
Henry Smith	January	Cambridge	93
Caroline Maynard	"	Macon	80
Hiram Broust	"	Hudson	88
Walter S. Mead	"	Adrian	75
Mrs. C. Watson	"	Blissfield	88
Hon. Joel Carpenter	"	"	73
David Brooks	"	Clinton	68
William Covil	"	Ridgeway	70
Eli Colins	"	Macon	80
Abbie H. McBride	"	Tecumseh	64
Daniel Pelton	"	Franklin	88
John McColman	"	Tecumseh	56
Robert Farnham	"	Dover	90
Alice Pierce	"	Madison	84
Dorcas Dean	"	Adrian	83
Joseph Quick	"	Hudson	72
Reed Payne	February	Clinton	80
Nelson H. Kimball	"	Adrian	72
Benwell Fulson	"	Tecumseh	75
William Covill	"	Ridgeway	70
Mary Bennett	"	Tecumseh	70
Argentine Hall	"	"	63
Real Payn	"	Franklin	79
William Young	"	Adrian	81
James Shierson	"	Seneca	70
Jesse Strectch	"	Raisin	76
Richard Waldron	"	Weston	80
Nicholas Lewis	"	Morenci	84
Polly Odell	March	Fairfield	69
Zebine White	"	"	81
Nathan Brown	"	Clinton	80
William Micheals	"	Adrian	81
I. A. Slayton	"	Tecumseh	72
Samuel Satherwait	"	Raisin	75
Estien Onsted	"	Macon	66
Micheal Hendershot	"	"	82
Salmon Brown	"	Clinton	66
Alva Raymond	"	Raisin	71
John Lefler	"	Morenci	79
Artemus Adams	"	Clinton	82
Louise Onsted	"	Cambridge	62

MONROE COUNTY.

ALFRED ISAAC SAWYER, M. D.

Alfred Isaac Sawyer, M. D., was born in Lyme township, Huron county, Ohio, October 31, 1828. His parents, Stephen and Dorothy Sawyer, came to this country from England in 1819, settling first in New Haven, Connecticut, then at North Bend, on the Ohio river.

There Stephen Sawyer took charge of a farm for Gen. William H. Harrison, afterwards president of the United States, between whom and himself a strong friendship ever afterwards existed.

The country was then new, and being illy prepared by habits and education for pioneer life, he became wearied with its hardships and set out to return to the mother country.

When he reached New York city, he met friends from England who persuaded him to go back to Connecticut. Among the party was Capt. Henry Griswold, a son of the governor of the state, with his bride, formerly Miss Betsey Lansdale, a sister of Mrs. Stephen Sawyer.

In 1827 the family again turned their faces westward, and with many other Connecticut people settled on what was then called the "Connecticut fire land," more familiarly known since as the western reserve. In the autumn of 1828 the subject of this sketch was born, as already stated. About this time Mr. Sawyer purchased a large tract of wild land, put up a log house and moved into it, his son Alfred being just one month old. Although a more modern and commodious dwelling was subsequently erected, the old log house is still standing. Here the parents lived, prospered and died. Of their children, nine sons and four daughters, six were born in England, one at North Bend, Ohio, three in Connecticut, and three at Lyme, Ohio. Alfred Isaac Sawyer is the eleventh child and eighth son. With the exception of Alfred the children followed the example of their parents, and led a prosperous agricultural life.

At the age of seventeen Alfred Sawyer dreamed of other enterprises and sought to prepare himself for other fields of labor. This was strenuously opposed by his father, who argued that his education was "good enough for a farmer, which was what he desired him to be, and what he should be." Up to this time the boy had enjoyed no opportunity for schooling but such as was afforded by the country schools of that day, which continued but three months out of twelve, and were very inefficient at that. Although the father was one of the strictest of old English disciplinarians, the ambitious boy would not be restrained or deterred from his purpose.

During the next three years Alfred Sawyer improved every opportunity to acquire an education that would fit him for some other calling than that to which he had thus far been reared. Every obstacle was thrown in his way, still by hard work, teaching school in winter, and attending the Norwalk academy in the spring and fall, and by studying while others slept, he succeeded in acquiring an average academical education and had made arrangements with one of his brothers to take a classical course.

During the cholera epidemic of 1849, however, his brother fell a victim to the fearful scourge. For four years he worked his brother's farm and thereby accumulated sufficient means to enable him to pursue his studies for a time. But instead of completing his classical course he entered the office of Drs. John Tift and Beckwith, Norwalk, Ohio. This was in the autumn of 1852.

When the lectures commenced in the western college of homeopathy at Cleveland, Ohio, in November of that year he matriculated and after the close of the course followed Dr. D. H. Beckwith to Marietta, Ohio. In August, 1853, he was attacked by that frightful disease, bloody flux, which was at that time prevailing to an alarming extent in that region, and was confined to his bed several weeks, with life trembling in the balance. However when lectures began again in Cleveland in November he attended them, and in the spring of 1854 received the degree of doctor of medicine.

In May of that year he again returnad to Marietta and entered into co-partnership with his former preceptor, Dr. D. H. Beckwith, who shortly gave place to his brother, Dr. E. C. Beckwith, and settled at Zanesville, Ohio.

In 1855, Dr. Sawyer left Marietta and again formed a partnership with D. H. Beckwith at Zanesville, where he remained until the fall of 1856. He then went to New York city and attended the medical department of New York university, remaining until the first of March, 1857.

Having become somewhat disgusted with general practice he proposed to pursue some specialty. Accordingly he engaged rooms in Bleeker street, New York, where he intended to follow ophthalmic surgery. To this end he earnestly, persistently and successfully pursued a special course of study under Drs. Valentine, Mott, Mark, Stephenson, Rogers and Gerish, and from them received a diploma declaring his fitness to enter upon that special field of the profession. But his sources of revenue again unexpectedly failed him, obliging him to leave New York and seek an opening that promised more ready and certain returns.

After visiting various places between New York city and Monroe, Michigan, he finally settled, May 12, 1857, in the latter place where he resided until his death.

He was made a Mason in February, 1858, a royal arch Mason in 1859, a royal and select Mason, in 1863 at Monroe, and a Knight Templar at Adrian in 1868. He was elected senior warden of Monroe lodge, No. 27 in 1863, and worshipful master in 1864–65–66–67–68–69 and 1870–79–80–81 and '87.

During this time he was presented by the lodge with a beautiful past master's jewel. He was high priest of River Raisin chapter, royal arch Masons, from 1867 to 1871, inclusive.

Was elected grand principal sojourner of the grand chapter of royal arch Masons of the State of Michigan in 1869.

Grand captain of the host in 1870. Grand scribe in 1871, grand king in 1872, deputy grand high priest in 1873, and grand high priest in 1874.

Was made chairman of a committee te revise the grand constitution of the grand chapter of royal arch Masons of Michigan in 1875, which required four years for completion, and is today the fundamental law of the order in Michigan.

Represented the grand chapter of royal arch Masons of Michigan in the general grand chapter of the United States at Denver, Colorado, in 1883.

Was elected grand president of the grand council of high priesthood in 1872, immediately after submitting a masterly report of the history and chronology of the order. This office he held for several years.

Was elected grand principal conductor of the work in the grand council of royal and select Masons of Michigan in 1873.

Was first eminent commander of River Raisin commandery No. 19, K. T., in 1868 and again in 1886.

Was elected mayor of the city of Monroe in 1869–70 and '78 and was a member of its school board for nine years.

But as his untiring zeal and faithful devotion has made him a leader in political, educational, Masonic and social circles, even so he has shone if anything with far more brilliancy in his chosen profession, and among his learned colleagues. There is no man in this country who has done more for the advancement of medical science than has Dr. A. I. Sawyer of Monroe.

The homeopathic department of the University of Michigan owes its life and sustenance to him. In 1847 a bill making it a State Prison offense to practice medicine according to the homeopathic law was

introduced in the legislature of Michigan. It passed one of the houses before it was discovered by the friends of homeopathy. It was defeated in the other house by the judicious efforts of the friends of that system of medicine. The first efforts to secure recognition of homeopathy in the University were begun in 1853, but without success. In 1855 there was enacted a law requiring the board of regents "to always maintain at least one chair of homeopathy in the medical department of the University of Michigan." The regents failed to comply with the requirements of this law. The question was then taken by "mandamus" to the supreme court of the State, requiring the board of regents to show cause why they did not comply with the law. Here the friends of homeopathy were defeated by simply nonaction on the part of the supreme court.

This farce cost Sawyer $155 for attorney fees alone, not to mention what he paid for a person to remain in Lansing and lobby for the passage of a bill during nearly the entire session, or his own personal expenses there and elsewhere in the interest of the cause.

After this defeat the friends of homeopathy again went before the legislature in 1867, and attacked the very fountain head of the University by amending the law which gives to it one-twentieth of a mill on the dollar of all taxable property of the State, so that it read: "Provided the board of regents would comply with the law of 1855 and appoint at least one professor in the medical department of the University," thus locking up a goodly portion of the income of the University. In 1869 the regents agreed to comply with the law of 1855, providing the friends of homeopathy would secure a repeal of the obnoxious law of 1867. Although this was done, the regents acted in bad faith, and undertook to both comply with and evade the law by appointing Dr. Chas. Hempel, professor of theory and practice of medicine, and proposed to locate him in Detroit instead of Ann Arbor. The duplicity of the board was rewarded by the Auditor General of the State refusing to honor the warrants of the University, because the law of 1855 had not been complied with, the supreme court declining to take action in the matter. The University was therefore deprived of this source of revenue.

The regents finally offered to compromise on the basis of creating a branch school outside of Ann Arbor, and through certain homeopathic physicians "who had become discouraged through the unsuccessful attempts to establish a homeopathic school on the campus of the University of Michigan," conveyed to the homeopathic society their proposition of reconciliation. This question was finally referred to a

committee of the State medical society early in the seventies. Dr. Sawyer was chairman and submitted the following report, viz.:

Resolved, That when the same rights, benefits and privileges that are now enjoyed by the old school doctors shall have been accorded to homeopaths on the University campus, we will be satisfied, and not before.

Immediately following this report the doctor introduced another bill to the legislature, with a long and forcible remonstrance against further delay in granting them their rights signed by himself and two others (Dr. I. N. Eldridge, of Flint, and Robert King, of Kalamazoo), had it introduced and forced to a successful issue, in spite of the enemies within and foes without. Investigation showed the legislature's failure to make provision for supporting this new department, and the bill was a dead letter. In 1875, a bill was introduced, by parties working in the confidence, if not in the interest of the old school professors and physicians, and asking for a homeopathic college to be located at such place as would furnish the greatest inducements by way of funds, grounds, buildings, and the like, to be under the supervision of the board of regents.

After the bill had very quietly passed the senate with only four dissenting votes, Dr. Sawyer discovered the real purpose of the bill, and when it came up for action in the house had an amendment introduced virtually cutting off all after the enacting clause, and substituting the bill which passed the legislature the session previous, simply adding $6,000 for expenses.

The house failing to pass the amendment, the whole matter was laid upon the table until five o'clock the next day. The authors of the bill then fell in with the doctor for the proposed substitute, and it passed the house.

At the next meeting of the regents (June, 1875), they complied with the law and organized a homeopathic department in the University. A hospital, too, has been added to the original plant.

Doctor Sawyer has been in attendance more or less during every session of the legislature since 1867, and for ten years nearly every session of the board of regents, in the interest of homeopathy. He has refused at various times to consider proposed appointments to professorships, that nothing might embarrass his efforts to secure an acceptable school in the University of Michigan.

At the commencement exercises of the University in June, 1877, he had the proud satisfaction of occupying the same platform with the old school faculty, with the president of the University of Michigan, and witnessing the graduation of the first class from the homeopathic depart-

ment. The nucleus of the college which he was so instrumental in founding has already secured an everlasting foothold, and will ever live as a monument to him and to those who so gallantly stood by his side. The alumni of the college thus brought forth under so many difficulties are known far and wide, and wherever known respected, an honor to their Alma mater, an honor to the State of Michigan, an honor to the promoters of the college, and a blessing to mankind.

In the early history of this college, before professors were appointed to the chairs of obstetrics and surgery, Dr. A. I. Sawyer was appointed as examiner or censor for that department. He was a delegate to represent the American institute of homeopathy, also homeopathic State medical society of Michigan, at the international homeopathic congress, which met in London, England, in July, 1881, and while in Europe at that time visited Ireland, Wales, Scotland, England, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland and France. In 1885 he was elected vice president of the American institute of homeopathy, at St. Louis, Mo., and at the same session was made chairman of the committee on medical legislation of that body, which position he held till 1889.

In 1889, at Minnetonka Beach, Minnesota, the members of the national institute of homeopathy recognized the faithful labors of this untiring physician, and unanimously elected him to the presidency of the oldest medical institution in America.

In presenting his name for the honored position it was declared that to him were they indebted for the State recognition of homeopathy, that he had fought and he had conquered, that the outcome of that war was the establishing by him of an institution that would forever stand.

A great and influential school of medicine had placed him at their head. He was justly proud of the homage of the act, and his townsmen were pleased at the laurels won by one of their number. Little did any one dream that in less than two years he would be taken from life's activities to the mysteries of eternity.

Dr. Sawyer retired from all medical practice over a year ago, and since then had spent his time in enjoying the comforts and beauty of his spacious home and its elegant grounds. In his retirement the fondest care and most devoted attention have been given him by his idolizing family. About seven months ago he experienced a slight apoplectic shock at about midnight while in bed. On Thursday evening as he was eating supper he sneezed several times. He then raised his hand to his head and complained of severe pain. It was seen that his condition was alarming, and he was laid gently on the floor with

his head on a pillow. His old partner, Dr. Dawe, who resides on the next corner was summoned, and almost instantly was at the side of his friend and mentor. No help, however, could be given him, and twenty minutes later in Dr. Dawe's arms he breathed his last. Death had resulted from apoplexy caused by the bursting of a blood vessel in the head.

He disliked ostentation, and although his position as a Mason entitled him to the sacred rites of the craft and the brothers were ready to pay their last offering of esteem and respect, at an oft expressed desire only the beautiful and impressive burial service of the Episcopal church (the church of his birth and adoption, of which he was for many years a vestryman and at the time of his illness junior warden) was read, Rev. R. D. Brook officiating. He had for many years been appointed to the church convention, and was one of the electors of the late Bishop Harris.

His burial took place from his late residence Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, a very large number of his mourning fellow citizens attending his obsequies. The following gentlemen acted as bearers:

Active—C. W. Scott, Robt. Waters, Benj. Dansard, J. B. Dewey, P. B. Loranger, A. E. Dunbar, Julius Weiss, T. A. Strong.

Honorary—N. N. Kendal, H. S. Noble, J. C. Clark, Dr. Wood, Judge Morris, M. Paulding, F. Walldorf, Rev. Northrup.

Dr. Sawyers' townsmen will remember him as an affable, genial gentleman, generous and obliging. No charity appealed to him in vain, and the humblest patient commanded his utmost skill.

Among the number who testified their tribute of respect to the memory of the honored dead, were Dr. Wood of Ann Arbor, Dr. Baldwin of Coldwater, Dr. Walter Sawyer and wife of Hillsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer of Lyme, Ohio, James Sawyer of Bellevue, Ohio, J. C. Clark of Ann Arbor, Charles P. Toll of Detroit.

Conspicuous for its rare beauty among the many floral offerings was cross, four feet in height, the testimonial of loving remembrance of four brother physicians of Ann Arbor—Drs. Gatchell, McLauchlin, Mack and Wood. It was composed of calla and ascension lilies, crowned with "Virgin May" roses, resting on a background of softest green, a mass of solidity and beauty.

The gates ajar, the work and offering of one of the doctor's admiring and faithful patients, was beautiful in every detail.

The casket was covered with rare flowers in exquisite designs, each speaking of love, gratitude and a sweet appreciation for some favor, some kindness shown in the everyday life of this physician and friend.

The tulips and fragrant narcissus from his own garden were showered in abundance in every nook and niche of the room, the buds of which had been watched by him with interest and delight during the past weeks.

This life's probation task ended,

"The soul of man creates its own destiny of power;
And as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the physicians of Monroe held at Dr. Masecar's office Friday afternoon, with Dr. Masecar chairman and Dr. Southworth secretary, the following resolutions were drawn by the committee appointed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in the inscrutable ways of his Providence, to call from our midst one of our number—Dr. Alfred Isaac Sawyer; and

WHEREAS, In his death the community has lost a man who for more than thirty years has been known as a zealous, devoted and patriotic citizen; one whom his fellow men have been delighted upon more than one occasion to honor with positions of administration and trust; and his family have in his death lost a prudent and beloved husband and father;

Resolved, That in this hour of sorrow and affliction we tender to the bereaved family the assurance of our earnest and heartfelt sympathy; and further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and also furnished to the city papers.

GEO. F. HEATH,
D. DAWE,
G. B. MCCOLLUM,
Committee.

Dr. Sawyer was one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in southern Michigan, and had an extensive and lucrative practice. He married the daughter of Phillip R. and Nancy D. Toll, of Monroe, Michigan, and resided with his family, consisting of one son and one daughter, in his beautiful residence on Front street, the site of the headquarters of General Winchester, during the war of 1812–1813, until his death which occurred May 7, 1891.

Strong, tender, faithful, true. "Beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."

OAKLAND COUNTY.

O. POPPLETON.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan:

It becomes my duty as your vice president for Oakland county to prepare and present to this annual meeting a memorial report of the deaths occurring during the year closing June 1, 1891. The task has not been a pleasant one. Many of the venerable people I have known from their first coming and settlement in this, then sparsely peopled territory nearly sixty-six years ago. Many were compeers of my father and mother in the settlement of Oakland county, coming there to purchase cheap homes from the government, not having sufficient money to obtain them in the place of their birth or former homes. They have left a rich inheritance to posterity and "builded better than they knew."

In the township of Troy where my parents first settled, there are but two persons living who came before 1830.

In Bloomfield, where I now reside, there are none, and in all the townships of the county they are fast passing away. The mortality in the county has been large during the past year owing to the prevailing epidemic, la grippe. I regret that full data on many names I could not get; that while the report may not be absolutely correct in all particulars it is the nearest so, probably, that it is possible for any one to give you.

For the year closing June 1, 1891, there has been one hundred and seventy-four deaths whom I have alphabetically listed. There are nearly thirty more that I could procure no data upon and am forced to leave those names off the list.

There has been one death each at the following ages; ninety-three years eleven months seventeen days—ninety-three years eleven months nine days—ninety-three, sixty-four, sixty-three, fifty-nine, fifty-three.

Two	each	at	69, 65
Three	"	"	90, 89, 73
Four	"	"	82, 77, 67
Five	"	"	84, 72, 68
Six	"	"	91, 75
Seven	"	"	88, 87, 86, 85, 70
Eight	"	"	80, 78, 76
Nine	"	"	81, 71
Eleven		"	79
Thirteen		"	83

The greatest mortality has been at the age of eighty-three.

The average age of mortality has been at about seventy-nine and five-sevenths years, or about 13,694 years in all.

The nationality of all these people is as follows: Michigan, Canada, Scotland, one each. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, two each. Wales, three. Connecticut and Vermont, four each. Ireland, seven New Jersey, nine. England, thirteen. New York, fifty-six. Unknown, sixty-nine.

ROGER SPRAGUE, JR.

Died at his late residence in South Avon, Friday, February 22, 1891, of general debility, superinduced by old age, Roger Sprague, Jr., aged eighty-seven years.

Mr. Sprague was born in Bloomfield, Ontario county, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1804. With his father, Judge Roger Sprague, he came to Michigan in 1821. It is said that the judge was the first man to drive a team into this section of country.

At that time Oakland township comprised a large area of territory, out of which several townships have since been formed. Among these was the present township of Avon, of which Judge Roger Sprague was the first supervisor. He also took part, at Detroit, in the enactment of territorial laws for the now State of Michigan.

During the year 1827 Roger, Jr., then twenty-three years of age voted at the first township meeting held in Avon. This was also the first time he had ever voted at any election.

He was married December 27, 1836, to Miss Liddie Potter, who bore him four children—one son and three daughters, the son and two daughters still living, who with the widow mourn the loss of an affectionate father, and a true-hearted husband.

The death of Mr. Sprague closes the list of the early pioneers who first voted in this township.

Mr. Sprague was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, strong in his convictions of what constituted right and wrong, and a man whose word was as good as his bond. Upright in his dealings with his fellowman, he was a typical citizen and a man whose loss may be considered irreparable to the community in which he lived so many long years.

It is not often the lot of a wedded couple to live together uninterruptedly and happily for fifty-five years, yet this privilege was accorded Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. Together they walked hand-in-hand all these

years, and together shared the toils and hardships of pioneer life, and while he, like ripened corn, was gathered to his fathers, she is

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown"

to join him on the other side.

MRS. TRUMAN DECKER.

Sabrina Bagg Decker, widow of the late Truman Decker, died at her home, Ball Mountain, April 30, 1891, at two o'clock p. m., aged seventy-four years.

The deceased was a sister of Dr. M. L. Bagg, who died recently at Owosso, and an aunt to Mrs. C. A. Howard, of Pontiac. Mrs. Decker had been an invalid for twenty-six years. Previous to this time she was a woman of great force and energy of character.

She came to this county with her father, David Bagg, in 1824. For many years her father was a prominent resident of Pontiac. At the time of the death of her husband, September 10, 1889, they had been married fifty-three years. She leaves two daughters and one son—Mrs. Noah Tyler, of Pontiac, Mrs. Willard Fisher of Avon, and Truman Decker, who lives on the homestead.

MRS. ISAAC CASKEY.

Caroline Caskey, the widow of the late Isaac Caskey, died at the home of her children in Cleveland, Ohio, April 25, 1891, aged eighty-three years, her husband, Isaac Caskey, dying in April, 1880.

They came to Pontiac in 1837 where for many years Mr. Caskey worked at the trade of a carpenter. They were among the very earliest members of the Pontiac M. E. church, taking an active part in the spiritual and material interests of the society. In their church relations they were very devout and earnest workers in building up their Savior's kingdom on what was then the western frontier. During their long residence here they were greatly prized for their christian and moral worth.

Of their own family, the following children survive them: Samuel G. Caskey, of Detroit; Alexander C. Caskey, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Jane Canfield, of Cleveland; Mrs. Elmira J. Bigelow, Augusta, Georgia, and Mrs. Maria L. Seymour, Humbolt, Kansas. Mrs. Caskey, was a sister of Judge C. I., and E. C. Walker, of Detroit. She was buried in Oak Hill cemetery, in Pontiac, by the side of her husband.

HORACE C. THURBER.

This old and well known citizen of Pontiac, died at the home of his son-in-law, Hon. C. Stewart Draper, Saginaw, Saturday, January 24, 1891. He had been in feeble health for over a year, but was only confined to his room one week.

Mr. Thurber was born at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1813; removing to Michigan he engaged in business at Pontiac in 1835. For many years he was the leading hardware man of the county, and in matters of business no man living in Oakland county enjoyed a greater confidence with the people than Horace C. Thurber, whose safe was the repository for money and valuables. In the early history of the old Detroit and Pontiac railroad, he was the principal owner, reported at the time as selling his interests for $40,000. Confidence in his integrity drew public and private money to his safe, and he was the treasurer of many of the local societies. The Masonic bodies of Pontiac can thank Horace C. Thurber for their real estate holdings. Under his close, careful management, the nucleus was secured for the land purchase that will ultimately make for them a fraternal home.

He leaves three daughters, Mrs. C. Stewart Draper, of Saginaw; Mrs. Harry A. Conant, of Monroe, and Miss Lizzie Thurber, of Saginaw. One son survives him, Daniel D. Thurber, of Chicago. His remains were brought to Pontiac for interment.

He came to Michigan about 1832, was employed by B. B. & Wm. Morris as clerk in a general store at their mills, one and a half miles south of Bloomfield Centre.

DR. HENRY S. BUEL.

(Birmingham Eccentric.)

Dr. Henry S. Buel died on Saturday, the 10th of January, 1891.

Henry S. Buel was born in Castleton, Vermont, March 10, 1820, and was educated at the seminary of that place. In the spring of 1836 he came with his elder brother, A. W. Buel, to Detroit. After a residence of some years there he returned to his native place and entered Castleton Medical College, took his degree as M. D., and came again to Michigan in 1841. He has since resided in the village of Franklin with his family. His wife, Electa, daughter of Josiah Frost, late of Marcellus, Onondaga county, New York, son, Dr. J. A. Buel, and daughter are left to mourn his loss. He left a large circle of friends who will miss his kindly ministrations.

The life long friends of the late Dr. Henry S. Buel, desire to make

public, through the medium of The Birmingham Eccentric, their loving regard for the deceased, and to testify to his many virtues through many long years of acquaintance; and who better able to judge, than those who have been recipients of the outpourings of that great heart he always carried within his breast? And whose hand and purse was always open for every call of charity and suffering known to him.

As a physician he was skilled through a long practice and observation at the bedside of the sick and distressed; and hundreds within the radius of his ride, can truthfully testify, that his first grand object was to relieve suffering humanity, making remuneration for his services a secondary object. And although not blessed with great wealth, in a financial outlook, he bequethed to his immediate kindred, a far richer legacy than money can purchase, and that is a loving regard by all who knew him, for his unremitting efforts through his whole life to relieve suffering wherever found, and for such a life work's siege, a grateful public desire to express their lasting remembrance of one, who never wounded the feelings of others without pain to himself.

As a man he was honored and esteemed; as a neighbor he was loved and respected, and as a friend, his hand was always open to relieve "*Requiescat in pace.*"

SAMUEL ANDREWS.

(Pontiac Gazette.)

Samuel Andrews, one of the earliest settlers in West Bloomfield, died at his home, Monday morning, June 16, 1890, at the advanced age of ninety years, four months and fourteen days.

The death of Mr. Andrews was not unexpected at his great age. His weakening step and wasting vitality indicated an early dissolution. This no one realized more than himself. He would talk of the transition as a matter of business, with the unconcern of one who was prepared for the change.

His life had been spent in preparation for the summons, and when it came he was ready, yes, anxious to go. He was a good citizen, conscientious and true to life's duties. From early manhood he had been a professor of religion, and his life was a human approximation to the beatitudes and we believe he has reaped the reward of a heavenly inheritance.

Mr. Andrews was born at Berlin, Connecticut, January 21, 1800. When a young boy he moved with his parents to Whitestown, New York, where he lived until he came to Michigan in 1832. He settled

in West Bloomfield on the farm upon which he died, where he lived a period of fifty-eight years.

His first marriage was with Annie Marskley, who died in 1833, leaving four children. His second marriage was with Susan P. Cullen, in 1834, by whom he had six children, four of whom survive him, Samuel H., of Grand Rapids, Theo. H., of Mankota, Minn., Charles, on the homestead, and Mrs. Heman Horton, of Troy. He was a brother-in-law to the celebrated revival preacher, Charles Finney, of New York, under whose preaching he was converted. From early life he had been a member of the Congregational society, his first affiliation in Michigan being with the Wing Lake society which some years ago disbanded, when he united with the Pontiac Congregational society, holding his membership until his death.

His life as a christian, citizen, neighbor and parent, was the embodiment of the noblest traits of human character.

MRS. CHARITY AXFORD.

(Oakland county Post, July 18, 1890.)

Mrs. Charity Axford, grandmother of C. V. Taylor, Esq., of Pontiac, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. G. Taylor in Orion Friday, July 11, 1890, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. The deceased was born in New Jersey in 1800 and came to Michigan, and settled in Oakland township, this county, sixty years ago, when the country was a wilderness and the trees had to be marked in order to trace the way out. The companion of her pioneer days was taken from her side a quarter of a century ago, and she removed from the old farm to Rochester some twenty years ago, where she resided until about a year since. She always led a very active life.

AUNT LODEMA WASHBURNE.

Mrs. Lodema Washburne, the half century widow of William Washburne, one of the earliest pioneers of West Bloomfield, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Harris, on Judson street, Thursday, December 18, 1890, aged ninety-three years and eleven months.

The deceased was born at Rutland, Vermont, January 1, 1797; was married to William Washburne in 1819, and came to Michigan and West Bloomfield in 1831. Her husband died October 8, 1839, making her widowed life fifty-one years. In 1837 she united with an infant pioneer M. E. society at Pine Lake. In that early organization and the Pontiac M. E. church she had held a continuous membership of fifty-three years; a christian fellowship full of good works; an

exemplary and true follower of Him who was her guide in life, and stay in the hour of death. In old age, before decrepitude confined her to her home, she was prompt in attendance upon the spiritual interests of her chosen Zion, by example and precept strengthening and encouraging others struggling in the narrow way. In all things she was ready for the reaper, and has entered the home prepared by her Divine Master.

She was the mother of six children, three sons and three daughters, the following surviving her—Albert H. Washburne, of Pontiac, George D., of Washington and Mrs. W. J. Harris, of Pontiac, the latter taking care of her during her invalid years with a child's most tender consideration.

GEORGE DAVIS.

George Davis, one of the pioneers of Milford, and a man who was identified with its earlier growth and interests, died December 1, 1890, at the residence of his daughter, 52 Abbott street, Detroit, at the age of eighty-six years, five months and five days. Mr. Davis was born in Baltimore, Vermont, July 1, 1804. In 1847 he came to Milford, and in 1850 entered a partnership with W. B. Hibbard. In the same year Messrs Hibbard and Davis built the factory for the manufacture of woolen goods, which was for twenty-five years or more a leading industry of this village. In 1863, Mr. Davis became sole proprietor and conducted the business until its abandonment. For four years after he had passed his eightieth birthday Mr. Davis held the offices of village assessor and township clerk. Last April Mr. Davis and his daughter, Miss Nellie, went to Detroit to reside. He leaves four children,—Henry K. and Will A. Davis, Mrs. J. E. Maxfield of New York city and Miss Nellie Davis of Detroit.

A. BERNARD CUDWORTH.

(Pontiac Post, July 4, 1890.)

A. Bernard Cudworth, for over half a century a resident of Oakland county, died at his home on Auburn avenue, Pontiac, Thursday evening, June 26, 1890. For some two weeks Mr. Cudworth had suffered from the effects of periodical change—what he called the fever and ague. The chills became more frequent with the final development of a stomach complication, the cause of death.

Mr. Cudworth was born at Schenectady, N. Y., November 19, 1818. He came to Michigan, and the township of Avon, in 1838 or 1839. Before he came to this State he taught school in New York—a profession he followed for a short time in this State. He studied law with

Edward P. Harris. He was admmitted to the bar—as near as we have been able to ascertain—in 1842, and for some years had quite an extensive circuit court practice.

He liked politics, and for some years was an active worker in the local democratic ranks, wielding quite an influence in the party in county politics. In the spring of 1865 he was elected mayor of Pontiac, a position for which he was peculiarly fitted from his familiarity with parliamentary law. As a presiding officer he had few equals in the county; and in public affairs, this gave him recognition and prominence. During his term of office as mayor, the nation's greatest calamity occurred in the assassination of President Lincoln, when he issued an official proclamation and presided at a public meeting in recognition of the event. This was the pride of his life. Prompted by patriotic impulse, often in conversation he would speak of those sad days, and the conspicuous part he officially played in the local observance of this, the saddest event in the history of the country.

In the fall of 1882 he was elected circuit court commissioner, holding the office for one term.

When a young man he became a Mason, and an earnest student of the ritual of the order, becoming a fluent and active worker from the tessellated pavement to the temple. As the representative to the grand bodies; as master and high priest of the local orders, he soon got to the front, and in 1865 was elected deputy grand high priest, under the venerable Ebenezer Sprague, who was grand high priest. In 1866 he was exalted to the position of high priest, of the grand chapter of this State, at a convocation held at Adrian. As the writer of this was present at the session of 1867, we feel like saying to his praise, that the grand chapter never had a more efficient presiding officer. Masonically, this ended his official relations to the order. During the late years of his life he was scarcely ever absent from meetings of the local bodies, and was at all times a present aid and support in filling the position of absent officers.

Nature had been liberal in her gifts to him. He was a student of literature, and as a result was a fluent, entertaining conversationalist and a ready debater, and an eloquent advocate. Socially he possessed fine qualities, was genial, witty, and sarcastic. His weapons of defense were words, and he was always armed. Possessed of these qualities and gifts, he might have been in the front ranks of his profession in this State.

Now, that he is gone, the exclamation of those who knew him best

is, that he was possessed of traits and qualities of character to be admired.

The deceased leaves two daughters, Mrs. H. A. Scott, of Ludington, and Miss Aggie Cudworth, of Pontiac.

JOHN THOMAS.

(Pontiac Gazette.)

John Thomas, the founder of the village of Thomas, died May 6, 1891, after a month of terrible suffering. Jno. Thomas was born at Pompey Hill, state of New York, February 12, 1810. At the age of twenty-three he had become a carpenter, and started for Chicago to work at his trade. He had to wait in Detroit two days for a boat and passed the hours in wandering about the then primitive town. A broad turnpike road had been laid out from Detroit to Saginaw and he walked on it for two or three miles from Woodward avenue. Lured by its beauty he set out on foot to explore the country and one incident after another brought him to Bloomfield Center, where a contract for the building of a hotel had just fallen through, and he was induced to take the job. A little later he built a church at Troy. At the age of twenty-eight he married Mary E. Wetmore, the daughter of a sea captain who had from time to time invested largely in Michigan lands. They settled on a fine farm a portion of which is now occupied by the village which bears his name. In 1865 he purchased an interest in Paddack's mills, moved to Pontiac and built the house on Mt. Clemens street now owned by John Taylor. Nine years later when the building of the D. & B. C. R. R. changed the condition of the country, he returned to this place. He was fond of travel; while yet a boy he made his way to New Orleans and there received impressions which made him a strong abolitionist. In 1849 he went to California via the Isthmus, and in later years spent several winters there. If the man who "makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," is a benefactor, certainly much credit is due John Thomas. For, wherever he dwelt, trees, shrubs and flowers rose from the earth, to pay tribute to his taste and toil. The roadside became an avenue, the desert bloomed. If in his later years "the strange story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been in a measure repeated, there comes to all who knew him the memory of much good. He was always ready to help the poor, and glad to care for the sick. And although eccentric and deprived of the advantages of education in his youth, he was in many respects a great man.

MRS. CONSTANTINE WIXOM—MRS. BETSEY WOOD.

(Pontiac Gazette, May 18, 1891.)

The Oakland county twins, Mrs. Wixom, of Commerce, and Mrs. Betsey Wood, of Grand Ledge, have both passed over the river at the ripe age of ninety-one years. We publish from the Milford Times the following history of the aged pair of sisters, whose vision took in all of the present century:

They were born in Plainfield, New Hampshire, in 1799. Their father was a Valley Forge veteran, and they well remembered his stories of the distresses of those days. Among other incidents of their early youth they retained a vivid recollection of the terrors at that time of the total eclipse of the sun on the memorable dark day in June, 1806.

They married brothers by the names of Constantine and Jacob Wood, in 1818, removing to Perrinton, N. Y., from their early home, with only a few months' time intervening.

In 1826 they moved to Michigan, and settled in Farmington, Oakland county. Mrs. Constantine Wood was left a widow with three children a year later and her children and old time friends relate with loving admiration the story of her brave struggle with the adverse circumstances of life in a new country with her little ones to support and care for. All her energies and practical wisdom were put to a severe test, for in addition to her misfortunes at this time her home and most of her furniture was destroyed by fire, but her undaunted courage and cheerful philosophy made her equal to all the demands made upon her.

Nine years from the time she was thus bereft she married Abijah Wixom and came to Commerce township, where she has since lived. In later years she has lived in the town bearing her husband's name, and built upon the land formerly belonging to the old homestead.

For more than fifty years Mrs. Wixom has been closely related to the life of the town in which she died. Quiet and unassuming, but until extreme age debarred her from active work, ever foremost in good works, and interested in all the social life of her friends and neighbors. Their loving appreciation of her life among them was testified to by the large gathering of friends to pay the last sad rites, and the eloquent and heartfelt address of her pastor, and also the brief touching remarks given by her eldest grandson, C. A. Crawford, whose full heart could not let go unrecorded in words—that were impressive from the deep feeling that prompted speech—the loving veneration of her children and grandchildren, and something of the influence she had had over their lives. It was a spontaneous tribute that could not be withheld.

Of Mrs. Wixom's children three survive her of a family of six: Mrs. S. W. Crawford of Lansing, formerly for many years a resident of Milford; Reuben Wood, of Grand Ledge, and Willard Wixom, of Wixom, in whose home she has lived all the last years of her life, honored and well beloved. Ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren hold in loving remembrance the thoughts of the full life just rounded so well to its close.

Mrs. Wixom died January 27, 1891.

Mrs. Wood died January 29, 1891.

MRS. POLLY PIXLEY.

(Pontiac Gazette.)

Mrs. Polly Pixley, whose maiden name was Granger, was born in the town and county of Tioga, N. Y., January 10, 1803. She removed with her family to Monroe county, N. Y., in 1823. Resided there about eight years, when they came to Oakland county, Michigan, in 1831, settling on the farm where she has since lived and died. She was the mother of thirteen children, nine of whom are living, seven daughters and two sons.

She, with her husband, Jonathan Pixley, united with the Cengregational church of Rochester, nearly fifty-two years ago, and has lived a consistent, christian life, loved by all who knew her intimately.

Long years she toiled about her home,
Her loved ones in comfort to keep;
Knowing well that the time would come
When her hands would be folded in sleep.

She is now in the land of the "blest,"
Where clouds are rolled back as a scroll;
The long promised joys, now possessed,
It is well; yes, well with her soul.

What Comfort to those she has left
Provisions for "life" were ample,
Bespeaking to all now bereft,
The blessings of such an example.

Silently we'll bear her away,
And sadly we will lay her down
Tho' history but little may say,
In Heaven, she'll wear a bright crown.

HORATIO WRIGHT.

(Pontiac Gazette, February 6, 1891.)

It becomes our duty to note the death of one of our oldest and most esteemed citizens, Horatio Wright, who died at his home in

Groveland, January 27, 1891. Mr. Wright was in his seventy-fourth year. He had lived on the farm where he died for forty-three years. By industry and the strictest economy, he had wrought out a splendid home which he enjoyed for several years. Mr. Wright had been in poor health for some time, suffering from paralysis and rheumatism. He leaves three sons, three daughters and a wife to mourn his loss. The entire community will feel his loss, especially the Masonic order of which he was a true member. Mr. Wright was a life long democrat, well posted and very much intrusted in governmental offices. He had served Groveland as supervisor for seventeen years, had filled the office of justice of the peace for nearly forty years, and one term in State legislature, all of which he filled with honor to himself and justice to his constituents.

VENERABLE CHARLES TORREY.

(Pontiac Gazette.)

Charles Torrey, one of Oakland county's old pioneers, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Alderman P. J. Walton, 34 Huron street, west, Pontiac, Sunday morning, February 13, 1891, after a short illness, aged eighty-seven years.

Mr. Torrey was born near Utica, Madison county, N. Y., February 28, 1804. He came to Michigan and to Pontiac town near Auburn in 1833, four years before Michigan was admitted into the Union. He purchased one hundred acres of land of Wm. Mann, on section one, on north line of Bloomfield, and sixty acres adjoining from other parties.

From 1846 to 1883 he lived continuously on this farm. His wife died twelve years ago, and during these years he was a lonely old man, missing the companionship of her who was his solace and comfort for so many years. Since 1883 he had lived with his daughter, Mrs. P. J. Walton, of Pontiac.

He had been a member of the M. E. church for over sixty years, his first affiliation in Michigan being with the early church at Auburn. Later he united with the Pontiac M. E. church, of which he was a member at his death. He was a quiet, devoted christian man, a cheerful giver, and a faithful worker in his Master's vineyard. He had walked loyally the paths of Zion, and has entered into rest.

For many years he had been a subscriber to the denominational papers, the New York and Michigan Advocates, from whose columns he had gleaned christian consolation and intelligence for so many years.

He leaves three daughters, Mrs. P. J. Walton, of Pontiac; Mrs. Milliard, of Duluth, Minn., and Mrs. W. J. Scott, of Detroit.

MRS. REUBEN CASTLE BEACH.

(Pontiac Gazette, June 20, 1890.)

Mrs. Reuben Castle Beach, one of the oldest residents of Troy, died at her home June 17, 1890, aged eighty-five years.

She was born in Richmond, New York, and came to Michigan in 1820. She left Sackett's Harbor, October 1, 1820, embarked in "Walk-in-the-Water," the first steamer that plied lake Erie, and landed in Detroit the tenth, being ten days on the journey.

Mr. Davis, her father, took up the land from the general government, in Troy, which is the same farm on which she died. Living on the old place the entire time except eight years, when they moved on to another farm, known as the Geo. Gray farm, but subsequently returning to the old homestead. She was the daughter of Joshua and Rebecca Davis, natives of Connecticut, her father being an ocean sailor. In her death the Davis family has become extinct.

She had ten children, six girls and four boys, two sons and four girls living, viz.: D. Porter and Danford Beach, and Mrs. Henry Going, of Pontiac; Mrs. H. H. Wilson, of Waterford; Mrs. Hiram Chatfield, of Troy, and Miss Celia, a maiden lady, living at home.

She espoused religion in 1824, when she united with the Presbyterian church by letter, at Birmingham, holding to her faith in a risen Savior to the last.

JOHN HENDERSON CRAWFORD.

John Henderson Crawford, died at Wasioja, Dodge county, Wisconsin February 6, 1884, aged seventy years, seven months and twenty-one days. He was born in Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y., June 16, 1813; came to Michigan in 1825, with his parents and settled in Troy, Oakland county.

He was one of the founders of the Crawford and Chamberlin line of propellers between Chicago and Ogdensburg, established in 1851, and afterwards known as the Northern Transportation company, of which he was secretary and treasurer for many years. He was well known among shipping men on the lakes, having been actively engaged in the propeller and canal business for over twenty years, and during that time was a resident at Cleveland, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Buffalo, Milwaukee and Chicago. He was well known in Detroit where he had many friends.—*Detroit Post and Tribune February 12.*

Mr. Crawford lived in Oswego from 1860 to 1866, having charge of affairs of the Northern Transportation company at this point, and running in connection with the same, the new Oswego line of canal boats

between this city and New York. He will be remembered by his many friends as a man possessed of sterling, energetic business qualifications which were used to the best advantage in promoting the interests of the company during its most prosperous career.

After retiring from the propeller business he engaged more extensively in transportation on the Oswego and Erie canals, being principal owner of a line of forty-three boats and over two hundred horses. From here he removed to Buffalo where he disposed of his canal stock and thence to Chicago where he was employed in pier building and dredging for a number of years. From 1871 to 1875 he was engaged in the manufacture of lumber and shingles in Michigan, and in the latter year went to Minnesota where he was employed in the milling business up to a short time previous to his death, which was caused by nervous prostration and general debility. He leaves a widow, three daughters and a son.

Mr. D. H. Judson of Pontiac has for many years maintained occasional correspondence with Mr. Crawford. Among his papers Mr. Judson finds the following verses written by Mr. Crawford ten years since, and which show that that gentleman had a truly poetical nature:

Three score and one?
Sixty and one my life bells chime,
And as I list, the car of time
Goes thundering on.

Our pulses beat
And mark the time, like dancers feet,
With steady march and stately tread,
On toward the chambers of the dead,
Our last retreat.

* * * *

I caught a gleam
Of light from out hope's youthful beam,
But soon it hid away from me,
Like golden sunset in the sea;
'Twas but a dream.

I launched my bark
On proud ambition's boisterous sea,
Whose foaming waves dashed angrily—
Then all was dark.

The cold world's frown,
Bereft of riches, fame, renown,
Fell on me with its withering blast;
Its stony fingers clutched me fast,
And held me down.

* * * *

Three score and ten,
'Tis said, are given unto men,
Of years of sorrow, joy or pain,
Ere dust returns to dust again—
What then?

* * * *

We travel fast
On downward grades, nor little heed
The flitting mile-stones as we speed
The stations past.

We feel the jars
More keenly than in days gone by,
And wait to hear the brakeman's cry,
"Life's junction." "Here change cars."

* * * *

And will no ray
Of light or hope beyond the tomb
Come to dispel it's damp and gloom?
No brighter day

Dispel the night?
Comes there no answer to my prayer,
That I may meet my loved ones there,
In realms of light?

O, love divine!
Let the sweet trust that thou art mine
Sustain and comfort till the last
Of fear and disappointment's past—
Beyond the line.

J. H. C.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

Names.	Place of birth.	Date of birth.	Place and date of first residence in Michigan.	Place and date of death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Andrews, Saml.	Berlin, Ct.	Jan. 21, 1800	W. Bloomfield Oakland Co.	W. Bloomfield, June 16, 1890	90	4	25
Axford, Mrs. Charity	N. J.	1800	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1830	Orion, July 11, 1890	90		
Arnew, Thos.		Apr. 20, 1815	Holly, Oakland Co.	Holly, Aug. 31, 1890	75	4	11
Armstrong, Mrs. Josephine		June 14, 1822	Milford, Oakland Co.	Milford, Apr. 19, 1890	68	10	5
Alexander, Mrs. Eliz.	Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	Sept. 18, 1802	Troy, Oakland Co., 1825	Troy, May 3, 1891	88	7	15
Beach, Mrs. Castle	Adams, Jefferson Co., N. Y.	Nov. 9, 1804	Troy, Oakland Co., 1820	Troy, June 16, 1890	85	7	7
Beach, Mrs. Caroline M.	Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y.	Mar. 18, 1814	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1824	Farmington, July 25, 1890	76	4	11
Benjamin, James	Mendon, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1809	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1830	Farmington, Aug. 26, 1890	81		
Bussey, Calvin	Macedon, N. Y.	Nov. 28, 1807	Washtenaw Co., 1830	Holly, Oct. 27, 1890	82	10	29
Bookham, Henry	Eng.	1820	Troy, Oakland Co., 1842	Troy, Nov. 8, 1890	70		
Buel, Henry S., M. D.	Castleton, Vt.	Mar. 10, 1820	Detroit, 1836	Franklin, Jan. 10, 1891	70	10	
Botsford, Mrs. Loina	Parma, Monroe Co., N. Y.	June 14, 1818	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1835	Farmington, Jan. 18, 1891	72	7	4
Bassett, Mrs. Roxana	Ct.		Southfield, Oakland Co.	Southfield, Apr. 14, 1891	71		
Beaumont, Francis		1810	Highland, Oakland Co.	Highland, Apr. 6, 1891	81		
Beardslee, Mrs. Barbara		1806	Orion, Oakland Co.	Grand Rapids, Apr. 7, 1891	85		
Crofoot, Mrs. Hannah L.		1809	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, June 1, 1890	81		
Crouse, Mrs. Chauncey L.	N. Y.	1806	Highland, Oakland Co., 1842	Highland, June 2, 1890	84		
Cudworth, A. Bernard	Schenectady, N. Y.	Nov. 19, 1818	Avon, Oakland Co., 1839	Pontiac, Aug. 26, 1890	71	7	7
Crawford, George	Ireland	Feb. 22, 1816	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1830	Bloomfield, July 21, 1890	74	5	
Cundy, Mrs. Mary	Lincolnshire, Eng.	1802	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1855	Pontiac, Aug. 23, 1890	88		
Clark, Wm.	Ireland	Feb. 7, 1806	Independence, Oakland Co.	Holly, Sept. 27, 1890	84	7	20
Cole, Mrs. Isaiah	Palmyra, N. Y.	Jan. 20, 1819	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1821.	Pontiac, Nov. 9, 1890	71	9	19

OAKLAND COUNTY.—Continued.

Names.	Place of birth.	Date of birth.	Place and date of first residence in Michigan.	Place and date of death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Carter, John		1822	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1836	Oakwood, Nov. 9, 1890	68		
Coats, John	Gloucester Co., N. J.	Nov. 21, 1822	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1836	Oxford, Nov. 16, 1890	67	11	25
Callard, Wm.	Devonshire, Eng.	Oct. 31, 1807	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, Nov. 16, 1890	83		16
Clark, Lewis G.	Cochecton, Pa.	Mar. 18, 1826	Oakland Co., 1840	Pontiac, Dec. 5, 1890	64	8	17
Clark, Darius		Dec. 11, 1803	Troy, Oakland Co.	Troy, Dec. 14, 1890	87		3
Coonley, Saml. S.	Duchess Co., N. Y.	Feb. 2, 1807	Novi, Oakland Co.	Novi, Dec. 14, 1890	83	10	12
Coleman, Mrs. Charlotte M.		1825	Groveland, Oakland Co.	Groveland, Jan. 19, 1891	66	6	
Clark, Rev. O. E.	Truxton, N. Y.	Feb. 17, 1820	Oakland Co., 1847	Birmingham, Mar. 29, 1891	71	1	12
Callow, Mrs. Chas.	Sherborn, Brazeustock, Eng	1813	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1836	Pontiac, Apr. 3, 1891	78		
Crawford, Isaac, Sr.	Conigsby, Eng.	1798	Milford, Oakland Co.	Milford, Apr. 28, 1881	93		
Cuthbert, Mrs. Joseph		1826	White Lake, Oakland Co.	White Lake, Apr. 21, 1891	65		
Caskey, Mrs. Isaac		1808	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1837	Cleveland, O., Apr. 25, 1891	83		
Campbell, Mrs. John	Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y.	June 5, 1820	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1836	Groveland, Apr. 28, 1891	70	10	23
Crawford, Mrs. Alfred	Allegheny Co., N. Y.	Jan. 3, 1817	Milford, Oakland Co., 1833	Milford, Apr. 21, 1891	74	3	18
Campbell, Thos.		1811	Addison, Oakland Co.	Lakeville, Jan. 23, 1891	80		
Donaldson, Mrs. Hannah	New Haven, Ct.	Mar. 18, 1811	Rose, Oakland Co., 1837	Topeka, Kas., July 13, 1890	79	3	25
Davis, George	Baltimore, Vt.	July 1, 1804	Milford, Oakland Co., 1847	Detroit, Dec. 1, 1890	86	5	5
Davis, Leonard		1813	Orion, Oakland Co.	Orion, Jan. 28, 1891	78		
Dye, Mrs. Margaret	South Amboy, Middlesex Co., N. J.	1808	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1829	Walled Lake, Mar. 18, 1891	83		
Dawson, Richd.	Logie, Clackmanaushire, Scot.	1810	Wayne Co., 1832	Pontiac, Mar. 27, 1891	81		
Davis, Thos.		1820	Springfield, Oakland Co.	Davisburg, Apr. 4, 1891	71		
Decker, Mrs. Sabrina Bagg		1817	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1829	Pontiac, Apr. 30, 1891	74		

Evans, Mrs. Margaret E.	Montgomeryshire, Wales	Dec. 25, 1794	Wayne Co., 1834. Southfield, Oakland Co., 1836	W. Bloomfield, Dec. 4, 1890	95	11	9
Evans, James		1806	Commerce, Oakland Co.	Walled Lake, Apr. 19, 1890	86		
Eno, Mrs. Mary		1807	Highland, Oakland Co.	Highland, Apr. 19, 1890	84		
Fillmore, Mrs. Julia		1801	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1840	Lansing, June 28, 1890	89		
Fossmire, Mrs. Julia A.	Clyde, N. Y.	1810	Oakland Co.	Pontiac, Sept. 3, 1890	80		
Frisbie, Mrs. Philip		1811	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1831	Springfield, Dec. 1, 1890	79		
Flint, Mrs. Mary		1811	Novi, Oakland Co.	Bay City, Apr. 11, 1891	80		
Flumerfelt, Bethul		1824	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1834	Oakland, April 9, 1891	67		
Fosdick, Mrs. Esther	Clinton, Duchess Co., N. Y.	Jan. 15, 1808	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1835	Oakland, May 1, 1891	83	3	16
Gale, Wm. J.		1823	White Lake, Oakland Co.	White Lake, June 29, 1890	67		
Garner, John	N. J.	1820	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1833	Holly, June 29, 1890	70		
Gage, Mrs. L.	Salem, N. Y.	1802	Sprinfield, Oakland Co., 1857	Pontiac, Aug. 3, 1890	88		
Giddings, Mrs. Ethana		Jan. 25, 1805	Highland, Oakland Co.	Highland, Aug. 12, 1890	85	6	17
Gardner, Franklin		1810	Holly, Oakland Co., 1840	Holly, Oct. 31, 1890	80		
Gibson, James		1802	Milford, Oakland Co.	Milford, Sept. 15, 1890	88		
Gregory, John	Oxfordshire, Eng.	Mar. 8, 1825	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1841	Pontiac, Oct. 10, 1890	65	7	2
Graecen, Mrs. John	Frankfort, Herkimer Co., N. Y.	Jan. 2, 1823	Milford, Oakland Co., 1835	Milford, Jan. 20, 1891	68		18
Greer, Mrs. John, Sr.	Orange Co., N. Y.	1814	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1840	Bloomfield, Apr. 3, 1891	77		
Gamble, James		1820	Milford, Oakland Co.	Detroit, Mar. 10, 1891	71		
Goff, Sylvester D.		1812	Brandon, Oakland Co.	Brandon, Apr. 1, 1891	79		
Horton, Mrs. Mary E.		1816	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1836	Fenton, June 5, 1890	74		
Hadley, Mrs. Joseph	Munda, Livingston Co., N. Y.	June 28, 1818	Holly, Oakland Co., 1833	Holly, June 22, 1890	72		
Hersey, James		1804	Avon, Oakland Co,, 1818	Rochester, July 7, 1890	86		
Hicks, Mrs. Eliz.	Charlton, Saratoga Co., N. Y.	Jan. 20, 1820	Rose, Oakland Co., 1838	Rose, Nov. 5, 1890	70	9	15
Harris, Solon		1818	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Jan., 1891	73		
Hart, Abram	Sussex Co., N. J.	Mar. 15, 1808	Orion, Oakland Co., 1834	Orion, Mar. 30, 1891	83		15
Hart, Wm.	Sussex Co., N. J.	Mar. 15, 1808	Orion, Oakland Co., 1834	Pontiac, Mar. 31, 1891	83		16
Holmes, Hiram C.		1805	Commerce, Oakland Co.	Commerce, Apr. 14, 1891	86		

OAKLAND COUNTY.—Continued.

Names.	Place of birth.	Date of birth.	Place and date of first residence in Michigan.	Place and date of death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Haff, Edwin	Sand Lake, Renssalaer Co., N. Y.	Aug. 14, 1814	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Sterling, Macomb Co., Apr. 16, 1891	76	8	2
Hoyt, Wm. C.	N. Y.	1816	Milford, Oakland Co., 1842	Sodus, N. Y., Apr. 22, 1891	75		
Hix, Mrs. Frederick		1808	Oxford, Oakland Co.	Oxford, Mar. 12, 1891	83		
Irish, Benj.	Newburg, Orange Co., N. Y.	July 26, 1831	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co.	W. Bloomfield, Oct. 3, 1890	59	2	7
Irish, Mrs. Benj.—Julia	Newburg, Orange Co., N. Y.	June 23, 1837	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co.	W. Bloomfield, Oct. 14, 1890	53	3	21
Jones, Mrs. Henry N.	Monmouthshire, Wales	Aug. 15, 1809	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1836	Waterford, Oct. 21, 1890	81	2	6
Jones, Mrs. Teressa	Palmyra, N. Y.	Sept. 2, 1805	Avon, Oakland Co., 1835	Brandon, Mar. 26, 1891	85	6	24
Jones, Wm. R.	Monmouthshire, Wales	June 16, 1806	Detroit, 1837	Waterford, Mar. 3, 1891	84	8	17
James, Edmund	Avon, Oakland Co., Mich.	Feb. 19, 1825	Avon, Oakland Co., 1825	Bloomfield, Mar. 4, 1891	66		13
Knapp, Calvin R.		1809	Milford, Oakland Co., 1832	Rogersville, Genesee Co., Sept. 7, 1890	81		
Kinckerner, Mrs. Cath.		1805	Independence, Oakland Co.	Clarkston, Apr. 2, 1891	86		
Kirby, Mrs. A.		Aug. 23, 1804	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Mar. 21, 1891	86	6	28
King, James	Bedfordshire, Eng.	Oct. 2, 1805	Troy, Oakland Co., 1834	Birmingham, Apr. 27, 1891	85	6	25
Leach, Benj.	Marithon, Cortland Co., N. Y.	Apr. 20, 1808	Troy, Oakland Co., 1854	Royal Oak, June 29, 1890	82	2	9
Lockwood, Mrs. John O.	Duchess Co., N. Y.	1821	Highland, Oakland Co., 1843	Milford, Aug. 9, 1890	69		
Lanning, Mrs. Ann	Warren Co., N. J.	Dec. 14, 1811	Orion, Oakland Co.	Orion, Sept. 6, 1890	79		
Lee, Mrs. Horatio	Shenango Co., N. Y.	Aug. 11, 1807	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1826	Southfield, Dec. 26, 1890	83	4	15
Leach, Mrs. Benj.—Marilla Page	Cincinnatus, Cortland Co., N. Y.	Mar. 16, 1813	Troy, Oakland Co., 1854	Royal Oak, Mar, 16, 1891	78		
Linabury, Mrs. H. C.	Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y.	Feb. 11, 1823	Lapeer Co., later Oakland Co., 1830	St. Paul, Minn., Apr. 13, 1891	68	2	2
Mann, Earnest		1808	Addison, Oakland Co., 1836	Addison, June 15, 1890	82		
McKinley, Andrew, Sr.	Ireland	1799	Oakland Co.	Oil City, Pa., Aug. 16, 1890	91		
Moody, W. H.		1816	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Sept, 9, 1890	74		

Mead, Mrs. Henry	Saratoga Co., N. Y.	Oct. 7, 1816	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1838	Pontiac, Nov. 1, 1890	74		24
McNulty, Thos.	Monagan, Ireland	Aug. 11, 1811	White Lake, Oakland Co., 1829	White Lake, Nov. 3, 1890	79	2	22
Masey, Geo. A.		1803	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Dec. 3, 1890	87		
Masey, Mrs. Geo. A.		1811	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Dec. 21, 1890	79		
Mooney, Geo.	Yorkshire, Eng.	March, 1807	Springfield, Oakland Co., 1854	Troy, Dec. 7, 1890	83	9	
Moon, Mrs. Stephen	N. Y.	1812	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1853	Waterford, Jan. 30, 1891	79		
McCoy, Mrs. Isabell	Londonderry, Ireland	May 14, 1805	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1830	Commerce, Mar. 31, 1891	85	10	17
Martin, Amos		October, 1815	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, Apr. 21, 1891	76	7	
Merwin, Midwell	Caro, N. Y.	Aug. 1, 1805	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1835	Groveland, May 30, 1891	85	9	29
Nicholson, Mrs. Henry		1818	Milford, Oakland Co., 1840	Milford, Aug. 26, 1890	72		
Nelson, Mrs. S. A.		1802	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Apr. 13, 1891	89		
Ormsby, Mrs. Philip R. J.		May 23, 1812	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1850	Commerce, July 7, 1890	78	1	14
Orr, Charles M.	Mauch Chunck, Pa.	Nov. 27, 1808	Commerce, Oakland Co., 1837	Walled Lake, Nov. 10, 1890	81	11	13
Owen, Mrs. Olive	Hartford, Ct.	March, 1802	Waterford, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, Jan., 1891	89		
Peacock, Nicholas	Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.	June 21, 1811	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1835	Pontiac, July 1, 1890	79		10
Parr, John		1814	Avon, Oakland Co.	Romeo, July 8, 1890	76		
Phillips, Mrs. Jane	White Creek, Washington Co., N. Y.	May 29, 1808	Troy, Oakland Co., 1831	Clarkston, Oct. 3, 1890	82	4	4
Pope, Wm. A.		1814	Highland, Oakland Co., 1833	Highland, Nov. 26, 1890	76		
Phelps, Wm. H.	Whitestone, Oneida Co., N. Y.	June 16, 1820	Troy, Oakland Co., 1832	Troy, Dec. 12, 1890	70	5	26
Pickett, Mrs. Marietta		1817	Novi, Oakland Co.	Novi, Dec. 16, 1890	73		
Pixley, Mrs. Polly	Tioga, Tioga Co., N. Y.	Jan. 9, 1803	Avon, Oakland Co, 1835	Avon, Dec. 27, 1890	88		
Pollock, Robt.		1813	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, Jan. 2, 1891	78		
Pearsell, Mrs. Sally		1800	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1837	Flint, Feb. 20, 1891	91		
Perkins, Ephraim	Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y.	Feb. 19, 1804	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1830	Southfield, Apr. 7, 1891	87	1	18
Predmore, Alanson		1813	Orion, Oakland Co., 1850	Orion, Apr. 15, 1891	78		
Parks, Mansfield	Baptist Town, N. Y.	1817	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1853	Oxford, Apr. 23, 1891	74		
Philbrick, Mrs. Mary		1814	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Farmington, May 2, 1891	77		

OAKLAND COUNTY.—Continued.

Names.	Place of birth.	Date of birth.	Place and date of first residence in Michigan.	Place and date of death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Powers, Russell H.		1812	Avon, Oakland Co.	Avon, May 2, 1891	79		
Ransford, Mrs. Sarah	Chautauqua Co., N. Y.	1810	Avon, Oakland Co., 1830	Richmond, Mich., July 22, 1890	80		
Rose, Mrs. Calvin	Sand Lake, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.	May 18, 1815	Highland, Oakland Co., 1836	Pontiac, Sept. 15, 1890	75	3	27
Robinson, James	Lincolnshire, Eng.	1813	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1838	W. Bloomfield, Oct. 7, 1890	77		
Roe, Mrs. Emeline	Warwick, Orange Co., N. Y.	Dec. 21, 1802	Independence, Oakland Co., 1852	Independence, Oct. 10, 1890	87	9	19
Rose, Rev. John F.		July 28, 1807	Orion, Oakland Co.	Orion, Nov. 16, 1890	83	3	18
Redfield, Mrs. Benj.	Fabius, N. Y.	July 14, 1810	Oakland, Oakland Co., 1844	Pontiac, Apr. 14, 1891	80	9	
Ritchie, Mrs. Ann	Parish Killinchy, County Down, Ireland	1815	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1837	Groveland, Apr. 15, 1891	76		
Robinson, Albert		1804	Milford, Oakland Co.	Lansing, Apr. 22, 1891	87		
Smith, Wm.	Balleymorey, Antrim Co., Ireland	1803	Southfield, Oakland Co., 1842	Southtfield, June 16, 1890	87		
Stark, Aaron		1800	Independence, Oakland Co.	Owosso, July 13, 1890	90		
Spear, Moses G.	Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	1807	Macomb Co., later Oakland Co., 1836	White Lake, July 30, 1890	83		
Sebring, Lewis	Lodi, N. Y.	June 20, 1809	Milford, Oakland Co., 1845	Milford, Aug. 8, 1890	81	1	18
Serviss, Wm.		1813	Farmington, Oakland Co.	Greenville, Sept. 5, 1890	77		
Starks, Eliz.		1810	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1840	Otter Lake, Nov. 30, 1890	80		
Stanlake, Robt.	Devonshire, Eng.	July 5, 1824	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1835	Pontiac, Dec. 24, 1890	66	5	19
Sturman, Wm.	Erich, Eng.	May 7, 1822	Wayne Co., later Oakland Co., 1850	Birmingham, Dec. 29, 1890	67	7	22
Sprague, Roger	Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y.	Sept. 4, 1804	Avon, Oakland Co., 1821	Avon, Feb. 20, 1891	86	5	16
Shear, John		1815	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Lyon, Feb. 26, 1891	76		
Shetler, Wm.	Vt.	1803	Brandon, Oakland Co., 1839	Brandon, Mar. 16, 1891	88		
Simonson, Alvin D.	Roxbury, Delaware Co., N. Y.	Mar. 26, 1821	Royal Oak, Oakland Co., 1831	Bloomfield, Jan. 22, 1891	69	9	16
Spencer, Mrs. M. J.		1816	Pontiac, Oakland Co.	Pontiac, Apr. 16, 1891	75		

Slaght, Matthias		1820	Avon, Oakland Co.	Rochester, Apr. 17, 1891	71		
Sulley, Z. L.	Monroe Co., N. Y.	Aug. 31, 1811	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1830	W. Bloomfield, Apr. 26, 1891	79	7	25
Snyder, Sarah A.		1819	Oxford, Oakland Co.	Oakland, Mar. 13, 1891	72		
Sprague, Henry	Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1808	Troy, Oakland Co., 1823	Sauk Center, Minn., May 3, 1891	83		
Townsend, Mrs. Maria		1812	Addison, Oakland Co.	Addison, Dec. 18, 1890	79		
Tucker, Mrs. Laura		1815	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Detroit, Jan. 14, 1891	76		
Thurber, Horace C.	Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y.	1813	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1835	Saginaw, Jan. 24, 1891	78		
Torrey, Charles	Utica, Madison Co., N. Y.	Feb. 28, 1804	Pontiac, Oakland Co., 1833	Pontiac, Feb. 13, 1891	86	11	15
Totten, Chauncey		1825	Rose, Oakland Co.	Rose, Apr. 22, 1891	66		
Thomas, John	Pompey Hill, N. Y.	Feb. 10, 1810	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1833	Thomas Station, May 5, 1891	81	2	23
Valler, Edmond		1819	Holly, Oakland Co., 1855	Holly, July 27, 1890	71		
VanSyckle, Wm. K.	N. J.	1819	Independence, Oakland Co., 1835	Waterford, Aug. 29, 1890	71		
Vantyne, Mrs. Peter	N. Y.	May 27, 1816	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1840	Atlas, Genesee Co., Sept. 20, 1890	74	3	28
Wilkins, James		1799	Groveland, Oakland Co.	Groveland, June 17, 1890	91		
White, Wm.	Kent Co., Eng.	1822	Detroit, later Oakland Co., 1837	Royal Oak, June 24, 1890	68		
Williams, Ephraim S.	Concord, Mass.	Feb. 7, 1802	Detroit, 1815, Waterford, Oakland Co., 1819	Flint, July 20, 1890	88	5	13
Warren, Perry		1818	Holly, Oakland Co.	Holly, July 21, 1890	72		
Waterbury, Archibald	Nassau, N. Y.	1806	Troy, Oakland Co., 1836	Milford, Sept. 9, 1890	84		
Wallace, Andrew C.	Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y.	Jan. 13, 1814	Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1829	Birmingham, Oct. 12, 1890	75	8	29
Wilson, Mrs. Hannah	Canada	1817	Oxford, Oakland Co., 1856	Orion, Oct. 17, 1890	73		
Ward, Thos.		Sept. 24, 1824	Milford, Oakland Co.	Milford, Oct. 19, 1890	66		25
Wallace, Mrs. James		1799	White Lake, Oakland Co.	White Lake, Nov. 16, 1890	91		
Washburn, Mrs. Lodema	Rutland, Vt.	Jan. 1, 1797	W. Bloomfield, Oakland Co., 1831	Pontiac, Dec. 18, 1890	93	11	17
Willcox, John	Somersetshire, Eng.	1821	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1840	Farmington, Jan. 9, 1891	70		
Wixom, Mrs. Lucy—Twin	Plainfield, N. H.	October, 1799	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1826	Walled Lake, Jan. 27, 1891	91	3	
Wood, Mrs. Betsey—Twin	Plainfield, N. H.	October, 1799	Farmington, Oakland Co., 1826	Grand Ledge, Jan. 29, 1891	91	3	
Waugh, Mrs. Charles		1811	Bloomfield, Oakland Co.	Thomasville, Ga., Jan. 29, 1891	80		

OAKLAND COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Names.	Place of birth.	Date of birth.	Place and date of first residence in Michigan.	Place and date of death.	Age.		
					Years.	Months.	Days.
Wright, Horatio		1817	Groveland, Oakland Co., 1848	Groveland, Jan. 29, 1891	74		
Wilson, Henry H.	Oneida Co., N. Y.	June 10, 1827	Kent Co., later Oakland Co., 1843	Pontiac, Mar. 6, 1891	63	8	26
Wheeler, Morris	Mass.	1816	Highland, Oakland Co., 1841	Clyde, Apr. 10, 1891	75		
Yerkes, Joseph		1815	Lyon, Oakland Co.	Lyon, Sept. 6, 1890	75		

Respectfully submitted,

O. POPPLETON,

Vice Prest. for Oakland County.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

CHAS. W. GRANT.

Name.	Date of death.	Place of death.	Age.
Constantine Beierle	June 29, 1890	Saginaw	58
William Smith	August 18, 1890	Saginaw	50
David E. Benjamin	August 25, 1890	Saginaw	68
Mrs. Ruth Ripley	September 6, 1890	Saginaw	80
James Murphy	October 15, 1890	Jamestown	52
Joseph Beach	October 18, 1890	Saginaw	------
Mrs. D. L. Reading	November 23, 1890	Saginaw	86
Leonard Blakely	November 23, 1890	Bridgeport	67
Ignatz Betzner	November 23, 1890	Saginaw	67
Reuben Humphrey	November 24, 1890	Saginaw	65
Ferdinand Haben	November 23, 1890	Pontiac	42
David Geddes	December 1, 1890	Thomastown	59
F. P. Woodruff	December 26, 1890	Saginaw	70
George Moiles	February 5, 1891	Saginaw	82
Edwin Eddy	February 6, 1891	Saginaw	74
Seth Willey	February 7, 1891	Saginaw	79
Seth G. Huckins	March 1, 1891	Pontiac	46
Mrs. Christiana Green	March 4, 1891	Kochville	84
Mrs. Charles H. Richman	March 7, 1891	Saginaw	53
Mrs. John Liebold	March 7, 1891	Saginaw	71
James Nau-qua-chic-a-ming	March 21, 1891	Saginaw	------
William H. Clark	March 21, 1891	Saginaw	51
Camille Marcotte	April 19, 1891	Saginaw	50
Prof. Constantine Watz	April 20, 1891	Saginaw	60
Prof. A. A. DeLude	April 20, 1891	Saginaw	42
Mrs. Julia Smith	April 20, 1891	Saginaw	------
George Willson	April 19, 1891	Saginaw	62
Adam Martins	April 30, 1891	Carrollton	86
Jacob Fust	May 2, 1891	Saginaw	63

CONSTANTINE BEIERLE.

Death has again entered the ranks of the newspaper workers of Saginaw and removed therefrom another of the veterans of the profession, a man whose pen has ever been employed in the upbuilding of the city, whose aim has been the welfare and interests not alone of his people but the whole community. Constantine Beierle is dead.

The announcement that the pulsations of his heart had ceased was

not received with great surprise, because of the known fact that for a long time he had been suffering from disease which was constantly sapping his life and strength. Nevertheless there was a general expression of sorrow and citizens united in a tribute to his worth and work. For a long time Mr. Beierle had been unable to walk, and except to ride in his carriage did not leave his home. Therein, however, he was actively engaged in writing until almost the last moment. Sunday afternoon, June 29, 1890, he enjoyed a drive about the city, and returning in the early evening complained of fatigue, but nothing serious. After tea he laid down to rest and did not rise again, passing away quietly about ten o'clock.

Mr. Beierle was born in Rottweil, Wurtemburg, in 1832, and in that country acquired a good education. He came to the United States in 1850, at the age of eighteen, and learned the trade of tombstone manufacturer, thinking he was especially fitted for this by his training in drawing. He soon found out, however, that west of New York, skill in drawing was not a requisite factor in the cutting of tombstones and monuments. He continued in this occupation, however, much of the time traveling, until 1857, when he discovered the business was impairing his health. The year following he became business manager of the Michigan Staats Zeitung, a newly established daily and weekly paper published at Detroit. In 1859 he became a partner in the business, and the paper was published by the firm of DeHass & Beierle until 1864, when they sold their interests to the Michigan Volksblatt, another German daily publication at Detroit. The next year Mr. Beierle became connected with the then prosperous daily and weekly Michigan Journal, the oldest German daily in Michigan, as general agent, which position he filled until February, 1870, when he was called to this city by the Germania society to take charge of the Saginawer Zeitung, established in 1868. In 1872 he organized a joint stock company, the Saginawer Zeitung company, and the paper is still published under the firm name, although it is generally understood Mr. Beierle in later years owned and controlled the entire stock of the paper.

Surviving him are a widow and five children, Albert who will continue the publication of the Zeitung, Hugo, Constantine, Martha and Alma.

WILLIAM SMITH.

William Smith, aged fifty years, died August 18, 1890, after a long illness caused by a complication of diseases. The deceased has resided here since 1852 and was a veteran of the war. He leaves a widow, one son and a daughter.

Mr. Smith's uniform good character during his many years' residence in the Saginaw valley won for him a host of friends.

He was a member of Post Morgan L. Gage, G. A. R. William Smith was an honest man—"the noblest work of God."

DAVID E. BENJAMIN.

David E. Benjamin died at the Saginaw hospital August 25, 1890. He was born at De Ruyter, Courtland county, New York, May 1, 1822, and was united in marriage to Margaret Sundy of that place in 1843, and came to Michigan where he settled at Brandon in Oakland county. Two children, Elizabeth and Ellen blessed this union, and the wife and mother died in 1863. Mr. Benjamin married Addine Coney, of Mt. Morris, New York, November 30, 1865, and they had one child, Lilian. He first became a resident of Saginaw in 1848, and was actively engaged in the lumber business here for twenty years.

In 1868 he moved out to the farm, which has been the family home from that time until the present. He was of the Methodist faith and a good man. Mrs. Benjamin and three children, Elizabeth, Lilian and Ellen, survive him, all of whom are in Saginaw except Ellen, who is married to William Lilly and lives in Texas.

MRS. RUTH RIPLEY.

Mrs. Ruth Ripley, beloved wife of Hon. T. C. Ripley, breathed her last September 6, 1890, at the advanced age of eighty years. Thirty-four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Ripley came to Saginaw county and settled on a farm on the banks of Tittabawassee river, six miles from the city, where they continued to reside, honored, respected, loved by their neighbors and hundreds of friends, until within the past two months. Since that time they have resided with their daughter, Mrs. S. B. Williams.

Coming here with the pioneers of the county and helping her husband to carve out a home in the then wilds of this county, she endeared herself to hundreds, and all through the long years of hardships and privations incident to pioneer life she never forgot allegiance to her husband, her children or her Maker, and she died as she had lived, a noble woman, one of God's greatest blessings. Her husband and one daughter, Mrs. S. B. Williams, are the only surviving members of the family, and to these the whole city extend sympathy.

JAMES MURPHY.

James Murphy the well known brickmaker, of Jamestown, died of

dropsy of the heart, Oct. 15, 1890. He was fifty-two years of age and leaves a widow, eleven children, three brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. The deceased was born in County Mayo, Ireland, and moved to America in early manhood, settling at Ann Arbor, from which place he came here twenty-seven years ago. He was the most genial of companions, a true friend to all, and his death is a sad loss to the community in which he resided.

JOSEPH BEACH.

Joseph Beach who died Oct. 18, 1890, was born in Penfield, N. Y., and moved to Saginaw when but nine years of age, and here he has resided the greater part of his time since, with the exception of a few years spent in Chicago, where he was engaged in the clothing business. At one time he was in partnership with A. A. Tripp, of the Excelsior Clothing House, in a large clothing store in the Andre block, which property Mr. Beach formerly owned.

Mr. Beach was a prominent Mason and had attained the thirty-second degree. He leaves a widow and two children, a son and daughter to mourn the loss of a loving husband, a kind and generous father. He numbered his friends by the hundreds, and all feel deeply the loss of one so highly respected, as friend, companion and business man.

MRS. D. L. READING.

Mrs. D. L. Reading died Nov. 23, 1890, at the residence of Mrs. D. D. Keeler, 808 North Washington avenue, after a short illness, of old age. She was a highly respected, God fearing lady having been connected with the Methodist church for sixty years.

Deceased was born Nov. 20, 1804, at Candor, Tioga county, N. Y., and moved to Michigan in 1838, settling in Shiawassee county. She came to Saginaw in 1850 and has resided here ever since. She leaves a daughter—Mrs. D. D. Keeler, of Saginaw. Her husband, D. L. Reading died in February, 1872.

LEONARD BLAKELY.

Leonard Blakely, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Bridgeport, died Nov. 23, 1890. His wife left him at home when she went to church, and on her return found him lying on the bed dead. Mr. Blakely was sixty-seven years old, and had held the office of justice of the peace in Bridgeport for many years. He leaves a widow and one son, Kirby Blakely. The deceased had lived in Bridgeport for nearly thirty years.

IGNATZ BETZNER.

Ignatz Betzner, aged 67 years, died Nov. 23, 1890, at his residence, 917 Cherry street, after a short illness. He had lived in Saginaw thirty-four years and owned the property once where the Bearinger block now is.

REUBEN HUMPHREY.

Reuben Humphrey died Nov. 24, 1890 at his late residence, 633 Bundy street, south end, of paralysis, aged sixty-five years. On the seventh day of March, 1886, Mr. Humphrey had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. At times he seemed much better, but his family and friends were well aware that the end must come soon.

The deceased was born in Canada and came to Saginaw thirty years ago. He was a man of sterling character, respected and beloved by all. A bereaved wife, one son and one daughter are left to mourn his departure.

FERDINAND HABEN.

Ferdinand Haben, a well known resident of Saginaw died at the insane asylum at Pontiac, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23, 1890.

Deceased was born at Syracuse, N. Y., forty-two years ago and came to Saginaw when sixteen years of age and has resided here since, engaging in varions occupations. For several years he conducted a salt block in the southern part of the city for Swift and Lockwood. Mr. Haben was physically one of the finest specimens of manhood who ever resided in Saginaw, and considerable of an athlete. He was a member of the fire department several years, when there was a fierce though friendly rivalry between hose companies, being foreman of the then famous "Hill Boys." He was also a member of the famous Wah-Wah-Sum boat club, an organization which had a world wide reputation. He held the office of constable of the old sixth, now the fifteenth ward and from 1880 to 1884 was marshal of the city of Saginaw. He was a good official and made many friends by the fidelity with which he discharged the duties of his office. Since retiring from that office he has conducted the palace steam laundry on Hamilton street, until failing health necessitated his retirement from business, and since that time his wife has conducted the business.

DAVID GEDDES.

David Geddes, so well and favorably known to the people of Saginaw

and the surrounding country, met a sad and terrible death at his residence in Thomastown, December 1, 1890.

The deceased was born in Ontario and came to Thomastown in 1860 and was fifty-nine years of age. He was a man greatly esteemed by all and whom nearly everybody knew. He was a member of the Saginaw farmers' club and at one time superintendent and one of the directors of the northeastern Michigan fair association. A bereaved wife and four children are thus left to mourn his sad death. The community will also miss him as a true and honorable citizen and business man.

F. P. WOODRUFF.

F. P. Woodruff, a pioneer resident of Saginaw county, who had been suffering some time from consumption, died at his residence, 1102 Mackinaw street, Dec. 26, 1890. Deceased was born at Detroit, September 26, 1820, and was therefore seventy years of age. He came to Saginaw when thirty years of age, and during the past forty years has been a resident of Saginaw. Very few men were more widely known than "Pony" Woodruff, as he was familiarly called, and his genial disposition made him many warm friends. He was twice married and leaves a widow and daughter to mourn his loss. He was engaged in the business of manufacturing tombstones.

GEORGE MOILES.

February 5, 1891, at the home of his son-in-law, Hugh Jenkins, George Moiles completed the journey of life and was gathered to his fathers. He was eighty-two years of age. Deceased had been in feeble health for some time, but the immediate cause of his death was heart failure. He was one of Saginaw's oldest settlers, coming here with his wife in 1850, and residing here continuously since. His wife Catherine B. Moiles, died in May, 1883. He leaves five sons, James, John, Bart, George and Charles Moiles, and one daughter, Mrs. Hugh Jenkins.

EDWIN EDDY.

A good man, an honorable and widely respected gentleman; prominent in business affairs in Saginaw and the Saginaw valley for twenty-seven years; an American who knew the duties of good citizenship and practiced the virtues of doing well all he undertook; such was Edwin Eddy who laid down the burdens of a long and useful life at his residence, 426 North Jefferson avenue, Feb. 6, 1891.

Edwin Eddy was born in Eddington, Maine, January 18, 1817, and was a son of Eleazer and Sylvia Eddy. His father was born in the

same town in 1790, and died March 13, 1826, when the subject of this sketch was but nine years of age, leaving a large family. Edwin Eddy then resided with his uncle and other relatives until he was seventeen years old, when he commenced the life of a lumberman, which he followed to the end of his long life and achieved success. He was for some years a member of the lumber firm of Eddy, Murphy & Co., at Bangor, Me. On January 2, 1864, Mr. Eddy arrived in Saginaw in which he has since resided, engaging actively in lumbering, the firm being Eddy, Avery & Murphy. It was subsequently changed to Eddy, Avery & Co., and still later to Eddy, Avery & Eddy. The firm operated an extensive saw mill and salt works at Bay City, and was largely interested in pine lands. Mr. Eddy was most modest and unobtrusive among men. In his native state he served as member of the state legislature and filled other local offices of trust. He was administrator of the estate of Jonathan Eddy, of Maine, and of the late Newell Avery, of Detroit, and performed the duties with the same fidelity and excellent judgment that were distinguishing characteristics of his life. He was at his death president of the East Saginaw National bank; vice-president of and a member of the board of directors of the Savings bank of East Saginaw, and was an honored member of the Saginaw board of trade. Mr Eddy was a republican in politics, although not an active political worker. He was liberal in his religious convictions and an earnest adherent of the Universalist faith. In 1840 he was united in marriage to his own cousin, Miss Celia A. Eddy, a most estimable lady. The fruits of this union were seven children, of whom four are now living, Mrs. T. E. Dorr and Mrs. Ellen A. Eddy of Saginaw; Charles A. and Selwyn Eddy of Bay City. Mrs. Eddy's death preceded that of her husband seven years. Mr. Eddy was also an uncle of J. Frank Eddy of Bay City, of the firm of Eddy, Avery & Eddy, and also an uncle of Charles F. Eddy of Eddy Bros. & Co., of Bay City. Mr. Ezra Richardson and Lloyd Q. Richardson, of Saginaw, are half brothers of deceased.

SETH WILLEY.

The venerable Seth Willey has been gathered to his fathers, and the places which so many years have known him will now know him no more forever. He had been steadily declining in health for a long time, and more than a year had been confined to his room. Sunday evening, February 7, 1891, the lamp of life which was burning very low flickered and then went out, and with the exclamation: "O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" Mr. Willey ceased to breathe.

Deceased was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1812, and removed to Saginaw in 1839. He was united in marriage in 1846 to Miss Clarissa Chamberlain, who survives him. They had one son, James, who resides with his mother. Mr Willey was well known to the older residents of the city and was universally respected because of his excellent qualities of head and heart. He served the city as supervisor and justice of the peace many years and in every office and calling was faithful to the trust reposed in him.

SETH G. HUCKINS.

Seth G. Huckins died at the dawn of Sunday, March 1, 1891, at the Eastern Michigan Asylum at Pontiac.

Mr. Huckins was born in Maine forty-six years ago and came to Saginaw in 1866, first entering the law office of Hon. H. H. Hoyt. Afterwards he became connected in business with William Sutherland and later with Judge W. S. Tennant. He had a high rating in legal circles, and he was looked up to as one of the leading members of the bar. About ten years ago he was stricken with paralysis and soon after that, reason was dethroned and he became, physically and mentally, as an infant. He was at one time a justice of the peace and was also a charter member of the local lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, being at one time chief officer of the lodge in Saginaw. His life was insured for $4,000, of which amount $2,000 are in the fraternal organization referred to. Mr. Huckins leaves a widow and one son.

MRS. CHRISTIANA GREEN.

Mrs. Christiana Green, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Allison, in Kochville, Wednesday, March 4, 1891, and who was buried from St. John's Episcopal church Friday, was one of the pioneers of Saginaw, having lived here more than half a century. She was born at St. Mary's, Islington, Midland county, England, in 1807. She was married at the age of twenty to the late Charles Wickham. They lived for six years in London and then Mr. Wickham came to America to seek a more healthful climate. Finding that his health improved here he wrote to his wife that he would return to England for her and the children and close up their business there. She thought it unnecessary for him to come, however, and after writing him to that effect arranged to leave her English home with her three small children. It was before the days of palatial steamships, and the sailing vessel on which they took passage met with a mishap, so that their

voyage consumed six months. When they arrived in New York Mr. Wickham, who had never received his wife's letter, had gone to Massachusetts. The family were soon reunited, however, and lived in the east several years. In 1840 they came to Saginaw. The journey from Flint here was made in an ox cart. Mr. Wickham lived only a month after reaching here. In 1843 Mrs. Wickham was married to Edward Green. He died in 1871 and for the past fourteen years Mrs. Green has lived with her oldest daughter, Mrs. Allison. She was an active, earnest woman, though enfeebled by age of late. Her death was the peaceful falling asleep of one who had the consciousness of a life work finished. For four score years and four she had done what she could to make those around her happier. She was the mother of eleven children, seven of whom survive her: John and Reuben Wickham, of Tittabawassee, Mrs. J. Allison, of Kochville, Mrs. George Culver, of Chesaning, Mrs. A. C. Abel, of Chicago, Mrs. John Clayton, of Milwaukee, and Miss Katherine Green, of Ionia.

MRS. CHARLES H. RICHMAN.

Mrs. Charles H. Richman quietly fell asleep March 7, 1891.

Deceased was born in Oswego county, N. Y., January 28, 1838, and came to Michigan with her parents when quite young. They first settled in Northville, but in 1847 removed to Saginaw, and here she has since remained. She was married in 1855 to the late Capt. Charles H. Richman. An excellent woman, prominent in charitable works, whose home was her world, has departed to repose. The American mother is the highest type of womanhood, and Mrs. Richman was a shining gem of the class. The memory of her affectionate and motherly qualities, the purity of her every thought and act will be remembered by all who knew her. Mrs. Richman is survived by two daughters, Mrs. James H. Norris, of Denver, and Miss Kate Richman.

MRS. JOHN LIEBOLD.

Barbara, wife of John Liebold, died at her residence, 323 Hamilton street south, March 7, 1891, of heart disease. Deceased was born at Steinnach, Germany, August 8, 1819, and was, therefore, over seventy-one years of age. She was married at her birthplace, April 2, 1841, and came with her husband to Saginaw in 1852. She was the mother of ten children, six of whom, two sons and four daughters are living: Michael and John Liebold, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. John Francer, and Mrs. G. Lyons, of Chicago, and Mrs. C. Wartenberg, of Saginaw. She had been a member of the Holy Cross church during her entire resi-

dence in Saginaw, and was an earnest christian woman, highly respected by all who knew her.

JAMES NAU-QUA-CHIC-A-MING.

James Nau-qua-chic-a-ming (often spelled Nockchickgime), chief of the chippewa Indian tribe, passed to the happy hunting grounds on Sunday evening, March 21, 1891. Death resulted from consumption.

He was born near Sebewaing, and his exact age is not known. In fact, he did not know himself. About a year ago he stated to the writer, with whom he had been intimately acquainted eighteen years past, that he was, as near as he could ascertain, about forty-eight years old, which was doubtless approximately correct. In appearence he did not look to be over forty-five. He has lived all his life in the Saginaw valley with the exception of about a year on the Sable river, near Frederick. He was the son of Nau-qua-chick-a-ming, head chief of the Chippewa tribe, whose death took place October 26, 1874, aged nearly ninety years. The old chief was favorably known to all the early settlers in this region, his honesty and friendship to the white race having been proven in numberless instances. These traits of character descended to his son, the subject of this sketch, who was widely known as an Indian possessing many exemplary traits. He died at his home on Cheboyganing creek, in Beuna Vista township, seven miles northeast of Saginaw. He leaves a wife, a daughter, O-ge-ma-bo-no-qua (signifying coming of the dawn), aged about ten years, and another daughter still younger. An infant son was buried about a year ago. He also leaves a brother, George Nau-qua-chic-a-ming, who lives near Frederick, on Au Sable river, and a half-brother, the well known Indian, John Squanda, who resides in Buena Vista township. At one time Chief Nau-qua-chic-a-ming was possessed of some property, but like his race he was naturally improvident, and it all dwindled away and passed into the hands of others. He had many warm friends who will sincerely regret his death.

WILLIAM H. CLARK.

William H. Clark is no more. His lamp of life, after burning brightly for half a century, grew dim about a year ago and the flame has grown dimmer with the passing hours, until at the close of the Sabbath day, March 21, 1891, it was extinguished and the eyelids, wearied with pain and watching for strength not to return, closed in slumber which shall not be broken.

Mr. Clark was born at Buffalo, New York, November 18, 1839, and

was therefore fifty-one years of age. He came to Michigan when quite young, and evincing a fondness for and an interest in mercantile pursuits engaged in business in 1862 with a Mr. Greenaway at Howell, Livingston county, the firm being Greenaway & Clark. He was married there to Miss Adella C. Bush in 1865, and of the union there are two surviving children, Miss Lillian E. and William H. Clark. Mr. Clark came to Saginaw in 1867 and engaged in the dry goods business with D. F. Starker, under the firm name of Clark & Starker. This was afterwards changed to Fish & Clark and subsequently to Clark & Ellis. Since the death of Mr. Ellis, Mr. Clark has conducted a vast business alone. Capt. A. L. Button and J. W. Button, half brothers, have been closely allied with him for a score of years.

Deceased was a member of Ancient Landmarks lodge No. 303, F. & A. M., Saginaw valley chapter No. 31, R. A. M., St. Bernards commandery No. 16, K. T., and the Michigan sovereign consistory, Scottish rite 32°. He left a life insurance aggregating $84,000.

CAMILLE MARCOTTE.

Camille Marcotte, a resident of Saginaw for thirty years, died Sunday morning, April 19, 1891, at his home 35 Genesee avenue west, Saginaw.

Deceased was a native of Quebec, and was born in 1841. He came to the Saginaw valley when quite young and worked in the mills. Being industrious and enterprising, he soon succeeded in laying the foundation of a successful career and engaged in business, which he has followed with profitable results. He leaves a widow, but no children.

PROF. CONSTANTINE WATZ.

Professor Constantine Watz died April 20, 1891, at his residence on Webster street, Saginaw, after a long and painful illness. Although his life had been despaired of several days, yet when the lamp of life went out it was a severe blow to family and friends.

Mr Watz was born at Horchst, Prussia, April 22, 1831, and had he lived two days longer would have completed his three score years of life. He was a graduate of the Normal seminary at Wurzburg, Bavaria. He came to America in 1858 and was engaged as teacher in the German American seminary in Detroit. In 1863 he accepted a call from the Germania society of East Saginaw to fill the position as superintendent of its school, since merged into the general citizen. In 1871 he moved to the west side and since September of that year, until his

late sickness, held the position of principal of the German department of the public schools.

During his twenty years' residence on the west side Mr. Watz has made many friends, and he was one of those who made friends to keep them. An efficient, painstaking instructor, he endeared himself to his pupils, a genial, courteous gentleman he was respected by all, an upright candid citizen his memory will live in the hearts of all who knew him. He was an eloquent speaker, and he was often called upon to pronounce words of eulogy for the dead and comfort the living. A bereaved wife, two sons and four daughters survive him to mourn the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father, and his death will be sincerely mourned by many outside the family circle.

PROF. ALFRED A. DE LUDE.

Prof. Alfred A. De Lude, principal of the International Business College No. 1, died April 20, 1891, at the residence of his brother John B. De Lude, 530 Lincoln avenue, aged forty-two years.

Mr. De Lude was born at Grosse Pointe, near Detroit, and the first fourteen years of his life were spent with his parents in Port Huron and Detroit. In 1862 the family removed to Saginaw and since that time deceased had been a resident of Saginaw. He was a cooper by trade and in his earlier residence in Saginaw worked at that business in Carrollton and Saginaw. He had an ambition above that calling, however, and by study and hard work fitted himself for the position he occupied at the time of his death. His father, Moses De Lude, died about two years ago, but his mother, three sisters and two brothers survive him, as well as a large circle of friends.

MRS. JULIA SMITH.

Mrs. Julia Smith, widow of the late Dr. I. N. Smith, died at the Bliss Hospital April 20, 1891. She was well known in Saginaw, having resided there twenty years, her husband, Dr. I. N. Smith, dying there several years ago. He was a prominent physician.

GEORGE WILLSON.

George Willson died at the residence of his son, Charles, 760 Russell street Sunday night, April 19, 1891, of cancer, aged sixty-two years. He had been a resident of Saginaw twenty-seven years.

ADAM MARTINS.

Adam Martins one of the old settlers and aged residents of Carrollton, died April 30, 1891, at his residence on the Shattuck road, of old age, after an eventful life. He was eighty-six years of age, and was one of the old settlers of Saginaw county. He leaves a widow and seven children, all of whom are grown to man's and woman's estate. They are Mrs. William Maas, Mrs. August Stocklander, Mrs. Martin Baumgarten and Henry and Charles Martins, all residents of the Saginaw valley, John Martins of Chicago, and a daughter residing in Berlin, Germany.

JACOB FUST.

May 2, 1891, Jacob Fust, residing at 1227 Johnson street, passed away from heart failure, after a short illness. He was a pioneer of Saginaw county having lived here thirty years. Deceased was a member of the Arbeiter society, having been one of its prominent members from early in its history. He enjoyed the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends, who will sincerely mourn his loss. He was sixty-three years of age and leaves a widow and five children, Mrs. Henry Anders, Mary Fust, Mrs. Theodore Schwartz and Wilhelm Fust, of Saginaw, and Henry Fust of Grand Rapids.

In the death of Mr. Fust, a wife loses a loving and thoughtful husband, his children a kind and true father and Saginaw a good citizen.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

MRS. B. C. FARRAND.

Death list of persons over fifty years of age in Port Huron, St. Clair county, in 1890.

Name.	Date of death.	Nativity.	Age.
Caroline Herring	Jan. 25, 1890	Germany	83
Georgiana Corrigan	" 29, 1890	U. S. A.	50
Elizabeth Beal	Feb. 22, 1890	U. S. A.	63
Eliza McGurk	March 1, 1890	Canada	71
Patrick McLaughlin	" 4, 1890	Ireland	62
David Bowers	Apr. 18, 1890	U. S. A.	83
James Kirwan	" 23, 1890	Ireland	73
Capt. George W. Smith	" 28, 1890	U. S. A.	80

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Nativity.	Age.
Ernestine Baer	April	Germany	58
Matilda Campbell	June 4, 1890	Canada	66
Elizabeth Tremaine	" 25, 1890	U. S. A.	68
Henry H. Brown	Aug. 18, 1890	U. S. A.	67
Louisa Comstock	" 31, 1890	U. S. A.	75
Jacob Kapunkay	Sept. 3, 1890	Germany	51
Martha Dowley	" 23, 1890	U. S. A.	74
May Cowan	" 28, 1890	U. S. A.	65
John W. Canfield	Oct. 27, 1890	U. S. A.	80
Eliza Bunce	" 28, 1890	U. S. A.	67
William A. Mallory	Nov. 12, 1890	U. S. A.	80
Susanna Ross	" 22, 1890	Canada	84
Dan Follansbee	Dec. 8, 1890	U. S. A.	77
Jared Kibbee	" 8, 1890	U. S. A.	70
Anna Hickie	" 30, 1890	Germany	83
Karl Leutz	" 28, 1890	Germany	88
Honore Gilmartin	Nov. 17, 1890	Ireland	63
Antoine Marontate	Sept. 22, 1890	Canada	65

Twenty-six in number, oldest eighty-eight, youngest fifty years. Average, seventy and six-tenths years.

Port Huron, June 1.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY CALVIN H. STARR.

ASHER BONHAM.

Asher Bonham, died in Nottawa, March 9, 1891, aged eighty-three years. Mr. Bonham was a member of the bar of St. Joseph county, but never practiced law; was county clerk four years, and has held various county and township offices; was representative in the State legislature in 1850. He came to St Joseph county when Michigan was yet a territory, and has been a representative man in the county for over fifty years; in politics a democrat; liberal in religion; a man of sterling integrity; a good citizen.

TUSCOLA COUNTY.

WM. A. HEARTT.

Of the large number of long time residents of Tuscola county, who for twenty and more years have been with us and of us, but who within the past year have terminated their pilgrimage here, and become enrolled with that silent majority on the other side, I am enabled to name but a portion, owing to failure of our supervisors to fully report their departure to proper officials as the statutes contemplate.

Of those herein named several were pioneers, in the true sense of what the term implies, and were called to encounter hardships and privations they would gladly have shunned.

Died, in town of Almer, June 2, 1890, Emily, wife of Otis W. Leonard., born at Middlesex, Yates Co., N. Y., Oct. 23, 1823, aged sixty-six years; resident here thirty-four years.

Died, at Caro, June 7, 1890, Mrs. P. H. Higgie, formerly from Bridgewater, Washtenaw Co., Michigan, where she resided fifty-one years; aged nearly eighty-seven years.

Died, at Vassar, June 9, 1890, Moses H. Phillips, for twenty years resident of Denmark this county; aged ninety years.

Died, at Vassar, July 19, 1890, Mrs. Ann W. Sanders, native of Springfield, Vt., resident of Tuscola Co., since 1850; aged sixty years.

Died, at Cass City, Aug., 30, 1890, Robert S. Toland, since 1865 engaged in editorial work at Bay City, East Saginaw, Caro, Vassar, Unionville and Cass City; county register at time of his death; resident at Caro; aged forty-two years.

Died, at Vassar, September 27, 1890, Sanford Hines, resident of Juniata for many years; aged seventy-six years.

Died, at Caro, October 6, 1890, Jacob Eisenstein an old resident and war veteran; aged sixty-seven years.

Died, at Tuscola, October 13, 1890, Samuel Hewes, a native of Mass., resident here thirty years; aged ninety-four years.

Died, at Tuscola, October 19, 1890, Gilbert Baldwin, an early settler of the county.

Died, at Tuscola, October 31, 1890, James A. Frazier, born at Plattsburg, N. Y., and came to this county in an early day.

Died, at Caro, November 6, 1890, Maria W. Morton, relict of the late Eurotus Morton of Ypsilanti; resident of Michigan since 1838, born at Whateley, Mass., October 30, 1802; aged eighty-eight years.

Died, in Almer, Nov. 16, 1890, Asa B. Humes resident of the county twenty-five or more years; aged fifty-three years.

Died, in Almer, Nov. 24, 1890, Otis W. Leonard resident of the county for thirty-four years; aged sixty-seven years.

Died, at Reese, December 25, 1890, Isaiah H. Moshier a native of New York, twenty-two years at Reese; aged seventy-six years.

Died, at Vassar, Dec. 21, 1890, Will S. McHose, resident there twenty-two years; aged thirty-nine years.

Died, at same place, January 14, 1891, Mrs. Julia McHose mother of W. S. McHose, native of Pa., resident here twenty-two years; aged seventy-four years.

Died, at Fair Grove, January 27, 1891, John M. Petershans a native of Germany, resident since 1859; aged seventy-five years.

Died, in Gilford, January 15, 1891, Immanuel Spencer, a resident of the township thirty-five years; aged sixty-two years.

Died, at Tuscola, February 2, 1891, Philo B. Richardson, a native of Springfield, Massachusetts, came here in 1854; aged seventy-six years.

Died, in Arbela, February 6, 1891, Arthur Hill, born in Onondaga county, N. Y., resident of this county forty years; aged seventy-four years.

Died, at Vassar, February 22, 1891, Mrs. Oliver Davis, resident there since 1852; aged fifty-five years.

Died, in Juniata, February 23, 1891, David Widden, resident of county twenty-three years; aged sixty-four years.

Died, at Vassar, March 1, 1891, Leman G. Woodcock, native of Schoharie county, N. Y., resident in Michigan forty-six years, and of Tuscola county for thirty-nine years; aged fifty-six years.

Died, at Caro, March 8, 1891, Azariah Townsend, native of Dutchess county, N. Y., father of sixteen children, fourteen of whom survive him, resident here twenty-one years; aged eighty-nine years.

Died, in Juniata, March 7, 1891, Mary M. Culver, native of New Hampshire, maiden name Patterson, resident here since 1869; aged eighty-eight years.

Died, at Vassar, March 12, 1891, Mrs. David Perry, native of England, resident here twenty-five years; aged seventy-two years.

Died, at Caro, April 5, 1891, Stephen R. Cross, came to this county from St. Clair in 1864; aged sixty-eight years.

Died, at Vassar, April 16, 1891, Edward C. Caine, native of Warrenville, Ohio, born November 4, 1840, came to Vassar in 1867, and for twelve years its postmaster; aged fifty years.

Died, at Caro, May 8, 1891, Melvin Gibbs, native of Vermont, resident at Caro since 1855; aged seventy-eight years.

Died, at Caro, May 11, 1891, Mrs. Wm. McKay, born at Pontiac,

Michigan, in 1843, resident of this county since 1876, in town of Dayton; aged forty-eight years.

Died, at Caro, May 18, 1891, Ebenezer W. Gerrish, native of Durham, Maine, resident here since 1869; aged seventy-six years.

Died, in Almer, May 28, 1891, Myron David Orr, native of Leroy, N. Y., resident of Michigan since 1854, for most of the time in this county; aged sixty years.

Julia Maria, wife of Spencer F. Low, died at her home in Fostoria, Tuscola county, Michigan, on the 10th day of April, 1890.

Her maiden name was Seaman, and she was born in the city of New York on the 26th day of October, 1805, thus making her eighty-four years five months and nine days old at the time of her death. She was married on the third day of June, 1833, and continued to reside in New York city until July, 1836, when, with her husband, she removed to the site of the present city of Flint. After remaining at Flint fifty years, and seeing an opulent city grow up from the wilderness around them, the venerable couple removed to Fostoria, taking up their abode with their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hauer. Deceased was buried in the Watertown cemetery; and her bereaved husband is at the comfortable home of his daughter, serenely awaiting the final summons to join her in

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns."

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

MRS. MARY E. COOLEY.

Mary Elizabeth Cooley, wife of Judge Thomas M. Cooley, died at her home in Ann Arbor at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, August 31, 1890. Mrs. Cooley was born at Alexander, New York, June 18, 1830. Her father, David Horton, removed with his family to Michigan in 1837, settling at Adrian. She was the oldest child and was given such an academic education as was then obtainable in Michigan. On December 30, 1846, she was married to Thomas M. Cooley, then just about to begin the practice of law at Tecumseh. She was, as will be seen, very young at the time, but all young people matured earlier in the pioneer state, and she especially did so, that there was no seeming impropriety in so early a marriage. Mr. Cooley did not remain long in Tecumseh but returned to Adrian, where he became the partner of Mr. Beaman, who for ten years was a member of congress from that district. Mrs. Cooley became a leader in society there, but neither then, nor at any time did

she have taste for merely fashionable society or empty display. She attached people to her rather by her solid qualities than by any attempt to be a leader, or make exhibition of showy accomplishments. In 1859 her husband was appointed to a professorship of law in the University and they removed to Ann Arbor at the opening of the college year, from which time until her death she has continued to reside in this city. Here again her social and intellectual qualities were recognized, so that she was always a notable figure in society, though never at any time making the slightest effort to give herself personal prominence. She connected herself with the Congregational church and was always prominent in its work, being president of the ladies' benevolent society as long as she would consent to hold the position. She was very active in the building of the new stone church edifice and a very liberal contributor to it. She was also active in other enterprises especially those of a literary nature. She was one of the founders of the ladies' library association and an adviser of the erection of their building. In the work of this association she took great interest to the very last, and was always ready to assume her full share of all its necessary expenditure. She was a great reader of books, especially those of a solid nature, and also a good writer, though she was never disposed to write for the press. Only a single article by her for publication is now recalled. On the opening of the campaign of 1888, the proprietors of the new Home Magazine, which was meant to be especially for ladies and youth, were desirous of giving a biographical sketch of the wives of the several candidates, and Mrs. Cooley was requested to furnish one of Mrs. Thurman, whom she had known very well, having been with her considerably when her husband was on the advisory commission with Judge Thurman and Minister Washburn to settle the matter of differential railway rates as between the several Atlantic cities and the west. She therefore prepared a notice, it being really a work of love, for she had become greatly attached to Mrs. Thurman. Mrs. Cooley's official life began early in 1881, when Gov. Jerome addressed a letter to her saying that the State greatly needed the services of a lady possessing her qualities of head and heart, on the board of control of the Industrial School for Girls at Adrian, and requesting her acceptance of a position on the board. This she did, though with reluctance, for she feared that it would break in too much upon her home life. The board consisted of two gentlemen and three ladies, the former being at that time, Theodore Hinchman, of Detroit, and Charles R. Miller, of Adrian, men whose ability is recognized throughout the State. Mrs.

Fuller of Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Stebbins of Lansing, were the other lady members. Mrs. Cooley's usefulness on the board was recognized from the first by her associates and she was after a time made president of the board, a position which she had held for several years at the time of her death, having been re-elected by her associates during her last illness. The position was a very difficult one, involving large expenditure of money and the care of a great number of disorderly characters, but she proved herself fully equal to it. When her first term expired, she was re-appointed by Gov. Begole and afterwards by Gov. Luce, the existing term not expiring until 1893. It is believed that not a single member of the board, or a prominent subordinate connected with the institution, failed to become strongly attached to her as a result of their official association.

Of her father's family, three are now living. One brother entered the army at the age of eighteen and remained in the service till the loss of the steamer Sultana, which will be remembered as one of the greatest calamities of the war. He was on that boat at the time of its destruction and was lost with many hundred others. Her father and mother have of late been living with her. Her father, however, died within the year, upwards of ninety years of age, but her mother still survives. Mrs. Cooley had six children, all of whom are living, Eugene F., a prominent business man at Lansing; Edgar A., a lawyer at Bay City; Fannie C., wife of Alexis C. Angell, a lawyer of Detroit; Charles H., now at Washiugton in charge of the street railway statistics in the census bureau; Thomas B., and Mary B., who are still at home, not having completed their education. She also leaves thirteen grandchildren. Mrs. Cooley's most important work, after all, was that of home maker. Nothing could exceed the constant care and attention she gave to everything which pertained to her children and her home. Her children were all present during her last illness, as were also her mother and sister. Among the numerous messages of condolence received by the family which, since her death, have come from all parts of the country, the mention of her qualities as head of the household and mother of a large family has been most conspicuous, and evidently most in the minds of her friends.

"I have," says a gentlemen well known throught the State, "met with very few persons for whom I have entertained so profoud a respect alike for good sense, rare capacity and noble character, as Mrs Cooley. She had a rare power of making a happy home," One of the ex-governors of the State who with his wife had been sometimes her guest,

expresses himself in equally strong terms and speaks of her death as a personal loss to him and to his family.

The funeral services were held at ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the house and were conducted by Prof. Ryder, of Andover, who was formerly pastor of the Congregational church Ann Arbor, and who came immediately to see Mrs. Cooley, when he heard of the dangerous nature of her disease. The house was filled with floral gifts from her lady friends and the cemetery lot was adorned in the most tasteful manner by those who desired in this way to testify to their affectionate regard for the associate whom they had lost.

The board of control in its sixth biennial report pays the following tribute to the subject of this notice:

"Mrs. Mary E. Cooley, president of the board of control, died August 31, 1890. She was appointed in 1881, soon after the Industrial Home was organized by the legislature, and has been a member from the above date until her death. She was a noble woman, with true greatness of character, sweet and mild in disposition, gentle and unassuming in manner, coupled with a clear head and a warm heart. Her labor and interest in the institution never flagged, and the growth and prosperity of the Home is due in a large degree to her quiet influence."

WAYNE COUNTY.

J. WILKIE MOORE.

To the President and members of the State Pioneer and Historical Society:

It is not a pleasant task to review and enumerate in detail, the departure of those whom we in this life, can never meet again. It is sad because of the sundering of many associations respectively dear to all. Yet it is well that their names and memory should be preserved, that future generations may know that they once lived and, therefore, in accordance with the duty assigned me, I submit my obituary of Wayne county pioneers for the year ending May 31, 1891.

WAYNE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Name.	Date of death.	Age.
Mrs. Priscilla Fillion	June 16, 1890	70
James Armitage	" 17, 1890	70
Wm. B. Wesson	" 19, 1890	70
Jeremiah Killicher	" 1890	74
George Howarth	" 24, 1890	72
James Giddey	" 24, 1890	74
William H. Langley	" 1890	65
John De Mass	" 30, 1890	64
Enos Heath	July 2, 1890	77
Roger McGraw	" 8, 1890	78
John E. Calnon	" 9, 1890	75
Mrs. Jane Ramsay. Mrs. Ramsay was a neice of the famous inventor and engineer, Stephenson	" 10, 1890	87
Frederick Harris	" 12, 1890	77
A. H. Kohler, at Northville	" 12, 1890	84
Mrs. Bridget Caplis	" 13, 1890	87
Dr. Edward Licht	" 14, 1890	68
Dennis Collins	" 17, 1890	79
Dr. Henry Pullen	" 15, 1890	76
Mrs. Mary Sullivan	" 17, 1890	75
Thomas Cullen	" 1890	79
John W. Surles	" 18, 1890	83
Francois Laperriere	" 22, 1890	89
Mrs. Mary Bourne Joy, wife of James F. Joy	" 26, 1890	------
Frederick Julf	" 27, 1890	78
Mrs. Helen E. Parker, wife of D. W. Parker	" 1890	69
Mary D. Walker	" 28, 1890	82
Owen Gibney	" 30, 1890	72
Dr. Wm. Brodie	" 30, 1890	67
Mrs. Elizabeth Ladd	August 2, 1890	84
Geo. Kirby	" 3, 1890	84
Richard Birhoff	" 1, 1890	103
Mrs. Morris Jacobs	" 11, 1890	74
Wm. Lomasney	" 13, 1890	85
Edward Campbell	" 13, 1890	90
John J. Rennie	" 14, 1890	62
Mrs. Wm. Berger	" 22, 1890	88
John Y. Schmidt	" 22, 1890	74
George Stewart	" 24, 1890	79
Mrs. George Clitz, widow of the late John Clitz, U. S. A.	" 24, 1890	90
Mrs. Anna R. Brown	" 28, 1890	90

WAYNE COUNTY.—Continued.

Name.	Date of death.	Age.
Sarah Ward, relict of the late Charles Ward	August, 1890	80
Owen McCormick	September 14, 1890	85
Maria Louisa Marantette, wife of Frank D. Marantette	" 1890	32
John Brennan	" 14, 1890	70
Mrs. Emeline Morton, widow of the late Julius D. Morton, and mother of J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, and W. D. Morton of Detroit	" 18, 1890	79
Mrs. Almira Johns	" 21, 1890	79
Mrs. Anna Bucheringer, widow of the late John Bucheringer	" 21, 1890	
John Deering, at SanFranciso	August 22, 1890	78
Amanda Gibbs, widow of Wm. N. Carpenter	" 26, 1890	73
Michael Murphy	" 26, 1890	82
Mary Miller (colored), old age	" 1890	
Phyllon Knaggs	" 1890	99
Jos. Hock, late alderman	October 10, 1890	76
Benj. Lees	" 10, 1890	82
Geo. A. Brown	" 11, 1890	78
Mrs. Robt. A. Forsythe	" 4, 1890	86
Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, wife of Mr. Stephen Moore	" 5, 1890	
Mrs. Jeanette Pierce	" 25, 1890	82
Daniel T. Barnum, father of Mrs. Philo Parsons	" 12, 1890	94
John W. Delling	" 29, 1890	83
Mrs. Rebecca Duncan	" 29, 1890	88
Dr. David Henderson	" 22, 1890	61
Christian Kieger	" 1890	69
John A. Ray	" 23, 1890	82
James Walsh	" 25, 1890	80
John Atkinson, old painter	" 27, 1890	85
Mrs. Gertrude Rice	" 26, 1890	77
Hugh McFarland	November 1, 1890	78
Patrick J. Kerns	" 1, 1890	73
Patrick Dowed	" 15, 1890	77
John Keal, an old pioneer	" 17, 1890	84
Mrs. Sophronia Frink	" 13, 1890	81
Jacob Stork	" 16, 1890	78
Mrs. Oliver B. Lacey	" 12, 1890	90
Geo. S. Frost	" 17, 1890	66
James O. Melich	" 24, 1890	78
Mrs. Margaret McGraw, wife of John M. McGraw	" 24, 1890	79
Wm. Gordon	" 29, 1890	89
Israel Webber	" 30, 1890	89
Miss Hannah Stevens	December 1, 1890	83

WAYNE COUNTY.—Continued.

Name.	Date of death.	Age.
Leon Routher	December 9, 1890	88
Geo. A. Funston, ex-member of the legislature	" 6, 1890	68
Mrs. Margaret Campbell Wilkie, a most estimable lady	" 6, 1890	85
C. M. Vet, Sr.	" 12, 1890	77
Edward A. Wetmore, father of Mrs. A. C. McGraw	" 15, 1890	74
Mrs. Helen Livingstone, mother of Wm. Livingstone, Sr.	" 15, 1890	--
Mrs. Catherine Price	" 19, 1890	72
Helaman Delahue	" 29, 1890	90
Francis Reily. He was an old respected citizen. His children, E. F., Thos. J., Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Thomas Burk, and Mrs. Robinson clerk of the board of education	" 21, 1890	84
Mrs. Patrick White	" 28, 1890	80
Michael Fernane, father of prosecuting attorney	" 28, 1890	83
Eustabus King, born in Detroit in 1800	" 31, 1890	--
George Green Magee	" 25, 1890	77
Joseph N. Brown, at Dearborn. He was a contractor on the M. C. R. R. His son is chief train despatcher of the M. C. R. R.	" 23, 1890	79
John Baumeister	January 4, 1891	64
Mrs Elvira Higham	" 4, 1891	79
John Collar	" 8, 1891	90
Geo. Bartholick	" 10, 1891	75
Mary, wife of the late Wm. Whitehill	" 10, 1891	70
Mrs. Sarah Jones	" 15, 1891	72
Archange Cadieux	" 17, 1891	81
Wm. W. Bruce, a good man	" 24, 1891	63
Mrs. Mary Welmerd	" 19, 1891	89
Eben N. Wilcox. A scholar and historian, genial and respected by all who knew him. He was a native of Detroit, brother of Gen. O. B. Wilcox	" 1891	79
Mrs. Sisarie Malo, widow of Valentine Malo	" 19, 1891	71
Norton B. Rowley, a mexican veteran, an honest man and an earnest American patriot; he died at Indianapolis	" 29, 1891	78
Wm. Rutson	" 10, 1891	80
Michael Coppersmith	" 9, 1891	72
Henry Clay, of Dearborn	" 25, 1891	79
Hon. Henry W. Lord, in Montana; was a member of congress, consul at Manchester, England; an enterprising, intelligent and patriotic representative of american character	" 25, 1891	70
Capt. J. W. Hall, Marine reporter	" 31, 1891	77
Jos. Daily	" 28, 1891	78
Edwin Bennett	" 28, 1891	77
Mrs. Charlotte W. Roe	February 3, 1891	78
Mrs. Sarah Emmons, relict of Judge H. H. Emmons	" 13, 1891	79
Rhoda Cowles, at the residence of her neice, the wife of ex-Gov. Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin. Her father was a judge and one time a member of the Michigan Senate	" 1891	78
Mrs. Lucy Raymond, sister of the wife of Hon. J. Wilkie Moore	" 25, 1891	79

WAYNE COUNTY.—CONTINUED.

Names.	Date of death.	Age.
Daniel D. Green	February 25, 1891	71
Geo. Cunningham	" 16, 1891	78
John Winchell. He was a veteran of the war of 1812; was also the first public school teacher in Detroit	" 10, 1891	95
Wm. P. Wells	March 4, 1891	61
Curtis A. Cole	" 4, 1891	81
Horace Miller	" 16, 1891	78
Mrs. Lucretia Cicotte, wife of Edward V. Cicotte	" 3, 1891	77
Xavier Malo	" 3, 1891	74
Francis Lambie	" 3, 1891	67
Eliza Lewis, wife of Benj. J.	" 14, 1891	80
Alfred Denison Gully	" 15, 1891	74
D. Bethune Duffield, distinguished for his learning, and loved for his purity of life and conduct while among us	" 12, 1891	69
Henry Fralick	" 14, 1891	79
Mrs. Rose Lacroix	" 25, 1891	91
Benj. Lewis	" 27, 1891	85
Mrs. Esther Cook. She was the mother of Mrs. Albert Ives	" 26, 1891	94
George Winters. One of the first hatters in Detroit	" 27, 1891	69
Mrs. John A. Murray	" 29, 1891	79
Mrs. Mary Hill, relict of the late Wm. H. Hill	" 29, 1891	76
Leonard Delpice	April 2, 1891	75
Hon. Jacob S. Farrand, one of Detroit's beloved citizens	" 3, 1891	--
Mrs. Lucinda Smith Newland, mother of Henry A. and George P. Newland	" 5, 1891	89
Mrs. Mary E. Flint	" 10, 1891	80
Thomas W. Cooper	" 12, 1891	67
Thomas Fletcher	" 29, 1891	69
William Ginick	" 29, 1891	80
Sarah Pearson	" 10, 1891	78
Wm. A. Butler, one of the oldest bankers	May 6, 1891	78
Mrs. Caroline Wetmore Robinson, at the advanced age of 83	" 20, 1891	83
Rev. C. C. Foote	" 3, 1891	80
Mrs. Elmira Fleming	" 11, 1891	81
John A. Dunneback	" 11, 1891	80
Mrs. Caroline W. Caskey, mother of S. G. Caskey, and sister of C. I. and E. C. Walker	April, 1891	--
John Grindmann	" 24, 1891	71
Mrs. Susan Boston	" 24, 1891	57
Chas. W. Noble	" 18, 1891	64
Henry Lacroix	" 19, 1891	73
Mrs. Hannah Morgan	" 19, 1891	89
Mrs. Amy Green	" 14, 1891	79
Mrs. Rachel Monroe	" 14, 1891	80

PAPERS READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1891, AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It has been customary at our regular annual meetings for the president to present some formal remarks. And it might seem that this custom, from its universality, has almost the binding force of law, and that it would be improper for me to evade, or nullify it. But it appears to me that there is really no necessity for any extended remarks and that the time which I might consume in making them would be much better employed in discussing the interesting program provided by your committees; in short, that the time-honored custom alluded to, would, in my case, at least, be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Recalling to mind the names and characters of my predecessors in this office, who have so acceptably filled the chair, since the organization of this society, on April 22, 1874, I find a roll of able men, highly esteemed and honored in their several walks in life; men who have done their full share in the upbuilding of our great State. Pioneers in the true sense of the word. They have realized that they, as well as others, in their day and generation have been making history. And they have recognized the supreme importance of collecting the facts and traditions of our history, and recording them, ere it become too late.

In their several inaugural adresses that have said so much, and that so well, that there seems to be little left for me to say.

But I cannot forgo the pleasure, friends and pioneers, of welcoming you heartily and sincerely today.

We have come up to our annual council from different parts of our broad State, undertaking long journeys, some of us with tottering steps, to exchange friendly greetings and to discharge our self imposed and voluntary duties to the commonwealth which we love so well.

The pleasure which we have experienced from these annual gatherings has, of late years, been tinged with sadness as we view the ravages time has made in our ranks. The number of venerable men, and graceful women, whose dignified forms and silver crowned heads at one time so conspicuous in our assemblies, has diminished greatly. They answer not to any roll call of earth! Their chairs are vacant, and we who are left look about us pathetically, and see them not! But our late beloved friends and pioneers, tired and wayworn "life's fitful fever ended," have gone to their eternal rest and we who linger on the stage, burdened with fears, with desires and earthly ambitions nearly extinguished, would not call them back. They sleep well. Their works do follow them; for without their courage, industry, enterprise, trust and devotion to the best interests of mankind, Michigan would not be the admirable State it is.

To the younger members of this society, to those who must fill the places vacated by the old pioneers, I would say a word. In all that concerns the best interests of this society you owe a duty to be not lightly entertained or evaded. And in discharging those important duties and trusts, the Chair does not say too much, when it enjoins upon you to follow the example of your predecessors in all diligence, intelligence and devotion. The old pioneers are your *Fathers* in the State. The loyalty of sons is expected of you.

You may say that at this late day there seemeth little for us to do. The old pioneers have skimmed all of the cream of incident and adventure, so rich in the early settlement of the wilderness. If you think so, you are surely mistaken. There is still much unwritten history of our State floating about and, if you are not diligent in rescuing it from the flood of oblivion, it will be utterly lost. It will require some care, zeal and labor on your part to secure for, and transmit to our archives, these fugitive, but precious historical facts.

Moreover you will owe a duty to your own times. The people of this generation are also making history. The people who may live in the year 1991 will perhaps regard you, of this day, with as much interest as you now bestow upon our picturesque pioneers who founded a great state in a wilderness. It is to be hoped that the virtues which distinguished those pioneers may descend to their latest posterity.

We sincerely hope and confidently trust that this organization—the State Pioneer and Historical Society—may continue its useful career for many years to come.

The work which the Historical Society of Michigan has already performed is of the very highest importance. It is justly appreciated far

and wide, by those competent to judge of its value. The historical facts, incidents and pleasing reminiscences embalmed in our printed transactions will form the basis of the real history of Michigan, when it comes to be elaborated by some future Bancroft. He will find in those voluminous and varied records an ample store of rich material, out of which, by judicious selection, he will be able to weave an interesting and instructive story, relating to the founding of a great state by a great people. He will draw inspiration from the simple and homely, as well as polished, narratives of our pioneer men and women; while his fancy will be enkindled by the pictures presented of the heroic bravery, toils, sufferings, achievments and patriotism of the founders of the State.

When we consider what the Historical Society of Michigan has already accomplished, the great value of its work, and when we compare that work, and its comparatively trifling cost, with the work of other kindred State societies, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon our modest achievments. And we have reason to expect, as in the past, so in the future, that all good citizens will continue to cherish this historical society and delight in promoting its success and welfare. A just pride in our peninsular State is a commendable virtue. And patriotism will ever seek to perpetuate our history in the most enduring form by the aid of that art, which is the preservative of all arts—printing. Monuments in brass and marble may be and are erected, but the number of such memorials must of necessity be limited and local in character, but books may be multiplied indefinitely, so that, not only every library and household in the State may possess a volume of our history, but distant nations or peoples may, if they please, become acquainted with us, through our history, and thus learn how a people, enjoying the blessing of civil and religious liberty, with free schools have been able to reach a proud honorable place in the sisterhood of enlightened states.

Nor yet alone in civic honors distinguished, but when peril and adversity came, and the nation's life was threatened, the men of Michigan, not counting the cost, rushed to the defense and could always be relied upon to follow the starry banners of the republic, through the thickest of the fight.

Pioneers of Michigan! ere I close, permit me once more to say that I am very glad to see you here today. May this annual convention of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society prove pleasant and profitable. It marks another mile-stone in our lives. The older pioneers may be said to stand upon the narrow isthmus of time: looking back-

ward they can trace the long, devious, often dusky road, with more or less clearness of perception; but the record is almost closed: Looking forward they see dimly an unknown shore, lined with waiting friends, anxious to welcome them to manifold joys and high emprises, not restricted by time or clogged by obstacles, inevitable in an earthly existence.

JOHN HARRIS FORSTER.
President, years 1890-91.

LETTER FROM DR. O. C. COMSTOCK.

Brookline, Mass., May 30, 1891.

George H. Greene, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am honored and highly pleased to receive notice of the seventeenth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society at Lansing on the 3d and 4th of June. I took an humble part in the organization of the society, was the second president of the same, and was a member of committee of historians for twelve consecutive years. I have a deep interest in the continued usefulness and increasing popularity of the society, and trust that its ultimatum will be reached, only when the last line of the pioneer life of Michigan shall have been recorded in its "collections."

Please give my kindest fraternal regards to the few surviving officers who will assemble at Lansing with whom I was associated, in the time indicated above. Alas! how large the number is of the death of our early officers! I need not say that my meeting with the society is impossible.

With love etc.
O. C. COMSTOCK.

MEMOIR OF LOIS B. ADAMS—POET, EDITOR AND AUTHOR.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

There is much valuable history yet unwritten, in the lives of many of our early pioneers. This is notably the case, as regards the life of that

sturdy old pioneer John Bryan, who, with his wife and young family of five children, left the old home in New York, and starting westward reached Detroit in the summer of 1823. From Detroit, with his family, effects and fortune, he struck out into the solitary Michigan wilderness and after a wearing journey "stuck his stakes" at Woodruff's Grove near where Ypsilanti now stands. Had some faithful narrator written the full history of John Bryan's early life in Michigan it would be valuable material for the historian of today. But this was not done. And there are a good many John Bryans, with unwritten histories, whose lives were worth portraying, and who being in the fore front of so remarkable an epoch, stand out clear and strong against a background of notable deeds. It is a great pity that a period so abounding in acts worthy of the chronicler, should in so many instances, have been "passed over with a dry pen."

From Mrs. Sarah Francisco, of Constantine, daughter of John Bryan, I received (1877) the main facts that are comprised in the following biographical sketch of the life of her sister, Mrs Lois B. Adams. Of their parents she writes: John Bryan was born in West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, February 1, 1794. Sarah Babcock, his wife, was born in Whitestown, Oneida county, New York, June 22, 1794. They were married May 7, 1815, in the town of Leicester, New York. Came to Michigan in 1823, as we have stated above. "Their journey," Mrs. Francisco continues, "through the wilderness from Detroit, their hardships and privations, during the first years of pioneer life, if written by a good historian would fill a volume. They had five children, Lois being the second, and myself the youngest. The next February (1824), a son was born to them, being the first white child born in Washtenaw county, he was named Alpha Washtenaw Bryan. Our father was an excellent carpenter, and the job of building the court house at Ann Arbor having been let to him, he moved his family to that place where they lived during the summer and fall of 1834. On the first day of 1835 we arrived at Constantine, having been five days on the road, with household goods and ten children, all on one wagon with a long reach. Would it not look ridiculous now? But we were as respectable as any body there; that being the way every body moved. Those children are now (1877) all living, with the exception of Lois. The eldest brother is in California, the second in Tennessee, the third in Minnesota, the fourth in Ogdensburg, N. Y. The oldest sister lives in Aurora, Illinois, the second and third in Constantine, Michigan, fourth in Minnesota, and the fifth in Nebraska. The father died in Constan-

tine, November 2, 1864; the mother at the home of her son-in-law, George Francisco, in Constantine, July 3, 1876."

Lois Bryan Adams, the subject of this sketch, was born October 14, 1817, in Moscow, Livingston county, N. Y. She had in early life, at Woodruff's Grove, the advantage of a school kept in her father's house by her aunt, Eliza Bryan. She afterwards attended the common school in Ypsilanti, and also a select school taught by Mrs. Mark Norris, a lady of great literary attainments. Here Lois undoubtedly got that love of literature, for which she was noted in her after life. Or, at least, it was stimulated and made stronger by association with a teacher of such fine literary culture as was possessed by Mrs. Norris, and, no doubt she established a taste in Lois for the higher and nobler things of the mind, as well as literature, that proved to be a safe guide to her in after life. While living in Ann Arbor, in 1834, Lois also had the advantage of a good select school. And at her home in Constantine she attended the district school, which, in those days was a larger and better attended school than the district school of today. She was also instructed by her elder sister who taught a school in her father's house. In the winter of 1839 Lois was a student in the branch university located at White Pigeon, and received here the first prize for composition, and here she made a creditable advance in the higher studies.

Her literary taste at this time can be readily inferred when we say that she loved to read Shakespeare, Scott, and the English classic writers. The limited range of her father's library confined her to fewer books than she would have desired. Yet in this she may have found an advantage; for one is apt to get more benefit from a few, than from many books. Hence the adage—"never fear a man with a large library." Her sister continues: "Her habits were very retiring. She was something of a recluse, and sought little society aside from that of her home, her books, her pen and the muses. She used to sit day after day on the banks of the St. Joseph river, writing in her blank books, which we now have, filled with her earliest and sweetest poems. I have also a book of her poems written from 1841 to 1846. She was like sunlight in our home, and we always looked to her for sympathy and advice." She was ever in touch with the beauties of nature, and loved and felt the romance of real life. Lois was married at the old farm-home, Constantine, to James R. Adams, April 16, 1841. Mr. Adams was the aditor of the White Pigeon Republican, published at that place. From White Pigeon Mr. and Mrs. Adams went to Centreville, and here for two or three years he published the Centreville Democrat. In 1845 they removed to Kalamazoo, where he for a year or more edited the

Kalamazoo Gazette. Leaving Kalamazoo he became proprietor of a saw mill a few miles north of that village, where he died in 1848.

In early life Mrs. Adams was a zealous Methodist. Later she left the M. E. church, and while living in Washington became interested in Swedenborg. Whatever her faith may have been she ever had bright anticipations of happiness in the future world. She had no children—the productions of her pen were her chileren. She was of medium size, full round features, had brown hair of a yellowish tinge, and light blue eyes.

Left alone, on the death of her husband, with no other means of support she went south and engaged in teaching. Taught three years in Kentucky; and here she got a knowledge of slave life on which she was writing a story at the time of her death. At the close of her teaching in Kentucky she returned to he father's home in Constantine; and about this time she became a contributor to the Michigan Farmer. In 1856 she became editor of the household department of the Farmer, and removed to Detroit. In 1858 she bought an interest in the Farmer, and in connection with R. F. Johnstone, the editor in chief, she devoted her time and talent to the literary and business affairs of the paper.

The war for the Union having forced, for a time, the suspension of the Michigan Farmer, Mrs. Adams went to Washington and was made clerk in the department of agriculture, and was finally promoted to the office of copyist in that department. She was also one of the commissioners appointed to take charge of the sick and wounded soldiers in the Washington hospital during the war. In May, 1870, she visited her old home in Michigan, and in June she returned to Washington. Wearied with work, she took a severe cold, and before her friends knew of her sickness, this gentle, loving spirit passed away. The remains were brought to her Michigan home and laid by the side of her beloved father in the cemetery at Constantine.

Mrs. Adams, though a prolific writer, had never published but one book; this is entitled "Sybelle and Other Poems." While living in Washington her letters on life in that city were published in the Detroit Tribune and Advertiser. And while visiting her oldest sister in Illinois, in 1853, her interesting letters from the "Prairie State" were published in the New York Tribune. A sketch of her life and some of her poems are published in a volume entitled "The Poets and Poetry of the West," by William T. Cogeshall. During the latter part of her life, when the business exactions of her position absorbed so much of her time, she did not write much poetry. Previous to this her poems were published in the leading journals of this State. I

remember them as they appeared fresh from her pen in the columns of the papers at that time, and read them with pleasure. And now, after so many years have intervened, a delightful memory of those poems still lingers in my mind.

> "You may break, you may ruin the vase if will,
> The scent of the rose will cling to it still."

There is something genuine in her poetry that has defied the lapse of time, and I remember her as a lovely and beautiful woman. We give here recollections of Mrs. Adams by George Torrey of Kalamazoo:

I remember with real pleasure Mrs. Lois B. Adams. When a mere boy I was much in her company and became greatly attached to her. She dearly loved the woods and flowers and the works of nature. Often on a leisure afternoon, with herself and husband I would go down to the river along the old Indian trail that led along the stream to the "old ford," where the Indians and early settlers found a crossing place, through the shallows from the east to the west bank. This was a very picturesque and lovely spot, and midway of the shaded and darkly wooded region the prattling, winding Arcadia was crossed by a little bridge of a very rustic fashion, and a stretch of corduroy led across the swale to the higher grounds on either side. There on this bridge, and upon the banks of the river we would enjoy the scenery and pick the lovely flowers that matted the mossy floor of the forest, Mrs. Adams at other times busying herself with fishing in the river. She knew the name of every wild flower: The Repaticas, wild flox, trilliums, "dutchman's britches," wild poppies, mandrakes, lady slippers, yellow and purple, the flowering princes feather, the blue lobelia, the tiger lily, wild violets and many others. And all the flowering trees and shrubs, the peach blossom like Judas tree, to the white thorn, and wild plum, the dogwood blossom, all seemed to have a story for her which she told with such delightful simplicity that I could not but regard her as the queen of them all. Every hour that I passed with her was a cherished memory with me. She too, would aid me in my effort to start my tiny water wheel in the Arcadia. With her small, pretty, white hands she helped me to dam the brook so as to obtain sufficient fall to send the shingle paddles whirling. She seemed to share with me my boyish delight in all things in those visits to the woods. On the banks opposite, where is now our loved Riverside cemetery, stood the Indian trading post, established by the American Fur Company, and near which was a crib wherein an Indian chief had long before been buried in a sitting posture, with his personal property beside him. Of this mode of burial and of this grinning skeleton which remained

for years *in situ*, she told me many stories, as well as of the brown men she had known. Withal she was thoroughly domestic, an excellent housekeeper, deft with her needle, and very fond of home and the friends she cared to make. She was one of the sweetest, dearest of women, with no love of display, or ambition to shine in social circles. And nothing pleased her more than to contribute both in poetry and prose, to aid her husband in his paper, as well as to write for other publications. Her articles were favorites with the publishers of Graham's Magazine and the Ladies' Book.

After Mr. Adams retired from the Gazette, he secured an interest in a saw-mill on Spring brook, near Gov. Throop's farm, north of Kalamazoo. That fine old gentleman, who had been governor of New York, and minister to foreign lands, a noted politician, and one of the old regime in the Empire state, became a very warm admirer of Mrs. Adams, and greatly enjoyed her society and literary abilities. She made for him out of wild turkey feathers an exquisite mantle with which he was very much pleased, and which he cherished as the most valuable among his large and varied collections of the works of art. With her writings I was familiar and held them in high esteem, as did all who knew of them. Mr. Van Buren has but done them simple justice in what he has said of them. They were the simple effusions of a heart full of love for humanity, nature and art. Pure sentiments exhaling from her soul as dew from the unconscious flowers. There was nothing crude or labored about them; they were marked by purity of diction, nobility of expression, beauty and originality of thought, a freshness like that of a streamlet that flows through a delightful forest, decked with lovely flowers and tuneful with the songs of birds. Indeed she was a lovely character in every walk of life.

At the time Mrs. Adams lived in our village, it was a small place, very much in the state of nature. A few steps led to unfrequented places; in fact, the woods hemmed in the little town, so that it was but a short walk to the loveliest nooks and coverts. These were far more attractive to her than to mingle in society which, either from her modest and shrinking nature, or from her dislike of the artificialities of the social circle. She was but little known to the people generally. I have thought, too, that want of appreciation or rather encouragement in her social literary development and her retired way of living, had much to do with the humble position she occupied here. She was so constituted that she would never push herself, never step in and take the place she was so admirably fitted to fill. Had she been "taken up" and given opportunity to display the rare abilities she

possessed, there is no doubt but what she would have had hundreds of admirers where she had but few. And she would have rapidly developed into a beloved companion, a favorite of society, and a most accomplished woman. But her humble position and circumstances, her environments, and a retiring nature, were against such a means of growth as she needed, and proved a loss to her, and to society.

MEMOIR OF HON. HENRY FRALICK.

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

The subject of this sketch, Hon. Henry Fralick, was born in Minden, Montgomery county, State of New York, February 9, 1812. His father, Abraham Fralick, was a captain in the army, in the war of 1812. His grandfather, was one of a family of fifteen boys; eleven of whom, served in the war of the revolution; four of whom were killed, and the other seven were all wounded. He was brought up on a farm, and with his father came to Michigan and settled in Plymouth, Wayne county, in October, 1827. In 1829, he commenced life for himself, and found employment on a passenger boat on the Erie canal for two years, becoming captain of the boat the second year.

In 1832, he shipped on board of a whaling vessel for the Atlantic and Indian oceans, the voyage lasting two years, and for his services he received a one hundred and fiftieth part of the cargo, which was eighteen barrels of oil, worth twenty-five dollars per barrel, and an amount of whalebone, which brought him one hundred and fifty dollars. And there is no account of his showing signs of dissatisfaction, or getting up a strike. Possibly if he had been born in these later days, he would have struck for less hours and more pay, and if the captain had refused his demand, he would have gone in for boycotting. I say perhaps, but don't know. In 1834, he shipped as third mate, on a vessel bound for Rio Janeiro, and other South American ports, this trip lasting seven months. After this he was engaged for one year on coasting vessels and then he returned to Michigan. In 1836, he engaged as clerk in the Michigan exchange hotel in Detroit, where he spent nine months, and then returned to Plymouth where he entered the store of Henry B. Holbrook, as clerk, and in 1838 he purchased

the stock and commenced trade for himself, having a partner in the business.

Three years later, he sold his interest in the business, bought a lumber mill, and built a flouring mill; and after two years he sold his mills, and engaged again in merchandising. In 1860, he sold his store and goods, and in 1861, he moved to Grand Rapids, Mich., and in partnership with Wm. B. Ledyard, Esq., he engaged in banking, doing a successful business until 1865, when the firm dissolved, and the city national bank was organized, in which he has been a prominent stockholder, and a member of the board of directors up to the time of his death.

When the rebellion broke forth he, with Mr. Penniman, raised and equipped the first company of three years' men, and all through the war, he gave liberally of his energy and money to support the union cause. In 1867, he tried merchandising again, and continued in the business for two years, and abandoned it and went into real estate business, and the loaning of money, in which business he continued until his death. In 1872, he with others organized the Grand Rapids chair factory company, in which he was a director for three years, and its president two years. He was also a principal partner in the "Worden furniture company," which gives employment to one hundred and sixty hands. In public and official life, he has rendered much faithful and efficient service. He has been supervisor, justice of the peace, county auditor, and a school officer for thirty years, and four of these years president of the board of education; a trustee and treasurer of Olivet college for twelve years, holding these responsible offices at the time of his death. He served three terms in the State legislature, and in the Senate of 1853, he had the honor of presenting a petition with over four hundred thousand names, in favor of the passage of the prohibitory measure, known as the "Maine Law." In 1850, he was a member of the convention which framed our present State constitution. In 1871, he was appointed by the governor one of the committee, for the distribution of relief funds, to the sufferers from the great fires of that year, and he devoted seven months gratuitously to this charitable work, and his labors in their behalf will ever be gratefully remembered. In 1875, he was appointed one of the board of managers to represent our State at the national centennial exposition, held in 1876. To that service he gave about seven months, and to his efforts is largely due, the prominence Michigan there attained. For eighteen years, he was a member of the executive board of our State agricultural society, and its honored president for two years. He has

been a member of our State pioneer society for years, and its honored president one year, from June, 1885, to June, 1886; also a member of its executive committee for four years. He has also held the office and satisfactorily performed the duties of United States jury commissioner, for the western district of Michigan, for eight years, and has held the office of notary public for forty-two years. Besides all these responsible and arduous duties, to the civil government, faithfully performed for many years, he has been a trustee in the first Congregational church in Grand Rapids for nine years, and president of the society for five years.

From all this it can be seen, that the life of this busy man, has been a life of labor, a life of fearful responsibility, commencing in his boyhood, and continuing during the years loaned him, after passing his threescore and ten, for he was as active, until within a few weeks of his death, as he was when he was but forty years of age.

But few men, comparatively, have lived, whose lives have been as active, and but few have had the constitution, that could have endured the strain of his intellectual and physical parts, without going down to the grave in much less time than did our honored and respected and I may add highly esteemed friend, Henry Fralick.

But he seemed to know no such thing as weariness, where duties demanded this thought and labor, and what his hands found to do, he did it with his might, and I think it may truthfully be said of him, as Christ said of a faithful woman in his day, "he hath done what he could."

Although when apprized of his approaching end, he said to his daughter, who was tenderly caring for him, I would like to live to do a little more work I had hoped to do before leaving, but perhaps some one else can do it better than I can, and it's all right.

He was twice married. His first wife, to whom he was married May 23, 1837, was the daughter of Henry Lyon, of Plymouth, Michigan. She died October 16, 1840. His second marriage was to Jeannette Woodruff, of the same town, and occurred April 22, 1842. She became the happy mother of five children, four of whom, one son and three daughters, are still living. She died in Grand Rapids, March 27, 1884.

Mr. Fralick was a man of conscientious integrity, great energy, and liberal generosity; an influential and highly respected citizen, not only in Grand Rapids, but throughout our State, and wherever he was known. His death occurred on the fourteenth of March, 1891, after an illness, in the form of pneumonia, which commenced on the seventh of the preceding month, and continued with but trifling abatement, until the

wheels of life, which had been rolling for seventy-nine years, stood still, and the news was heralded through the streets of our city, "Henry Fralick is dead."

We miss his sprightly form as he moved with elastic step, through the streets of Grand Rapids. We miss him at this our annual gathering; and the thought came to me while writing this memoir that he will never again greet us at our annual reunions, as pioneers, but he will greet us when we join the majority on the other side, in that city, more beautiful than Lansing, and that country more lovely than Michigan; and having made their acquaintance, he will introduce us to the pioneers of that country, whose inhabitants never die, and never become infirm with the number of their years. "Farewell, till we meet him in the bright beyond."

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH MARVIN STERLING.

BY LIEUT. GOV. JOHN STRONG.

"A monotone of sadness prevails the literature of every race and comes wailing down to us in the song and story of all the tribes of men." The paths of glory leads but to the grave. To be born is but the beginning of death. All the forces and potencies of nature seem at once to combine against the structure which she herself has reared. Man fills a larger place in the moral than in the material universe, and stands upon a plain so far exalted above all other creatures that life cannot be measured by his length of days in the land. It is estimated, not by years so much as by deeds, not by cycles of time so much as by events.

The reaper's hand is unstaid, and all over our broad State the pioneers are going down before his blighting gaze, too rapidly for the good of the present generation, or the generation that is to follow after us. Especially is this so in my own county; here, indeed, has death cut a wide swath.

Among those I call to mind are the Rev. Dr. Mattoon, Judge Talcott E. Wing, Hon. James Armitage, Samuel Bartlett, Dr. A. I. Sawyer, and the subject of this sketch, Joseph Marvin Sterling; and as one by one they pass in memory's review I cannot but think, "how

little after all, we know of what is ill or well." How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools that rises from a source we know not of, and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never passed. But this we do know; their busy brains have ceased to think, and from their toiling hands has dropped the torch that blazed the way of untiring activity—and this is all.

But let us hope, though gone before us,
The vanished friends of days no more,
They watch with fond affection o'er us,
And bless us from their heavenly shore.

At the early dawn of Monday morning, the 18th of May, 1891, of catarrhal bronchitis, Joseph Marvin Sterling, at his residence in Monroe City, passed to the silent majority. He was not ill long, but death kissed his cheek as softly and swiftly as the shadow from a passing cloud.

Mr. Sterling was a native of New York state. Born in Adams, Jefferson county, August 16, 1818. At the early age of seventeen, he set his face toward the purpling west and became a pioneer of southern Michigan, with Monroe as his home. Upon the waters of the bay, upon the commerce of the lakes, upon the docks, upon the streets, the homes, the schools, and the churces of his city, as well as upon many of the public institutions of the State is written the history of his life. His enthusiasm over the development, strength, resources, cultivation and honor of the State whose infancy he had shared and to whose greatness he had contributed, knew no bounds. He saw her meagre population swell to millions; her almost impassible highways give place to thousands of miles of railroads; her farms teeming with agricultural products of every class and kind; her schools, colleges and churches leading nearly every other in the grand galaxy of states.

He has lived to see the steamboat, the railway, the telegraph and telephone annihilate distance, and make once far-off cities, towns and villages our nearest neighbors.

He was specific in his purposes, and in his life and fortune are splendidly illustrated the honorable successes that crown definite and substantial effort. There was nothing episodical in his career; nothing spasmodic in his efforts; nothing fragmentary in his life. He was a typical American, representing fully the capabilities of American manhood.

In early life he united with the Methodist church; afterwards with the Episcopal church, and has ever since been an active member of that organization. During his membership he has held many of the

minor offices connected with it, and for many years was its junior warden. His religion was that of free thought and good deeds, of character, of sincerity. There were no neutral tints in the colors of his make up. He was always kind and sought to win the confidence of his fellow men by reason and by argument. In him there was no touch or trace of malice. He gave a truthful transcript of his mind and sought to make his meaning clear as light. He had a high respect for truth and justice, and his private charities were as wide as want, and his hospitality as unbounded as his charity. His duties to his church were no more neglected or evaded than were those of business or society.

Although Mr. Sterling's life has been one of untiring activity, and as full of incidents as it could well be crowded, the real data I have been able to gather has been anything but satisfactory. He once said, "My school education was limited, but my contact education has been both liberal and pleasant." In this latter respect he was the valedictorian of his class.

He began life for himself, in 1832 as a clerk, improving such opportunities for attending school as were presented. In 1833 he was sent by Fuller & Sons, of Watertown, N. Y., to Clayton, on the St. Lawrence, where he opened a branch store. In 1834 he entered the store of Bancroft & Davis and remained with this firm until fall, when without company or pecuniary assistance, except five dollars given him by his father, he started for the west, taking the steamer "United States" to Rochester. The line boats on the canal charged one and one-half cents per mile, meals included. After remaining one week in Buffalo he took the steamer Madison to Cleveland and tallied cargo in and out for his passage. From Cleveland he went to Huron, Ohio, and from there took the steamer "United States" for Detroit, and from there, the steamer Bradley for Monroe, landing at La Plaisance bay, October 16, 1835. The day following his arrival he began clerking in the grocery and provision store of J. C. Cole, which was changed into a general store one year later. In 1837 he went to Petersburgh to manage a branch supply store, and in 1838 bought the stock on time, paying twelve dollars, cash down, to bind the bargain, this sum he had saved from his salary of fifteen dollars per month. The same year he built the first store in that village, which has since been converted into a dwelling house. In 1839 he sold out his interest in the "burg" and returned to Monroe, and in company with his brother, William C. Sterling and H. Lambert, formulated and carried out the idea of renting both the La Plaisance bay warehouse and horse railroad, at the same

time buying the stock of cars and horses. The railroad depot was on Scott street just east of Gen. Spalding's residence and the eastern terminus at the warehouse on the bay. The road was about four miles in length. Sidney D. Miller of Detroit, and Winfield L. Smith of Milwaukee, were at various times, conductors of the passenger coaches, and their trains ran rapidly over the] wooden rails of the road. In 1843 the canal was opened and Mr. Sterling left La Plaisance bay and came over to the docks as clerk for Cole & Disbrow. The day of entering the service of this firm, the schooner United States was sighted at the lighthouse, and he piloted her in, and loaded her with flour. She was the first vessel to make the trip through the canal. The same year witnessed the establishment of the several business interests including the firms of Morton, Burch Co., D. Noble & Co., Bronson & Colton, Morton & Wing, Albert Lee, Morton & Walbridge, Drisbrow & Grinnell, James Darrah, Harlston, Haff & Co. The docks, at this time was a busy place, it boasted a hotel, five saloons and a bowling alley. There was a daily line of steamers to Buffalo, Detroit and Toledo. In 1843 he formed a partnership with W. A. Noble, and added to other interests a storage and commission business. In 1844 this firm built the famous "black warehouse" known by sailor men from one end of the lake to the other. He, with several other citizens, was interested in an extensive shipyard at the docks. In the same year Noble & Sterling purchased the schooner Cambridge and opened trade between Monroe and Oswego. He afterwards was interested in a number of other steam and sail vessels, and notwithstanding the loss of the propeller Sampson and schooners Dawn and Noble, his boat property was profitable. Besides all these Mr. Sterling was much interested in contract work for city and government, and rail and plank roads. He has built many private residences and several public buildings, including the city hall and passenger house at the lake. He planted the first field vineyard at Pointe Aux Peaux, in Monroe county, and in 1868 made the first wine for market. In 1870 he erected a substantial wine cellar of limestone brought by vessel from Sandusky, Ohio. The Pointe Aux Peaux wines became justly celebrated for their purity and were extensively used for medical purposes, and for the sacrament. In 1847 he began bringing coal on steamers in boxes and barrels for blacksmiths and for many years supplied most of the coal trade as far west as Goshen, Ind. In the fall of 1848 he built his first coal shed and stocked it with four hundred tons of coal, and thought at that time he had enough for years, but the trade gradually increased until in 1888 nearly ten thousand tons were consumed in Monroe alone.

Since 1861 he has been president of the Monroe gas light company, and for the past four years president of the Monroe democrat printing and publishing company and also at the head of the Sterling manufacturing company. In 1884 he stocked his farm with a fine herd of imported Holstein-Fresian cattle and has done much to improve the grade of cattle in this county. For many years he was connected with the Michigan State agricultural society, twelve years of which he was chairman of the business committee. His influence and business standing with the railroads of the State did much to make the society what it was in its palmiest days. He was also a member of this society, and the author of several interesting papers read before this organization. In politics he was a staunch and uncompromising democrat. He was elected mayor of Monroe in 1862 and 1863, and upon several occasions was offered the nomination for governor, which he declined. In 1874, he was, without his consent, put upon the ticket for State treasurer and made such a phenomenal run that had the democratic State central committee supplied the upper peninsula with tickets, would have been elected; he led his State ticket in this county 348. In 1847 he was active in the organization of Monroe lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F., and is the last but two of its charter members, one being Wm. H. Wells, of Erie, this county, and the other Henry Grinnell of Grand Rapids.

I should hesitate to enter upon the domestic circle on an occasion like this, but it is due to those who constitute his family circle to say that the symmetry of our friend's rounded career did not want the harmonious complement of happy wedlock.

Mr. Sterling was twice married, his first wife was Miss Abby Clark, daughter of Walter P. Clark, to whom he was married January 27, 1843. The fruits of this marriage were six children, Wm. C., Joe C., Frank S., Walter P., Mrs. L. O. Goddard, of Chicago, and Mrs. A. E. Wing, of Detroit. His first wife died in 1872 and in 1874 he married Mrs. C. W. Rice of Buffalo, daughter of Hon. Elias Weed, of that city, who survives him. His family "who rise up and call him blessed" are all well settled in life, and represent the best type of citizenship. His death aroused the sensibilities of the entire community, and called forth universal regret and sorrow.

In his career the city has been enriched; and by his example men have been taught to help themselves. The measures of his years are full. The day is done. The work of a life is finished. The gold of morning meets the dusk of night and beneath the silent stars, in the fullness of his years and the maturity of his character, he has been gathered to his fathers.

MEMOIR OF HOVEY K. CLARKE.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

[Detroit Tribune, July 23, 1889.]

The death of Hon. Hovey K. Clarke removes from Detroit one of its old residents and one among its most loyal and useful citizens. He expired in Grace hospital, Detroit, on Sunday, July 21, 1889, at the age of seventy-seven years. He had been slowly losing his strength for several years, owing to the infirmities of increasing age, and was taken to the hospital three weeks before his death in a helpless condition. He had boarded with Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Van Wirt at No. 33 Warren avenue for several years past, and there had his "den," as he called a large room crammed full of his books, where he spent the greater part of his time in reading and writing, in which occupations he remained interested to the last. Mr. Clarke left no family. He was twice married, but both wives and a daughter preceded him to the land of reunions and rewards.

Mr. Clarke was born in New England, July 12, 1812, but removed to Canandaigua, New York, when a boy. His education was secured in the latter place, and there he also studied law, having the advantage of the instruction and example of some of the most prominent lawyers of New York of that early day, whose homes were in that place. His active life was begun at Marshall in this State, where he entered upon the active practice of his profession. Somewhere about the year 1850 he removed to Detroit, forming a law partnership with the late Thomas W. Lockwood, and here he has ever since resided.

He was always actively interested in public affairs, national, State and local, not from a spirit of self-seeking, but from an earnest desire to promote the general welfare—the ideal aim of a good citizen. As soon as the anti-slavery agitation began to take definite form, he enrolled himself among the free democrats, or freesoilers, and became a zealous member of that party, at first maligned and sneered at, but at last triumphant and honored. In the formation of the republican party—which had its birth, never let it be forgotten, in Michigan—Mr. Clarke took a most useful and honorable part. In 1854 the free democrats met in mass convention at Jackson on Washington's birthday. Mr. Clarke was the chairman of the committee on resolutions and presented

a platform admirable in its clearness, its courage and its recommendations. Condemning the encroachments of slavery, demanding that these should cease, admitting that it existed by right of law where it was but insisting that it had no right to go an inch further and ought never be allowed to do so, the platform then proceeded to speak of other demands that sound policy dictated should be provided for. The enlargement of the appointing power consequent upon the growth of the country, and its concentration in the hands of one man, were declared to be a menace to the best interests of the people, as it removed the executive from all proper accountability to them, and the transfer of this power from the hands of the president to that of the people was called for. Cheap postage, river and harbor improvements, free homesteads for actual settlers and government aid for a Pacific railroad—then only dreamed of—were among the things this platform indorsed, all of which have since become a part of our national policy. In State matters, a prohibitory liquor law and free schools with no rate bills were also advocated.

All this shows Mr. Clarke's clearness of perception and good judgment. Upon this platform, a full State ticket was nominated with Kinsley S. Bingham for governor and Mr. Clarke for attorney general.

This convention was followed by another, broadened in its call so as to include all opponents of the pro-slavery policy which the democrats were pushing with a high hand, and which met at Kalamazoo, June 21. Here again, Mr. Clarke was chairman of the committee on resolutions and reported another series, possessing all his characteristics of clear and forcible statement and uncompromising hostility to the farther extension of slavery. This convention appointed a large conference committee from both the whig and freesoil parties to endeavor to effect a union between them. This was brought about at Jackson, July 6, when and where the republiacn party was born and named and the first republican State ticket was nominated. This requiring a combination of names from both parties, Mr. Clarke, among others, cheerfully stepped aside, and the late Hon. Jacob M. Howard was nominated for attorney general, the whole ticket being elected in November following.

Mr. Clarke was never an office seeker, while he was always interested and active in political affairs. He remained a member of the republican party throughout life. During the entire existence of the national bankruptcy law he served as register in bankruptcy, being appointed thereto by President Grant. He was also reporter of the Supreme Court for several years. After his appointment as bankruptcy register, he withdrew largely from the active practice of the law, his official

duties absorbing all his time and attention. He made an intelligent, careful and painstaking official, and discharged his important duties to the satisfaction of all. His knowledge on all questions was precise and accurate, the result of careful study and close attention. He had a forcible and incisive way of presenting his side of any case, whether in speech or writing, and was a doughty antagonist to encounter at any time.

Mr. Clarke early became a member of the Presbyterian church and held the position of a ruling elder in it the larger part of his life. He was interested in all that concerned the welfare of that great denomination and faithful to all its interests. He was repeatedly chosen a member of the general assembly, where his wide familiarity with all the leading movements and judicial proceedings of the church gave great weight to his counsels and made his advice much sought after. The friend of his pastor, a constant attendant upon all the stated meetings of the sanctuary, and alive to the great missionary enterprises with which he thus became connected, he naturally became a leader among his brethern, in whose singleness of purpose and sincerity of desire they had implicit confidence.

Mr. Clarke was somewhat curt and brusque in ordinary manner, but this was more the result of his quick decision than the display of any real acerbity of temper. His actions were at all times governed by right principle, as he understood and fully believed it. His disposition was one of benevolence intelligently directed, and he lived as one who fully expected hereafter to render account in the presence of the Judge of all the earth. He loved his God, his country and his kind. There are not so many such men among us that Detroit is not the poorer today that Hovey H. Clarke has passed forever from our midst.

MEMOIR OF GEN. HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

The death of Henry Hastings Sibley, which occurred at St. Paul, Minn., on Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1891, has broken one of the few and feeble links that bind Detroit to the past. Indeed, so feeble have these links become in the memory of the many that the great body of the

population are unaware of their existence until they break, so rapid has been the course of new events that have thrust their new men upon the attention. Although the country is far from old in point of years, events have crowded so closely upon each other's heels that the wars of the revolution and of 1812 read like a page out of antiquity. Even the war of the rebellion fades like the jacket of the veteran. It is events, therefore, and not time that give a country true age. It was but thirty-five years before the birth of Sibley that the liberty bell in Boston was sounding in the ears of the signers of the declaration of independence, and the rejoicing over the successful conclusion of the war of 1812 saluted his own baby sense of hearing.

Henry Hastings Sibley was born at Detroit, Feb. 20, 1811, and his life reads more like romance than dry history. He was the fourth child and second son of Chief Justice Solomon Sibley, of Detroit, whose wife, Sarah Whipple Sproat, was the only daughter of Col. Ebenezer Sproat, an officer in the continental army and the granddaughter of Commodore Abraham Whipple, of the continental navy. The Sibleys came over about nine years after the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, and settled in Salem. From there they branched out into the west, and, in point of fact, the entire United States. Pedigree tracers have run the family name back to an era of great antiquity, and paused this side of Adam only through sheer fatigue. In New England annals the Sibleys appear to have been selectmen of the rigid sort, who kept a God-fearing eye on the tendency to luxury in the town of Sutton, which appears from a certain report of a committee to which their name is appended, and which reads in part as follows: "The tradesman's wife sips tea, for an hour at a time, out of chinaware morning and afternoon, and there is a silver spoon, silver trays, besides other trinkets; the chief blame falling on Madame Hall, who had the first tea-kettle ever brought to Sutton, and Deacon Pierce's wife the second, holding a pint each; and there has been no birth in our town for some time." Population appears to have been the desideratum, and Castle Garden was unknown.

In his eighteenth year young Sibley told his father that the study of law to which he had been set, was very irksome to him and that he longed for an outdoor life, and his parents, upon consultation, allowed him to pursue the bent of his own inclination. Cutting loose, the boy made his way northward and westward, never to return save as a casual visitor. His first venture was as a store clerk for John Hulbert, of Sault Ste. Marie, who acted as sutler for four companies of United States troops posted there. His second was in the service of

an Indian trader named Johnson, and his third, in 1829, that of clerk in the great American fur company, of which John Jacob Astor, of New York, was the head, and whose great entrepot for the furs at the west was at Mackinac. He made a trip to Chicago in 1829, when the world's fair city was an Indian stockade, with half a dozen houses occupied by the Beaubien and other families. The shore was a waste of sand, and even an opium eater would never have dreamed of a city in such a place. In 1832 Sibley was dispatched from Mackinac, on business, to Detroit, with a splendid birch bark canoe and eight voyageurs. Early on the last morning of the voyage the men prepared for the great entry into Detroit by arraying themselves in their best apparel. They donned high-crowned hats, with abundance of tinsel cord and black plumes, calico shirts of bright tints, exactly alike, and broad worsted belts around their waists. Being all fine, athletic fellows, they made a fine appearance. The canoe had been gayly painted, and on this occasion two large black plumes, and two of bright red, of like dimensions, adorned the bow and stern of the craft respectively. All things in readiness, they took their several stations and in a few momemts, under the impetus of nine paddles, wielded by muscular arms, and the inspiration of a Canadian boat song, in the chorus of which all joined, they shot down the current of the straits at about half railroad speed. The appearance of a bark canoe of the largest size, with its paraphernalia, manned by a strong crew of hardy voyageurs, keeping time with their paddles to the not unmelodious notes of a French boat song, was so unusual and attractive that the wharves were crowded with people to witness their progress past the city.

During five years Sibley remained in the employ of the fur company as its clerk, and in 1834 became a partner in the company. During that year John Jacob Astor sold out his interest in the northwest to a new company in New York city, without change of name, of which Ramsey Crooks, father of Col. William Crooks, of St. Paul, was chosen president. Sibley was to take charge of the company's interests west of the lakes. Accordingly the junction of the Mississippi and the Minnesota rivers, now Mendota, was chosen as Sibley's headquarters, and thither he repaired in October, 1834. The only habitation of a white man in those days between Prairie du Chien and Mendota, three hundred miles apart, was that of an Indian trader named Rocque, near the present town of Wabasha. Sibley's new post became one of great importance and flourished as the entrepot of the fur trade for an immense region of country. The only relief from the solitude was Fort Snelling, located but a mile distant. It was in the land of the

Dakotas and seventeen years before any of the great treaties extinguished the Indian title to the immense area now known as Minnesota and part of Dakota besides. Sibley reveled in the hunting and fishing which the country afforded and was one of the best of shots.

The romantic incidents that illustrated and enlivened the career of Sibley, in the roll of Indian hunter as well as in that of the fur company's general inspector, are full of interest and amusement. The year 1840 was signalized in this respect by a hunting expedition to the neutral ground, sixty miles wide and one hundred miles long, interposed by the national government as a barrier to prevent the collision of the Sacs and Foxes and the Dakotas, a theater of sport two hundred miles away from Mendota. No less than seventy days were required for this adventure. The Dakota warriors being ready, Sibley with his friends, Lieut. John C. Fremont, Alexander Faribault, W. H. Forbes, "Jack Frazer," a renowned half-breed, and two Canadian voyageurs, accompanied him. A camp of seventy lodges with over one hundred men and their families constituted the expedition. Long poles trailing on the ground and attached to the sides of the ponies with an extemporized basket of leather thongs woven between them, baggage in the basket and children surmounting the whole, all wending their way Indian file through the snow, presented a unique and primative appearance. The older men marched in the van, the horses and ponies were led by the women, the line extending to great length, the women acting as porters, according to the Indian rule of honor, which forbade such service for the warriors, and when crossing streams, through ice water waist deep, they bore the whole burden of the camp in their arms and on their heads. When halting for the night the lodges were erected by the women and the ponies turned out to graze, the men calmly smoking their pipes.

Arrived at the hunting grounds, a regularly constituted tribunal defined the boundaries of the chase and forbade the transgression of the limits, a precaution needed to restrain the ardor of the young men, who otherwise would have overrun the country and frightened away the game. The penalty was severe, an unmerciful thrashing being visited upon the offender, or his tent would be ripped to pieces, his kettles broken and his wooden bowls split.

When the Dakatos hunted deer an extended line, with eighty or one hundred yards between the hunters was formed which advanced quickly completely scouring the whole country. The slain deer remained where he fell until the return of the hunt, which swept over many miles of territory. The skin and the hind quarters became the property

of the hunter, the rest of the carcass being, according to tribal custom, divided among the less successful, the widows and the orphans. Owing to the abundance of game during the period of the expedition referred to, no less than from twenty to thirty deer were the result of the average day's hunt, besides elk, bear and other animals, while beaver and otter were taken in traps by men who were past the age when they could endure the exhaustion of hunting. The total spoils of the hunt were two thousand deer, sixty elk, six panthers, a number of bears and several buffaloes.

From these peaceful hunting scenes Sibley turned away in 1848, when he was elected a delegate to congress for the territory of Wisconsin. In congress Sibley was noted for his defense of the Indian on every proper occasion, many of which offered, as also his defense of squatters.

On his retirement from congress, Sibley was elected governor of Minnesota, a post which he filled from March 4, 1853, to January 1, 1860, a period of seven years.

On the morning of Monday, August 18, 1862, the Minnesota Sioux suddenly took the war-path. From Otter Tail lake and Fort Abercrombie, on the Red river, southwardly to the Iowa border, a distance of two hundred miles, and eastward from Big Stone lake, on the western shore, to Forest City, in Meeker county, an area of twenty thousand square miles, embracing no less than eighteen counties, with a population of forty thousand souls, was the scene of Indian massacre and horrors too hideous for detail. Old men staggering to the ground beneath the dull thud of the war club, and infants nailed to the doors or tossed to alight on the limbs of thorn trees. Fire and the scalping knife did their horrible work. In a week one thousand persons perished, two thousand were maimed and eight thousand thrown upon the world as paupers. A stream of thirty thousand fugitives rushed down the Minnesota valley fleeing to neighboring states, and even to New England friends for protection. Not less than two million dollars worth of property was destroyed in a belt of two hundred and fifty miles and in ten counties nothing was left.

In brief, the reason for the rising of the Sioux, was the faithlessness of the government in keeping its agreements with them. They chose a not unmilitary time for the rising, as the date will disclose to all familiar with the history of the United States.

On August 19, Sibley was commissioned as colonel by Governor Ramsey, and given the general command. Early the next day, Wednesday, with four companies of the sixth regiment from Fort Snelling,

he hastened to St. Peter, now Mendota. From here, with one thousand four hundred men, he made a forward movement against Little Crow, who had a force of one thousand five hundred picked warriors, and arriving at Fort Ridgely made it the base of operations. On September 2 and 3, 1862, the battle of Birch Coolie was fought, at which the Indians met with signal defeat. At Yellow Medicine another battle was fought, for which Sibley was made brigadier general by the president. After a somewhat prolonged campaign, due to inadequacy of forces, General Sibley overcame the Sioux. Under the administration of Andrew Johnson he was made major general by brevet. On the close of the war of the rebellion, and for many years thereafter, civic honors fell thick upon Sibley, and he bore them with becoming modesty. But he was never so happy as when with his friend and his dog and his gun he sought the familiar hunting spot. Age crept on apace and his head grew white under the passage of many peaceful years until, in the ample fullness of time, he lay down and a rare soul took its departure to the bosom of its maker.

MEMOIR OF JUDGE ISAAC PECKHAM CHRISTIANCY.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

(From Detroit Tribune, Sept. 9, 1890.)

LANSING, Sept. 8.—Judge Christiancy passed away very quietly and peacefully at 6:30 p. m.

The difficulty was a cancerous tumor on the lower jaw.

Isaac Peckham Christiancy was born in Johnstown (now Bleeker), N. Y., March 12, 1812. What education his parents were able to furnish him was secured at the academies in Kingsborough and Ovid, and at the age of thirteen he was compelled to assume the chief support of his father's family. He taught school at intervals for several years, and then studied law with John Maynard.

In 1836 he came to Michigan and settled at Monroe, which was then the most important point outside of Detroit, and was noted for the number of strong men who were connected with all its interests, business and professional. Its bar was especially brilliant and noted. Soon

after settling there, Judge Christiancy's law studies were completed and he was admitted to practice, and at once entered upon the active work of his profession. He was not long in winning for himself a foremost position among the able lawyers of the town, who quickly discovered the promise there was in the untiring industry, close application and thorough mastery of facts and principles which characterized the work of the young attorney. He speedily secured a fair share of the legal business of the period and the town, and served as prosecuting attorney of the county for three terms, 1841–6.

Judge Christiancy early evinced a decided taste for political life. He was a member of the democratic party until the anti-slavery agitation had reached the decisive point where the democratic party decided to cast in its lot with the pro-slavery side of the great controversy. As soon as it became evident that the trend of his party was irresistibly in that direction, Judge Christiancy's position was promptly taken. His strong instincts in favor of liberty and justice revolted against oppression in every form, and when it became evident that the democratic party was willing to ally itself with the institution of human slavery, he at once left its ranks and joined the small but Spartan band of freesoilers, whose motto was "free soil, free speech and free men." With these he actively enlisted, and at once became an able and trusted leader among them. In 1848 he was a delegate to the Buffalo freesoil convention, was a member of the State senate from his district, then comprising a large portion of southern Michigan, in 1850–2, and was the freesoil candidate for governor in the latter year. Of course, he was an earnest and influential advocate of the organization of the republican party in 1854, by a consolidation of the freesoil and whig parties, and aided powerfully in bringing his own side of that compact into hearty and cordial support of the new organization, with which he ever afterward remained identified. He was a delegate from Michigan to the first national convention in Philadelphia in 1856, which nominated General Fremont, and the following year purchased the Monroe Commercial, became its editor and vigorously advocated the republican cause, to whose principles he was sincerly and strongly attached.

When the independent Supreme Court of this State was called into existence under a law passed by the legislature of 1857, Judge Christiancy was one of the four justices comprising that court who were chosen in the election of that year, and entered upon the duties of his office January 1, 1858, and in that position he remained by continuous elections until 1875, when he resigned upon his being chosen United States

senator. At two of these elections, in 1865 and 1873, he had no opposition, a deserved tribute to his great ability as a jurist. While he never lost his interest in politics, his judicial office and duties necessarily removed him from any active participation in party movements. He did not, however, deem it at all improper to espouse openly and earnestly the cause of his country during the great civil war, and his influence and active efforts were put forth in support of the union army. For a short time he even served as a member of the staff of General Custer and of General A. A. Humphreys.

The most enduring record that Judge Christiancy will leave behind him is found in the Michigan reports of Supreme Court decisions, volumes five to thirty-one inclusive. These will bear ample witness to his invaluable labors as a jurist. To great intellectual abilities he united a strong and instinctive love of justice, an aversion to petty technicalities that serve only to turn aside equity and a thorough acquaintance with the fundamental principles of law that lie at the basis of the jurisprudence of the civilized world. To decide justly and intelligently in the controversies that came before him, was his delight. And no case was too intricate or involved, was burdened with too many details or covered too great a period of time, to deter him from mastering its facts, setting them in their proper order, and applying to them those principles that should establish essential justice between man and man. There was no drudgery in all this. He grappled with the most elaborate and difficult cases and questions with the delight of an athlete. The Supreme Court of Michigan never had a stronger and abler Judge upon its bench, and it may well be doubted if it ever will have.

In 1875, having been elected by the legislature then in session to the United States senate for the full term of six years, to succeed Senator Chandler, he closed his long and useful career as judge, covering a period of eighteen years. His selection as senator was due to disaffection in the republican party, which led a small minority of republicans in a close legislature to join with the united democrats of the same body in his choice. It is due to Judge Christiancy to say that this was brought about by no suggestion or scheming on his part. The republican minority, while firmly opposed to Senator Chandler, refused absolutely to support any democrat for the high office of senator. The democrats, anxious to compass the defeat of Senator Chandler, whom they intensely hated, were willing to accept the conditions imposed by their allies, but naturally sought to secure a man who had not been an active participant in previous political con-

tests. Judge Christiancy's position was altogether favorable for such a purpose, and while they would have preferred one or two other members of the bench, they had confidence in his sterling integrity and growing conservatism, while the positive choice of the republican minority largely settled the question. He went to the senate perfectly untrammeled by bargain, condition or understanding of any sort.

Judge Christiancy's career as a senator might and doubtless would, have been as successful as that which he left, had it not been clouded soon after he entered upon it by domestic troubles. His reputation was well known in Washington. As the successor of so prominent and noted a man as Mr. Chandler, he would naturally attract unusual attention. The position upon which he entered was a most trying one, but he was entirely equal to it. Without ostentation of any sort he quietly entered upon his new duties, and at once stepped into the foremost rank of the ablest men in the country. The difficult questions attendant upon the great problem of reconstruction were still waiting for final determination, and the very first speech he made, within a few weeks after entering the senate—a speech carefully written out and read upon what was then known as the Louisiana question, dispelled any doubts that might have existed as to the intellectual vigor and grasp, and the broad comprehensive judgment of the new senator from Michigan. He never lost the position which then and there was accorded him. He speedily secured the cordial respect and esteem of the foremost men of both parties in the senate. His ability, his sturdy honesty, and his judicial fairness in dealing with every question won to him the strong regard of men of like quality of mind and character in both houses of congress, but especially in the senate.

Judge Christiancy had been a widower for some time when he went to Washington. At the same boarding house where he lived was a young woman who was employed as clerk in one of the departments, and with parents partially or wholly dependent upon her. For some reason it was generally supposed that the new senator from Michigan was wealthy, which was very far from being the fact. He was really in moderate circumstances. But supposing him to be such, this young woman and her friends set deliberately about the work of "capturing" him, if possible. Engrossed with his new duties, he did not suspect their designs, until finally confronted with a careless remark which he had casually dropped, and which was adroitly tortured into a meaning which he had not dreamed of giving to it when it was made. He was then informed that this was taken by a susceptible and confiding young woman to mean a proposal of marriage, that her affections had

become enlisted and that the offer was accepted. To his protests that he meant nothing of the sort, the reply was that the remark had not been so understood at all, and that the matter had gone too far and become too serious on the young woman's part to warrant any retraction—at least, if any was indulged in, a suit for breach of promise would have to secure some balm for the anguish of a wounded heart.

The cunning plot succeeded. A suit under such circumstances meant insufferable scandal, over which his political enemies would gloat while his friends could only be silent, confounded and defenseless. It was a cruel position, and he knew and always maintained in private that there was no substantial and honest ground for the assertions of these plotters. Nevertheless it seemed much the most comfortable alternative to surrender at discretion, and let the world simply laugh at an old man's folly. He did so and was married. Within twenty-four hours after that event his newly made wife informed him that she did not love him. For two or three years he led a sorry life, the turmoil of his domestic affairs becoming public property and harassing him ceaselessly. At last he could endure it no longer, and in 1879 he resigned and was appointed by President Hayes United States minister to Peru, whither he hastened, hoping to hide behind the Cordilleras the shame and mortification that had overwhelmed him.

In 1881 he returned to this country and finally succeeded in shaking off his tormentors through the agency of a suit for divorce. But the painful history of these few years had practically wrought his ruin. He came home a dejected and broken man. He has lived since in comparative retirement, occasionally serving as referee in some important case but spending most of his time with his books and mingling little with his fellow men. But his old friends—those who knew him best—never lost their confidence in him, nor doubted that he was made the victim of a despicable conspiracy from which he felt himself powerless to extricate himself.

Judge Christiancy leaves four sons and one daughter, the latter a widow, Mrs. Thomas E. O'Brien, who has kept his home for several years and faithfully ministered to her father's wants. Two other sons died within the past four years and two others still died in infancy.

The death of Hon. Isaac P. Christiancy, while not unexpected, is still an event that will awaken not a little sincere regret and sorrow. He has been so long, so usefully and honorably connected with the history of this State, that his final passing away leaves the sharp sense of a great public loss—and such it is.

His eminent services as a judge of the supreme court cannot well be

forgotten, for they are not only graven into the history of the State for the lifetime of an entire generation, but form a part of the law which, solidly established, shall guide and protect every citizen for generations yet to come. His large ability, his strong love of justice, his sturdy honesty and his ample learning, all combined to give his decisions great weight and to inspire the most implicit confidence in the soundness of his judgment and the correctness of his opinions. Michigan never had an abler or purer judge in her court of last resort. His career as a United States senator was cut short by his domestic troubles, but while it lasted was alike honorable to him and the State which he represented. He took a foremost rank in that high position as long as he remained in it.

His clouded later years were a source of sincere but, of course, unvailing regret to his friends, but this fact only served to test yet more strongly the sincerity of the respect and affection that were felt for him. His memory will long be cherished as that of a man who served his generation with conspicuous ability and far-reaching usefulness.

TRIBUTE OF THE WAYNE COUNTY BAR TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JUSTICE CHRISTIANCY.

The adjourned meeting of the bar to take action on the death of Justice Christiancy was held in the Wayne circuit court room No. 1, September 17, 1890. Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, president of the bar association, called the meeting to order and said he thought it proper for the bar to take some action on the death of one who was so eminent in public life and so worthy as a citizen. On motion of Hon. Alfred Russell the following committee was appointed to draft a memorial; Alfred Russell, C. I. Walker, J. Logan Chipman, D. Bethune Duffield, Sylvester Larned, William P. Wells and Levi L. Barbour. The memorial had been prepared by Mr. Russell from facts furnished by Mr. Lothrop, who was attorney general when Justice Christiancy was elected state senator in 1850, and from his own recollections. It was as follows:

The death of Hon. Isaac P. Christiancy following so soon that of his distinguished colleague on the bench, Judge Campbell, is an event which cannot fail to make a profound impression on the bar and people of Michigan. Judge Christiancy was the last survivor of the orginal members of the distinguished supreme court of Michigan, 1858. Though his services in other spheres of his public life were marked and valuable yet it was in his judicial career that his great qualities

of mind and character shone forth most conspicuously. It was here that he found his proper field of labor.

He came to the bench at the age of forty-five in the full maturity of his powers. He had diligently prepared himself for his work. He had not only mastered his profession, but he had given the most thoughtful study to the grave political questions which then agitated the whole country. He was an inflexible lover of justice and of human freedom and in the light of these principles he felt that the great trust that had fallen to his hands was to be administered. For seventeen years his judicial service was continuous and may be truly said to have been steadily rising in power and efficiency. His judgments in important causes were always distinguished for thorough research, for comprehensive survey and for logical strength of expression. It was during his incumbency that our supreme court rose to its well-won and proud distinction among the courts of the Union.

His services as a senator and as a foreign minister, though brief, were honorable to himself and useful to his country.

His private life was lived with purity and dignity and though near its close clouded with some trials and adversity, was never stained with meanness or dishonor.

The influence of such a life, happily, does not end with death. It serves to make a man's profession more elevated and useful and survives as a monitor and guide to all who would rightly serve their country and their fellow men.

The bar of Detroit thus venerating the memory of Judge Christiancy, speaking for themselves and as they believe for their brethren in the state at large, have thought it fit by this brief minute to give formal expression to their respect and affection and to direct that it be laid before the supreme court and the courts of Wayne county for such action as may be thought appropriate.

Mr. Russell, on motion, will place the memorial in the hands of Prosecuting Attorney Willcox to be presented to the Wayne circuit and State supreme courts. Mr. Russell said the deceased was one of the noted trio of the supreme bench—Christiancy, Campbell, Cooley. He also gained fame in the senate and was loved by all who practiced before him. D. Bethune Duffield paid a high tribute to the late jurist's memory, speaking of his work on the bench and in other connections.

"Let us, then, who remember him so well," said Mr. Duffield in closing, "do our part, humble though it be, in placing on the imperishable records of that court in which he labored so long, our tribute to

his ability as a judge, his worth as a public servant, his virtue as a citizen and his rare merit as a friend. May we not all say here today, 'Farewell, thou just and honorable judge, may the peace of the better world be forever thine.'"

Congressman Chipman spoke of his acquintance with and respect for Justice Christiancy, whom he had always found a man of kindly disposition, interesting and charitable in private life. Hon. William Jennison thought the State had suffered greatly from his death.

The proceedings of the supreme court held at Lansing, October 14, 1890, are published in volume 87, Michigan reports. See page xli.

The funeral services were held Thursday, September 11, 1890, at 2 p. m., in the rotunda of the State capitol. President Clute of the Agricultural College officiating, assisted by Rev. C. H. Beale of the Congregational church of Lansing, the remains laying in state from 10 o'clock a. m.

His remains were taken to Monroe, Mich., for burial.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. ORRIN POPPLETON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FROM JUNE 13, 1889, TO JUNE 12, 1890.

Hon. Orrin Poppleton, the subject of this sketch, is a pioneer resident and merchant of Birmingham, Oakland county, having been engaged there continuously in business since August, 1840, occupying his present store forty-nine consecutive years. Few dealers anywhere can take such a retrospect of a continuous mercantile life as this, and none can show a cleaner record as to straightforward dealing and wise business methods. That Mr. Poppleton for many years has occupied, and still continues to do so, a leading position in the county and State is unquestioned by those who know him, and his standing does not depend upon the ample fortune he has accumulated by his energy and application to business but in a great degree upon his personal qualities.

He is one of a family whose parents located lands on section twenty, Troy township, in 1823. In December, 1825, after a toilsome journey of thirty-two days by wagon overland through Canada from Ontario county, N. Y., the parents with two children—the subject of this sketch and a sister—arrived safely at the then future homestead in the wilderness.

With ax in hand his father, Wm. Poppleton, began an unflinching attack upon the giant unbroken forest which surrounded him, and with an intensity of purpose which never for a moment wavered, he commenced his life struggle to carve out a home, a name and fortune for himself and family. William Poppleton, the father, was born in Poultney, Vt., in 1795. The mother, Zada Crooks, was born in Blandford, Mass., in 1796. The ancestry of William Poppleton has been traced to the fifteenth century, and were then people of note. During queen Mary's time a Gen. Poppleton appears in English history from whom the family are descended. He was killed in battle during the reign of Mary I., of England. Later a William Poppleton was with Cromwell in his campaigns and at the battle of Marston Moor. A great grandson of the general from whom the family are descended, came to America before the revolution. He had four sons, William, Samuel, Benjamin and Ebenezer, all of whom enlisted in the continental army, serving under Washington, Greene, Stark, Ethan Allen, Arnold, and others. One of these four sons, Samuel, father of William, was a pensioner of the revolution, and died in Richland county, Ohio, in 1832, aged eighty-four. The mother's ancestry dates back to Uchtred Knox and Adam Knox, son of Uchtred, Earl of Renferlie, Scotland, peer of Ireland and the United Kingdom, dating as early as 1192. The descendants had the charter of the lands in Renferlie confirmed to them by king James III in 1474. John Knox, the reformer, was also of the same family.

Descendants of this branch came to America in about 1722, landed in Boston and subsequently settled in Hampden county, Mass., in 1735. General Henry Knox, of revolutionary fame, Washington's artillery general, was a descendant of the same ancestry.

Orrin Poppleton was born in Richmond, Ontario county, New York., April 22, 1817, and was in his ninth year when his parents came to this State, then territory. His early life was passed on the farm in Troy, assisting his father in clearing the heavily timbered lands and cultivating the same, until he attained the age of twenty-one. His educational advantages were of the usual sort of those days. He attended the district school at the log school house four months each year during the winter. After leaving the parental roof he spent a school year at the Granville, Ohio, seminary. Having decided to engage in mercantile pursuits he commenced as clerk with Schuyler Hodges in Pontiac, where he remained nearly two years. In the winter of 1834–5, and again in 1839–40, he taught a district school in Troy. In August, 1840, he began his mercantile business in Birming-

ham, being the third person to engage in that pursuit there. He now has been in continuous business many years longer than any other dealer in the village, and probably longer than any in the county, occupying one store forty-nine years, and is one of a very few men in Michigan who has carried on such an enterprise fifty-three years. Diligence, strict integrity and a judicious catering to the desires and tastes of his trade have placed him in the front rank as a business man and given him a reputation as a merchant, attained by but few.

Mr. Poppleton has always been an active conservative democrat of the Jeffersonian school, true to his party when he deemed them in the right, and true to the government and its institutions. Being a descendant of revolutionary sires who battled for freedom and principles of justice, he always placed a true estimate upon liberty, and it was but natural that he should guage every political measure with those immortal principles which, since the formation of the government, have brought such unparalleled prosperity to his country. For many years he took an active part in politics until failing health compelled him to retire. He still keeps well informed upon the different topics of the day, and takes a deep interest in the affairs of the State and nation and in the principles on which good government is based, and can at all times give a clear and concise reason for his political faith. In 1852 he was elected to the Michigan house of representatives from his district and served during the session of 1853, serving as a member of the committee on "internal improvements," of which Judge Wm. Burt was chairman, and took an active part in preparing and reporting the bill for the construction of the "Soo" canal, in which the original specifications of Capt. Canfield were enlarged, making the size of the locks three hundred and fifty feet, with a breadth of thirty-six feet. There was strong opposition on the part of some members of the committee to the large size of the canal, especially the locks, asserting that they would be impracticable. But a majority being in favor of the bill as prepared, it was reported to the house and passed. He was also a member of the committee on "education" before whom a number of Catholic priests praying for some concession in favor of that sect, of the common school fund. The committee reported adversely to their views. He was also chairman of the special committee on the "Maine Liquor Law;" presented the mammoth petition in favor of the passage of that measure, which was the first enacted in the State upon the liquor question.

During his active political career he was solicited to allow his name to be presented to the convention as a candidate for congress, and

later to stand as a candidate for governor, declining both for two reasons, his distaste for public life, and his private business requiring his constant attention.

In 1853 he was appointed postmaster at Birmingham, holding the office eight years, during Pierce and Buchanan's administrations. For sixteen years he was a member of the congressional committee for his district and during twelve of them was its chairman.

He was president of the Oakland county pioneer and historical society eleven years, vice president of the State society seven years, and its president one year, closing June, 1890. And is also a member of the American historical association. He belongs to no social order, but quietly and unostentatiously dispenses the charity which they inculcate, and engages cordially with all his friends and associates in the gratification of good fellowship.

The marriage of Mr. Poppleton and Sarah Abbey was solemnized at the bride's home in Richmond, Ontario county, New York, November 2, 1841. Mrs. Poppleton was born there May 2, 1815, and there her parents John and Elizabeth (Baker) Abbey died, both being natives of the "Old Bay State."

Mr. and Mrs. Poppleton have had five children born to them. Their first and second sons died in infancy.

Edgar C. and Herbert A. are engaged with their father in conducting the mercantile, farm and other business. The only daughter, Mrs. Ella P. Hatch, the youngest, is a resident of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The example of the business, social and private life of Mr. Poppleton is well worthy of consideration. Having been trained by parents who would tolerate no departure from the strictest integrity and propriety, those principles have ever been vividly and vitally before him through life. Born about the time the tide of western emigration began from the eastern and middle states, he has witnessed the settlement, development and population of the great central and northwest. When he came to Michigan that entire territory and country beyond probably had less than ten thousand people within its boundaries. Now its population can be counted by the millions. Then there were no railroads, telegraph or telephone lines, few water craft, and little commerce on the great inland seas and rivers of the north and west.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. WILLIAM F. JENISON.

Hon. William F. Jenison, whose home is three-fourths of a mile east of the village of Eagle, in Eagle township, Clinton county, was born December 19, 1812, in Byron township, Genesee county, New York. He attended the district school, and later entered college at Brockport, in Monroe county, N. Y., where he completed the classical course. Thoroughly fitted by natural ability and energy for teaching, young Jenison decided to use his education in the instruction of others. At college he had boarded himself, doing his own cooking; the will power by which he thus surmounted the obstacle of financial limitation was a dominant trait of his character. As an educator, he similarly overcame difficulties. His pupils were instilled by his example with industry, determination and self confidence. He introduced new methods and created new life. He taught, altogether, in his native state, seven winters.

An episode of Mr. Jenison's early life was his enlistment as a soldier in the patriot war. His regiment had proceeded but a part of the way toward Canada when the measures of the United States' government put an end to the trouble. On the return march, Col. Pettibone sought out Jenison. "William," said the Colonel, "what shall we do when we get back? Of course the people will laugh at us, and we'll never hear the end of this." Our hero was fertile in expedients. He made up his mind to have "the folks at home" laugh with the "soldier boys" instead of at them. A mock parade was proposed to the officer in command and the idea was accepted. When the volunteers reached their own neighborhood, they announced a public drill. All the wind-broken, spavined horses that could be found for miles were taken into service, and on the appointed day the pageant was witnessed by thousands. The costumes were as various, fantastic and unique as ingenuity could make them. Patriot Jenison rode a huge bull that he broke and trained especially for the occasion. The carrying out of the plans was a perfect success; eveybody laughed and no one ever thought of such a thing as guying "soldiers" for their heroic exploit of marching toward Canada and then marching back again.

In the fall of 1837, Mr. Jenison, still a single man, came to Michigan, having bought two hundred and forty acres of his present six hundred

and forty acre farm, before starting to this State. He cut the first bush on his farm. At that time Eagle and Watertown were one township, and neighbors were, indeed, "few and far between." Of the six hundred and forty acres, his son Henry H., ex-county surveyor, and a prince of good fellows, now owns and superintends two hundred and seventy-five acres.

William had not been long in the wild west when he met his "fate" in the person of Miss Jeanette Berry, of Portland. He had to go through the woods nine miles on a trail to see his "girl." In December, of 1841, they were married.

After reaching Michigan, Mr. Jenison taught school three winters, having in the last term one hundred pupils. Many ex-register of deeds of Clinton county, of those who were under his instruction, came several miles, some among them boarding themselves. Hon. David Clark, of Eagle; George W. Thomas, Esq., of Grand Ledge; Miss M. Monroe, now Mrs. James Turner, and mother of Hon. J. M. Turner, of Lansing; Mrs. Webber, Mrs. C. C. Hildreth, Ezekiel Niles, F. M. Grager, L. S. Niles and Gen. Lafayette Baker, were among those whom Mr. Jenison instructed.

Mr. Jenison succeeded in securing from an early legislature an appropriation of 10,000 acres of swamp land, the avails of which was used in cutting out the Grand river road west of Lansing. Hon. A. F. Bell, of Ionia, being chosen commissioner. This proved a lasting benefit to the citizens of the Grand river valley.

In the grange movement in Eagle, Mr. Jenison was chosen master and occupied the chair four years; was a delegate to the State grange at Grand Rapids; was delegate three years at Lansing; was chosen to act as installing officer of the order, and performed said duties at DeWitt, Riley, Danby and Eagle. He was called upon to perform the duties of master at the burial of a brother in the order, in Oneida, Eaton county, and the ceremonies were strictly in keeping with the manual of the order.

He was made a master Mason, at Lansing; was made a chapter Mason, at Portland, Ionia county; was a charter member of the blue lodge, as well as charter member of the chapter, in Grand Ledge.

Mr. Jenison enjoys the proud distinction of being one of the instigators and founders of a farmers' organization, which was, not long since, perfected at Grand Ledge. He also, through a resolution, gave it the name of "The Farmers' Union Picnic Association," including Ingham, Eaton, Clinton and Ionia counties. Robert Nixon, of Oneida, was chosen president; R. W. Choate, of Delta, secretary. Mr. Jenison,

who was afterwards chosen president of the association in place of Mr. Nixon, was called upon to deliver the address of welcome, which he did in a masterly manner, and welcomed all to our shores, except the Chinese and anarchists.

Mr. Jenison has been heard to declare that the hardest two years work he ever did was when he aided in putting through the Ionia and Lansing railroad, now a part of the D., L. & N. From individuals, townships and villages, as a member of the board of directors of the company, he secured an aggregate bonus of $100,000, and right of way for several miles. On one of his trips he was ducked in Grand river by the tipping of the log canoe in which he was rowing; it was a cold day in winter, and he had to go to his home, two miles distant, and ran the whole way to keep from freezing. His own donation to the company was $1,000 in money, eight acres of land being the right of way through his farm, and the two years' labor before mentioned.

Mr. Jenison, in politics, has always been a consistent democrat. He served on the board of supervisors about fifteen years. In the 40's he was twice elected by his party and friends as sheriff of Clinton county; he was an efficient officer. He was in the Michigan house of representatives in '63 and '64. The first bill, passed at the regular session, was one introduced by Mr. Jenison to legalize $50,000 in illegal bonds that had been issued to aid in the prosecution of the war. Otherwise, also, he wisely and patriotically served his constituents and the state.

In answer to the oft repeated question why he took such a deep interest in certain orders of society, he says "I believe that society, friendship and love were divinely bestowed."

Twenty-seven years Mr. Jenison was postmaster at Eagle. After the location of Eagle station, the consequent moving of the office, and Mr. Jenison's resignation and his settlement with the government, fourteen dollars was returned to him from Washington, indicated to be due to him by the vouchers on file in the department.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenison reared a family of two sons and four daughters. Henry H. Jenison, the eldest, runs the old place. The farm is well stocked and in a state of high cultivation. There is an excellent and profitable private creamery, the products of which are marketed in Detroit. N. F. Jenison, the youngest of the children, is a well-known, reliable, 'spot cash" dry goods merchant at Lansing. The eldest daughter is the wife of B. F. Simons, the Lansing dry goods merchant; the second daughter, deceased, was the wife of O. A. Bement, of the Bement stove and agricultural works of Lansing; the third daughter is Mrs. J. W. Bailey, real estate dealer and insurance agent at Lansing; the youngest

daughter, Mrs. Helen Niles, lives at home. Henry H. is a graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College and Helen took the course at Ypsilanti. The other daughters graduated, two in the old Female College at Lansing and Mrs. Bailey at the Portland high school.

The subject of this sketch, now seventy-eight years old, retired from the active pursuits of life, is in good bodily health for one of his years, and has full possession of his mental faculties. Mrs. Jenison, seventy-one years old, enjoys like blessings in her old age and has the love of her neighbors for miles around.

Through all the years of William F. Jenison's activity as a man of business and public affairs he has been accorded the virtue of unimpeachable integrity; he has been the friend of the worthy and the encourager of the youthful and inexperienced. It is thus that in his declining years, he is crowned with the esteem and good wishes of all who know him, or have learned the story of his honored career.

SKETCH OF UZZIEL PUTNAM, Sr.

From History of Cass county.

The pioneer of Cass county, the late Uzziel Putnam, Sr., of Pokagon township was born in Wardsboro, Vt., March 17, 1793.

When three years of age he went with his parents, Uzziel and Polly (Trask) Putnam to Oneida county, N. Y., and in 1801, to New Salem, Massachusetts, where he lived with an uncle, Joseph Putnam, until the fall of 1807.

He then returned to his parents who had, in the meantime, located in Adams, Jefferson county, New York, and was apprenticed to Simon Whitcomb, a clothier, with whom he remained for five seasons, the business being carried on chiefly in the winter months. His father with others went to Sackett's Harbor, and built a boat with which they conveyed their families to Detroit, where they spent the winter of 1811–12. Uzziel Putnam's brother with Samuel and Horace Markham having emigrated to Ohio, his parents decided to make their future home in that state. The young man, Uzziel, having served the full period of his apprenticeship resolved to be in the neighbourhood of his father's family, and started on foot for Colt Creek in the township of Margaretta, Huron (now Erie) county, Ohio, about seven miles from

the site of the city of Sandusky. This journey of five hundred miles he made on foot in fifteen days, excepting a ride of 140 miles east of Canandaigua.

In Ohio the neighbors of the Putnams, within a radius of several miles, consisted of three families.

The young man, Uzziel, began life in the woods under as great disadvantages as any of the pioneers of the west. He was poor, but worked hard to better his condition. Prior to and during the war of 1812, the Indians committed many murders in northwestern Ohio, and bands of hostile savages were constantly prowling through the woods in search of lonely victims.

He had considerable experience of an unpleasant kind with them, and probably only escaped being murdered by extreme caution and watchfulness.

He remained in the vicinity of his parents' home and performed such work as he could find to do until October 19, 1812, when he met with Elias Murray, wagon-master of the United States army, and enlisted as a teamster for three months. After the time of his enlistment had expired he went into the army as a substitute for a drafted man, and served until after Gen. Winchester's defeat. For his service, which he said was the hardest he ever endured, he received a government warrant for 160 acres of land.

In 1813 Uzziel Putnam was in the vicinity of Colt Creek when the Indian massacre occurred. Afterward he went to Waterford, Pennsylvania, where he worked for his uncle, Rufus Trask, hauling powder, salt and flour between Waterford and Erie.

After the burning of Buffalo the man by whom he was employed was drafted and Uzziel went into the army as his substitute, being stationed at Erie.

Shortly after the close of the war he returned to Ohio and there was married September 12, 1822, to Ann Chapman, who was born in Connecticut, January 19, 1792.

In 1825 the settlers in the Putnam neighborhood having heard much of the St. Joseph country in Michigan from Andrew Parker, an Indian trader who had traveled through it, several of them resolved to journey to it. In company with Abram Townsend and Israel Markham, Uzziel Putnam left Ohio for a Michigan home, on May 7, 1825. Upon the twenty-second of November Putnam became the first settler in Cass county, locating upon Pokagon prairie, in this township, and there he lived to see Cass county and all of southwestern Michigan filled with happy

homes and made one vast fruitful field by his brother pioneers and their descendants.

He died July 15, 1881, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. His aged wife passed away only nine months previous, October 15, 1880. The faculties of both were preserved almost unimpaired to the last, and they were rewarded in their old age with peace, plenty and happiness for the struggles and privations of their early days.

SKETCH OF WILLIAM BALDWIN JENKINS.

From History of Cass county.

William Baldwin Jenkins, son of Aaron and Rebecca (Baldwin) Jenkins was born October 4, 1783, at Fort Jenkins, Greene county, Pennsylvania. In 1799, his father emigrated to middle Tennessee, his mother dying while *en route*. Here he lived in the wilderness the following winter, with three brothers, and a sister twelve years of age to do the housework, their father having returned to Pennsylvania. They cleared twelve acres of heavy timber during the winter. As they killed fifty-two black bears during the winter, some idea regarding the newness can be obtained from this fact alone. To avoid the institution of slavery, he in 1804, removed to Greene county, Ohio, where he died four years thereafter, leaving nine hundred acres of land to his children, and on the portion given Baldwin was a saw and grist-mill which he conducted in connection with his farm. He made frequent journeys down the Mississippi to Natchez and New Orleans to dispose of his products, making the return journey home on foot or horseback, as circumstances favored, and while so doing encountered many dangers and hardships. In 1824 he came west on an exploring expedition, visiting Indiana and Michigan, and then for the first time visited Cass county.

The following year he came here in company with several others, and selected a site one-half mile north of the present village of Summerville, where an Indian wigwam was prepared for a winter's residence to which place he, in November, brought his family from Ohio, consisting of his wife and seven children, and a bound boy, Nathaniel Young. He purchased some two thousand acres of land which was ultimately divided among his children. His home was near the bridge that crossed the Dowagiac creek, which was on the direct line of emigration and his house became a noted stopping place for travelers and

emigrants from whom he would receive no compensation. He carried this hospitality to such an extent that the products of his farm and labor were largely consumed by the public. He placed great confidence in his pioneer compeers, loaning them money, selling them stock and farm products on time, without requiring written obligations and charging no interest. In 1809, he was united in marriage to Mary, daughter of Aaron and Hannah Hackney, in Pennsylvania. She died in 1840. His death occurred June 16, 1845, at the residence of his daughter Eliza Murphy, at Berrien Center and was interred in the cemetery in that place. He was a devout member of the Baptist church. He was possessed of a remarkable retentive memory, a great reader, and could remember every event of any importance for forty years. His mind was an encyclopedia of local knowledge, for he could not only tell the names but also the ages of nearly all his neighbors. He was one of the first justices of the peace in western Michigan, having been appointed by Governor Cass, for the township of St. Joseph, which comprised all the territory west of Lenawee county.

He was also the first road commissioner in the county and one of the first associate judges appointed under the territorial government, and one of the delegates to the first constitutional convention of the State (Mich). His name will be transmitted to posterity in connection with the noble band of pioneers who performed the initial labors, necessary to the development of this county. His wife, one son and a daughter lie buried with him in the cemetery, one son interred in California. Three children, Eliza (Murphy), Rebecca (Lybrook) and Silas Jenkins reside at Berrien Center, Nimrod in Berrien county and John resides at Lake village, Indiana.

SKETCH OF LEWIS EDWARDS.

From History of Cass County.

Lewis Edwards, son of Joseph and Clarisa Edwards, was born at Lumberton, Burlington county, N. J., May 29, 1799. He was of Welch descent. Joseph Edwards, the father of Lewis, the subject of this sketch, was born in Maryland, May 10, 1754, and died July 22, 1838. The first twenty-one years of his life, Lewis passed with his father at Lumberton assisting in the store, and working on the farm. He very early in life evinced an adventurous tendency and repeatedly expressed

to his parents his discontent of home, and his eagerness to go west, and as soon as he attained his majority he at once made preparations to journey westward. In October, 1820, Lewis, accompanied by a friend, Thomas Brown, started on foot for Pittsburgh, Pa., by the way of Philadelphia and Harrisburg, carrying his little bundle with a stick upon his shoulder. From Pittsburgh they went to Cincinnati. Mr. Edwards fell in with a wood speculator who was in search of choppers; to him he hired to chop wood. While *en route* to the chopping camp on board of a steamboat, he voluntarily assisted the hands in running the vessel, and the captain observing his aptitude and skill in that kind of labor, and becoming prepossessed with his appearance, persuaded him to remain aboard, and Mr. Edwards abandoned his chopping enterprise and hired out to the captain and made one trip to New Orleans and back. This kind of business not being congenial to his tastes, he went to Warren county, Ohio, and went to work at the carpenters trade for John Garwood, with whom he remained about three years, making his home with William Garwood. While here he formed the acquaintance of Patience, daughter of William and Elizabeth Garwood, whom he married in the latter part of the summer of 1825. She was born January 18, 1807, near Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio. She shared with her husband in all his early pioneer struggles, and for the long period of fifty-three years was his faithful companion and counselor. Truly and justly can it be said of her, she fulfilled her duty to her family and to her God. This venerable and christian lady is now living (1882) with her son, Lewis, Jr., at Pokagon village in the enjoyment of excellent health, the "patient angel of her nature quietly waiting to take its departure."

After Mr. Edwards' marriage he remained with his father-in-law one year, and early in the spring of 1825, having been deeply impressed by the favorable reports of the St. Joseph valley, he determined on another western adventure, and leaving his young wife with her parents in Ohio, started for the St. Joseph el dorado. He remained in Michigan until late in the fall, making his home the greater portion of the time with a Mr. Kirk at Niles. Being favorably impressed with the country he determined to make it his future home, and the whole season was diligently and intelligently spent preparatory thereto. Happening to form the acquaintance of a young man near Niles who had planted a piece of corn and had subsequently become discouraged and homesick, Mr. Edwards bought him out and completed the raising and harvesting of the crop. During harvest he assisted the "Carey Mission" in gathering their crops and took his pay in wheat, furnishing this

same to Uzziel Putnam on Pokagon prairie in the fall for seed. He also cut and stacked a sufficient quantity of marsh hay on Uzziel Putnam's meadow along the Pokagon creek. After viewing the country over carefully, he located his land on Pokagon prairie, which now forms a part of sections thirty-one and thirty-two, wisely selecting it so as to have an abundance of good timber, especially an excellent maple sugar camp.

After selecting his land, he employed Gamaliel Townsend to cut logs and erect a log house, paying him therefor twenty-five dollars. After all this provident care and foresight, securing hay, corn and locating his land and constructing his log house, and obtaining a full and accurate knowledge of the country, route, streams and fords, he prepared to return to Ohio for his family. Alone he walked the whole distance and carried a package weighing thirty pounds. The country between Elkhart and Fort Wayne was a wilderness, and good water scarce. Mr. Edwards often spoke in his lifetime of his extreme suffering for the want of good water, being often compelled to blow the scum away and drink from stagnant pools. He was immediately taken sick after arriving home with fever and ague, the result of drinking impure water, and was sick for about two months, greatly delaying his return to Michigan with his family. After having fully recovered from his illness and his preparations being completed, he started on the 18th day of January, 1827, with his family consisting of his wife and one young child (now Mrs. Jane Heath of Santa Cruz, Cal.) for his new home. His outfit consisted of one covered wagon, yoke of cattle at the tongue and span of horses on the lead. They came by way of Centreville and Dayton to Fort Wayne, Indiana. At this place they were joined by William and Jesse Garwood, cousins of Mr Edwards, and they were similarly equipped, with wagon, yoke of cattle and span of horses. They also brought with them a few hogs and cattle. The journey from Fort Wayne to Elkhart was through an unbroken forest in the midst of a cold, snowy winter, a crust on the snow and the road unbroken and their route only traced by the blazed forest trees.

Arriving at Elkhart the St. Joseph river had to be forded. Mr. Edwards had during his former trip carefully examined the river bed, and noted the proper fording place. Jesse Garwood expressed his fears for the safety of Mrs. Edwards and child, in case the wagon should upset in crossing, but Mr. Edwards promptly replied in his determined and confident way "that there was no danger, to follow him and he would soon have them safe on the other side," and suiting

the action to the word mounted one of the lead horses and conducted both teams across in safety.

Finding the snow so deep and the crust on the same frozen so hard, and the road unbroken, the Garwoods left their wagon at this place and put both yoke of cattle and both span of horses to Mr. Edwards' wagon and started for Edwardsburg, making only eight miles the first day, it taking all the next day to reach Edwardsburg, the balance of the distance being two miles. It was with great difficulty this ten miles of their journey was made. The lead horses had to break the crust, and the route could be traced by the blood from their bleeding legs. Mr. Ezra Beardsley had settled at Edwardsburg the previous year (1826) on the banks of Pleasant lake. His team had been sent to Ohio after the balance of his goods, and was delayed on account of the severity of the winter, and he had not seen a white person other than his family for several months, and was afflicted with the additional hardship of having no woodpile, being compelled to carry all his fuel from the woods. The "newcomers" received that warm and cordial reception and generous hospitality as only our worthy pioneers were capable of extending, and remained with Mr. Beardsley about three weeks, not daring to venture out to Pokagon prairie. Mr. Beardsley had the previous season raised plenty of vegetables, such as cabbage, potatoes and turnips; they had sufficient pork and beef, milk and butter, and the "newcomers" had brought tea and coffee, dried fruit, etc., and in the language of Mrs. Edwards "they fared sumptuously every day." Before leaving, Mr. Beardsley was provided with an ample woodpile.

Sometime in March Mr. Edwards proceeded to Uzziel Putnams on Pokagon prairie, and remained at his home three or four weeks, while he prepared his log house on Pokagon prairie for occupation.

He brought with him a set of carpenter's tools, and being skillful with them, he soon had the windows and doors, etc., in the house, and bedsteads and furniture improvised and his little family domiciled in his rude but comfortable home. He brought in the bottom of his wagon four iron kettles; sap troughs and spiles were readily prepared, and a sugar camp started, and soon had plenty of maple syrup and sugar made for family use. He also brought out a peck of apple seed, and planted a nursery. He made several trips back to Ohio, and brought out fruit trees, stock, farming utensils, dried fruit, etc., for himself and neighbors. He always took a deep interest in fruit culture, and at an early day obtained grafts of his father in New Jersey, of some of the finest fruit in that state. He undoubtedly had for many

years the finest and greatest variety of apples of any man in the county. In pears he was equally as successful. The raising of stock, especially of horses and cattle received a due share of his attention, and he expended considerable time and money in securing good breeds, and was successful in raising some fine specimens. He remained on his farm, extending his improvements, raising his family, witnessing the constantly increasing settlements around him, the building of railroads, the growth and development of the country, until 1852, when he determined on another western adventure. His daughter, Mrs. Lucien Heath, of Niles, being in ill health, Mr. Heath had determined to make the overland trip to Oregon with his family. Mr. Edwards fearing they would not be able to make the long and perilous journey alone, and being greatly attached to his noble daughter, his "eldest born," concluded to accompany them. The outfit consisted of one four horse team, one two horse spring wagon, three extra horses, two cows, and young cattle, thirteen head in all, with an ample supply of provisions, etc., etc. They started on their journey on the 23d day of March, 1852. After encountering the usual difficulties, hardships and privations, incident to the overland trip, and a long, wearisome journey of six months, they arrived in King's Valley, Polk county, Oregon Territory, on the 25th of October, 1852. Here Mr. Edwards met his son Joseph, who had preceded him. Mr. Heath and family settled in Oregon, Mr. Edwards remained until June, 1854, when he started for his home in Michigan, in company with Joseph Harper, arriving June 29, 1854.

Mr. Edwards remained on his farm the balance of his life, and lived to see his family of nine children all married and settled. He died June 24, 1878, of hemorrhage of the bowels and typhoid fever, in the eightieth year of his age, leaving eight children, four sons, Joseph, Lewis, Jr., William and Henry, and four daughters, Jane, Clarisa, Patience and Martha. He served several terms as justice of the peace, and in that capacity displayed his usual good common sense and probity that characterized him in all his other duties of life, always exercising a just regard to the right or claim of each party, advising an equitable settlement rather than encouraging litigation between his neighbors. He received the *soubriquet* of "Squire Edwards," and was generally known by that name. Mrs. Edwards relates two amusing anecdotes, of his judicial life, one of which is given in the history of Pokagon.

On his return home from a journey his wife informed him that a young couple desired him to tie for them the "nuptial knot." He was very much indisposed and Mrs. Edwards entered an emphatic protest

against his going, but knowing that it would be a serious disappointment to the young people, he concluded to go. On arriving at the home of the bride, he found that no license had been procured, and informed them of the fact that the marriage under such circumstances would be illegal. They proposed to make it a subsequent matter, but as he was inexorable the wedding feast was partaken of, and the parties went to Cassopolis where the license was procured and they were married. On his return Mrs. Edwards asked if he had performed the ceremony. He replied that he had not, but had partaken of the supper and had given the entire company the mumps.

Mr. Edwards was an honest, industrious, energetic and conscientious man, always temperate in his habits, totally abstaining during his long life from the use of tobacco and spirituous liquors.

He was endowed with a remarkable memory, was an agreeable conversationalist, a generous and hospitable neighbor, a kind and faithful husband, and a provident and indulgent parent.

His memory will always be revered as a peer of any among that great host of pioneers that have already gone.

TWICE A PIONEER.

BY HENRY N. LAWRENCE.

Looking backward through the vista of fifty intervening years, in my mind's eye I still see a form, and listen with the ear of memory to the voice of him who was then my daily friend and counselor. I first beheld him in the fall of 1826, and he was then a hale and hearty man of fifty-five years and some months.

Joseph William Lawrence was born November 20, 1770, on Long Island, the son of Amos Lawrence and Sarah Webster, of Winterbury, Conn. He learned the blacksmith trade at Hartford, Connecticut; was married January 26, 1794, and soon after came with his bride to the Genesee country, to the township of Big Tree, now Geneseo, N. Y., and located near the Wadsworth brothers, who preceded him but a few years.

From Utica, to Rochester, New York, he made his way by marked trees and was not at all pleased with the land where the city of Rochester

now numbers her thousands. He built a log house a little east of the Wadsworth mansion, on South street. This house was burned, and he afterward built another, and also one for his widowed sister. His blacksmith shop was also on the same street, in which my father learned his trade, and in which he worked until he moved to Michigan in the summer of 1837.

The settlement was of slow growth, partly owing to the attitude of the aborigines, who still disputed the settlers' claims, and partly owing to the difficulty of getting to it from the east. As late as the spring of 1803 the township contained only thirty families, and to get their produce to market at Albany and return, required from two to three weeks for the round trip. The historian of that period says:

"Among the annoyances to which the pioneer farmer was subjected, not the least was the depredations of the Indians." "It was not an uncommon thing for a farmer to find an Indian astride a horse for which he had spent days in search, and the coolness with which the native would listen to the reprimand was often as provoking as the loss of time occasioned by the search." "Saddles, hogs, meat and wearing apparel were not infrequently taken."

Mr. Lawrence was several times honored by his fellow citizens with official cares and responsibilities, and in May, 1811, he was commissioned by Daniel D. Tompkins, then governor of New York, a lieutenant colonel commandant of the militia of Ontario.

He led his command in the war of 1812, and some of them took part in the battle of Lundy's Lane. One of his sons-in-law was wounded by a musket ball striking the metal button of his coat, which was buttoned up; the button was broken, but the soldier's life was saved by its resistance.

Mrs. Lawrence was a woman of remarkable courage and nerve, well fitted to endure the dangers and privations of pioneer life. As an army officer in those days was expected to keep, and did keep, intoxicating liquors in his house, the Indians knew it, and one day when Mr. Lawrence was absent at the council house, a short distance away, three stalwart braves came into the house, and demanded of Mrs. Lawrence some for their immediate use. She refused to let them have a drop, and they declared they would help themselves, but Mrs. Lawrence with her back to the cupboard, and the cradle, in which my father was then lying, in front of her, seized with both hands a heavy chair and knocked the foremost Indian to the floor, while she sent one of the older children to the council house for the colonel. The other Indians now tried flattery, and praised the "white squaw," whose profusion of hair, black

as a raven's wing, falling over her shoulders, was a prize which they coveted, but dared not then attempt to remove. She was one of the first or charter members of the Presbyterian church of which Rev. Abraham Foreman was the pastor for several years. One of her sons graduated at a New England college, and gave his life to foreign missions, and closed his career at Dindigul, in India, December 20, 1846. Another graduated at Yale, and studied theology at the Union Theological Seminary of New York, preached many years in the eastern states, and now resides in Massachusetts. In the year 1815 Colonel Lawrence was one of the six incorporators of the Geneseo Gospel Society, and in 1817, October 21, publicly professed his faith in Christ, by uniting with the church of which his wife was a charter member about seven years before. Among the pleasantest memories of my boyhood, are the recollections of Saturday excursions to Conesus lake, with my grandfather, or to mill with him in his one-horse wagon, to Mount Morris, passing Fall brook on the way, and listening to the stories and traditions of that wild ravine. I remember once riding with him to Bosley's mill on the outlet of Conesus lake, and there saw some Indian skulls and relics that had been taken from a hill, a short distance from the mill.

Forty years of toil well directed had materially improved the condition of society, and had transformed the wilderness into fruitful fields. Surrounded by the comforts possessed by the farmers of western New York, and enjoying the social, religious and educational advantages of the principal village of Livingston county, one would think he would not again become a pioneer, but in March, 1836, Col. Lawrence, in company with Mr. Samuel Begole, left his pleasant home, and passing through Canada to Detroit, and thence to Saline, in Washtenaw county, thence along the Chicago turnpike to Allen's prairie, he came at length to the township in Branch county, where in December, 1835, his youngest son, James, cut the first tree, and rolled up the logs for the first shelter of settlers therein. May 16, 1836, he entered for himself at the United States Land Office, the east one-half of the southeast quarter of section five, in town eight south, range five west, now the town of California. He also entered the west one-half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four, town seven south, range five west, and the east one-half of southeast quarter of said section thirty-four, for his son Joseph William, Jr. In the month of July of the same year, my father also came with Mr. Israel R. Hall to Michigan, bringing with him some blacksmith tools, and put up a log shop on the northeast corner of section nine, in town eight south, range five west, burnt some coal, and in October returned to the village of Geneseo, New York. The

next season, May or June, 1837, Col. Lawrence bade farewell to the friends and associates of more than forty years, and at the age of sixty-six he sets out to contend with the privations of pioneer life in Michigan, and to settle on lands entered by himself the year previous.

Father had a new two-horse wagon, which he had ironed off himself and fitted with a high box and canvas cover, in which, with mother and six children snugly stowed away, with provision chest well stocked for our meals by day, and bedding and blankets for our comfort by night, we were to cross the lake from Buffalo to Toledo, which we did, though our wagon was high on the deck of a steamboat, and the horses were in the bow of the boat below. Grandfather Lawrence had his light one-horse wagon, covered above and carpeted within, in which he and my grandmother rode from Geneseo to Buffalo, and crossed the lake with us on the same boat. The journey to Buffalo may have been sad to them, but to us children it was as good as a picnic. The noon lunch at the side of the road, from the provision chest, which formed the driver's seat, and many of the incidents of the long ride are not forgotten, and when the wagons were drawn upon the deck of the steamer, and supper in the wagon was ended, the stars came out in the clear summer sky, and we were covered up in our blankets, weary with the varied incidents of the day, we were lulled to sleep by the steady, monotonous pulsations of the engine that was paddling us to the west; we slept as tired children often do, knowing little of the anxious parental care of those who watched over us till morning dawned. Landed at Toledo, we journeyed with our teams to Saline, where we stopped for a few days with friends, and then with another team driven by Mr. Samuel Beach, to pilot us to our destination, we continued on over the route of our grandsire the summer before. Arriving at Allen's prairie, we left one wagon loaded with household goods, and Mr. Beach putting the four horses before the wagon which contained the family, we made four miles further on our way, and put up for the night at the house of widow Carpenter on the bank of Long Lake. At sunrise next morning we were again under way, but how can I tell the difficulties to overcome in that day's ride of only ten miles. The evening before, in fording Hog creek, we nearly lost sight of our near wheel horse, and the water came into our wagon box much to our dismay and discomfort, but now we had an unbroken forest to grope our way through, guided only by blazed trees, and often had to cut our way around some huge tree that had fallen across the trail that led to our destination. There were creeks to ford and marshes to cross, and it seemed to us that in some places our horses could not reach bottom

with their feet. The sun was just sinking in the west when we crossed the last marsh in our route, and climbed the hill on the north line of section ten, and reached the "four corners" where stood the log shanty shop that father put up the summer before.

The next morning, a lovely June morning, I went with my cousin, Lucien B. Hall, one-half mile west to the house of Mr. Samuel Beach, to see the family of cousins that gathered around his wide, open fire-place, and for the first time watched the smoke curling upward through the *chimney of sticks and mud.* How changed now were the surroundings of the worthy pair who commenced their married life in western New York more than forty years before. Then, with the exception of one brother, their relatives were nearly all east of the Hudson river, and there were no stages on the route, and no mails except by private conveyance.

Now the nearest postoffice was sixteen miles away, and postage on a single ounce letter, only twenty-five cents. Now there was in the settlement, one unmarried son, strong and courageous, and one married son with a family of six children. Two married daughters were also there, with their husbands, and in one house there were four children, and in the Beach family there were then nine children. The four families thus numbered twenty-eight persons, so that there were two sons and two daughters with nearly a score of grandchildren to welcome them with loving hearts and willing hands.

I remember the first Sabbath after our arrival, the four families were assembled at father's house at the usual hour for morning services, and grandfather, as the patriarch of the group, led the devotions of those gathered about him. The scripture lesson was read by him, prayer was offered by the sons or sons-in-law, as called upon; hymns were sung, a sermon was read from the National Preacher, and again with prayer and singing of the doxology, the service of the morning was closed in due form. And it was not all form, the numerous family continued thus to worship from week to week until a schoolhouse was built, and then the Sabbath services drew together others outside the family group. The Sabbath was a day of rest to us, and a due regard for the fourth commandment of the decalogue was taught to us children by precept and example.

There were settlers near us who had no sympathy with this Sabbath observance, and who sneeringly styled "Hall's Corners" the Holy Land. Time passed on, and now and then we listened to a living preacher, and on one occasion Rev. Charles Hall, secretary of the home missionary board, visiting his father-in-law (our "twice a pioneer"),

preached to us, and learned by personal observation the needs of the frontier. In April, 1840, a Presbyterian church was organized with eleven charter members, and Colonel Lawrence and his wife, Sybil, were the senior members by many years. In September, 1840, five were added to the church, four of whom were descendants of the now aged soldier of the cross, and one year from the date of organization, at the regular quarterly communion, five more names were added on profession to the church roll, and of these, four were descendants of the man who led the Sabbath service at our fireside homes, and who now in his mature years, trusted in the God of Abraham, as a covenant keeping God. No greater joy had he than to see his children walking in the truth, and in the services of the sanctuary was his supreme delight.

Here in the southeast corner township of Branch county, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, he walked in the commandments of the Lord blameless, until he calmly passed from earth to the Father's home above, May 20, 1847, aged seventy-six years and six months. His remains rest in the little graveyard there, the first grave in which was opened to receive his first born, the eldest daughter of our twice told pioneer.

Lansing, January 15, 1891.

PIONEER RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JAMES H. LAWRENCE.

"Brawny chiels and burly hozzies
Are bred in such a way as this is."

It was my fortune to be one of the pioneers of Branch county, coming here among the latter days of 1835, in company with two others, Mr. Samuel Beach, and his son James William, a lad of fourteen summers.

Mr. Beach and Mr. Israel R. Hall had previously been out and viewed the land, November, 1835, and made their purchase. Our destination was a tract of country ten miles south of Quincy, and at that time included in the bounds of that township, but to reach it we had

to go beyond to Coldwater, and by way of Kinderhook, ten miles south of Coldwater, and six miles west of our destination. As we passed through Allen and Quincy, they were holding shooting matches preparatory to the coming Christmas festivities; we passed on to Coldwater, reaching there the day after Christmas, but no signs of festivities were there; the place consisted of twelve or fifteen dwellings, a couple of hotels, a dry goods store, kept, I think, by Silas A. Holbrook. Only this and but little more.

There was an Indian trading post on the border of the prairie, kept by a white man by the name of Marsh, whose Indian name was "Wabscokie," At this post the Indians could exchange their furs and peltries for "fire-water" and trinkets; venison being hardly considered a marketable commodity. There was also a saw-mill on the river at the western part of the town. Coldwater prairie was a cheerless, desolate and forbidding waste to one who had just left a bright and cheerful home in western New York; it was swept by the fierce wintry winds, and covered by the drifting snows, bolted by the northern blasts twice over. We stayed there over night, but were up betimes, and lost no time in putting it all behind us, having no desire to make a home there. We forded the river at the western end of the town, and putting on about four hundred feet of lumber started out on our day's work, on an unknown road; our outfit consisted of the aforesaid lumber, a half barrel of side pork, one-half barrel of salt, a bag of flour, one of potatoes, one-half bag of buckwheat flour, a chest three feet long, containing our blankets, household stuff, cooking utensils, a cauldron kettle for making sugar in the spring, two axes, two rifles. We were not cumbered with useless furniture or medicines; there was too much *iron* in our frames; too much blood coursing in our veins of the hardy old stock, that landed on Plymouth Rock, to fear anything in the shape of hardship, privation or sickness. Our leader, Mr. Samuel Beach, was a typical Yankee, and just the man to lead a forlorn hope to subdue a new country. Hard and wiry of frame, tireless and energetic, fruitful in expedients, and with a determination to go ahead, he was well calculated to instill courage into his boys, if any had been lacking. We got stuck in the mud several times, and had to unload and re-load repeatedly on that first day's work, and after carrying a part of our load to hard land we would pry out our wagon and go on; thus toiling all day long we reached the settlement of Kinderhook after dark, tired and hungry. We passed several deer hung up by the roadside by hunters. Our host and hostess gave us a kindly welcome, and after partaking of a good meal of cranberry sauce and venison

ham, to which we did ample justice, for we had had no time to eat since we started in the morning; we chatted awhile and then lay down and slept as only tired pioneers can sleep after a day's faithful duties, but were roused by our tireless leader before daylight for another day's work. We were to launch out today, on the "no more beyond;" we had slept on the outpost of civilization, and were to strike out into an untraveled country, our destination being six miles due east, but on account of swamps and marshes we had to make a wide detour to the south to avoid them.

Mr. Beach took the lead, his son drove the team, and I took the ax to remove obstacles should we find any we couldn't climb. We started several deer from their hiding places of fancied security, who would gaze awhile at the unusual apparition of a team in their midst, and then bounding away unharmed would be lost in the distance. We were too busy to harm them had we been disposed, and as our route lay through a white oak and burr oak opening country, there was little to hinder our making good progress, and our destination was reached about two o'clock, p. m. Just before reaching our journey's end, the team ran violently down a steep place and stuck in the marsh; our bag of buckwheat flour tumbled off, and striking on the ground burst open, and a peck or more ran out on the ground; we caught up the bag and threw it on the load never stopping to gather up what ran out. When we reached our destination, Mr. Beach struck a fire and cooked dinner, his son took off the team and fed it, and I took the ax, and as this, December 28, 1835, was my 21st birthday, and I was ambitious to "make my mark" in the world, *I cut the first tree for the first house*, in that fractional township, (town eight south, range five west., section four, southwest quarter,) *cut by a white man.* Dinner was soon ready and was dispatched in quick order, for we had to make in that short wintry afternoon, a shelter for our luckless heads from the wild winter storm that threatened to burst upon us before night. We had decided to build twelve feet square, over all, and when night closed upon us with its sable mantle we had our house *three logs high* all around; we rolled up another on one side to make our roof the proper pitch, and throwing down some of our boards to keep us from the ground, and the balance over head to shelter us from the storm, we took possession and soon had a good fire in one corner of our house, the two sides of our house making the two jambs of our fire-place. Our fire soon gave a cheerful light, lighting up the surrounding darkness, and we were busy cooking our rations of salt pork on the coals and on forked sticks, when we were startled by a voice that seemed to

come from the ground. "Hallo, there!" After recovering from our surprise, we said "Hallo," and inquired who's there? The voice said "friends." We bade them "*come in*," which they did, by stepping up to our house, removing a board, and stepping over, and into our house. They were two men, "land lookers," who had heard of us, and taking our tracks had followed us in. Their names were Asahel Brown and Nathan Austin. Mr. Brown said he had killed a noble buck back a short distance, but not knowing how far it was to our camp, had cut a slice from one of his hams, and left him lying on the ground. Of course we were glad to see them, and after taking supper with us, and talking a while on game, and range, and quarter sections, and each one's connections, we lay down on the bare boards and slept, with cracks wide enough between the logs, through which we might have thrown good sized dogs.

The next morning we were up before daylight and started for the deer that Mr. Brown had shot the night before, but not a vestige of it could we find, only the well-trodden and blood-stained snow, for the lank and hungry wolf had come down "like a wolf on the fold," and so well

> "Had they broken a lingering fast,
> By the dead that had fallen for that night's repast"—

that not a vestige was left for us.

Our guests soon left us to select for themselves a home, which was soon found, for there were a million broad acres of choice land lying all around us all unclaimed, eighty acres of which might have been had by any of Uncle Sam's needy children, if he had been fortunate enough to have a hundred dollars to pay for the same.

We soon went to work, "to put our house in order." We removed the roof, and before night had it high enough to stand up in, then putting back the roof and cutting out a door, we were pretty well fixed for company. We had no need of a chimney, and going down to the marsh we cut with our jack-knives a good armful of dried grass, and piling it up in one corner of our house we had a *good bed.*

"Lightly and brightly broke away the morning from her mantle gray," on the third day, and the son William went back with the team, "for home and native land," and Mr. Beach and I proceeded to put the finishing touches on our house, making a door, chinking and mudding the cracks, and I have no idea that on that eventful day we used the dust of

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> To stop the cracks to keep the winds away"—

for I suppose we used dust which had not been disturbed since the morning stars sang together at the first dawn of creation. After our house was complete, we had time to look about us and arrange our winter's work. We selected a site for a house for the coming family; I went to cutting logs for the same, and Mr. Beach went to hunting a "*shingle tree.*" In a week's time we had our logs all cut for the family house, the shingle tree cut, and bolted up and then the team came back; the team was drawing flour to Jonesville, and drew up our shingle timber, and we were fairly started on our winter's work, making shingles. Our timber was frozen like a rock, but we would build a large fire in one corner of our room, and standing the bolts around it, would take out the frost, then we would rive and shave. Our daily fare was bread, meat and potatoes, with salt. Our potatoes were frozen hard as flints the first night we came, and to keep them *carefully*, we threw them down outside the house on the ground. We knew that heaping coals of fire on the heads of our enemies was the best way to subdue them, and we thought we'd try it on our potatoes, and we would pick up half a hatful, and raking open the fire, plump them in, and heap on the coals; it never failed to soften their frozen nature, and they'd come out all right, and thereafter one passage of scripture had additional interest to us. Our bread was strictly and literally *home made*, of salt and flour, wet up with cold water, and baked in our frying-pan before the fire, and when done it was solid and substantial, and about as tough as one of our oak shingles.

An old Indian came along one morning when I was alone, coming in as I was getting breakfast, and as an Indian was always hungry, I asked him to stay to breakfast. I gave him one of our "excelsior flop-jacks," that could not be beaten (hardly with a hammer), and after he had tussled with it for a long time, he paid me the well earned compliment of "no good bret," but he made as good a meal as I did, and picking up his rifle, left. I soon heard the report of his rifle, and in a couple of hours he came back dragging the carcasses of two deer; he had them nicely sewed up in the skin of one, which had been ripped along the belly, and then sewed up with a thong of leather. Another thong of leather attached to the nose of the skin, and passed over the head and shoulders of the Indian, made his load turn up like a sled runner, and enabled him to draw the two carcasses over the snow as nicely as if their encasing had been oiled. He unsewed his load, gave me a nice ham of venison, and then went on his way. I noticed the next morning the gaunt and hungry wolves had followed his trail up to my shanty door.

After we had our house ready for raising, I had to go six miles for help. The neighbors turned out to a man on the day chosen; it was nearly noon when they arrived, but they took hold and worked with a will till dark, and then, like model husbands and fathers, as they were, started for their homes, though we tried to dissuade them from their purpose. They had not been gone long when a blinding snow storm met them full in their faces; they lost their course and were obliged to stay all night in the woods. They struck a fire, and quickly had a good one burning, and round about it they were obliged to tramp all night. All night the storm raged, and in the morning they felt as if they had been poorly stayed with. They did not come out of their ordeal half as well as the Hebrew children did from theirs, for the smell of fire had gone all through their garments and left many an ugly hole where it went through. Our helpful neighbors soon found their course by morning light and reached home without further trouble. We finished rolling up the logs for the body of our house and then commenced to put on the rafters and roof, and by the time we were ready for shingling it was about as cold as we ever find it in our latitude. The nails would stick to our fingers, and break and fly like glass, and our fingers were pounded black and blue before we were half through, but we shingled it all the same. Before we were ready to go home our bread gave out, and we were reduced to the necessity of borrowing. Our nearest neighbor was six miles away in a direct line, and there were swamps and marshes next to impassable at that time of the year, but it fell to my lot to go. I could follow the line through the swamp, though I sometimes went over my boot tops in water, but when I came to a wide marsh I'd have to range across to see where the line would strike on the opposite side, and then "git thar" as I could.

The marshes, some of them, were filled with bogs and water up to my knees, and if any one could travel the route I did on that day, for the same amount of pay, and keep his temper without sometimes *thinking* of *cuss words*, he could do better than I did, and I think that such an one, would be a fit candidate for membership in an orthodox church. When I got back home at night I could have eaten half my day's work, and my partner the other half, but we made it last us two or three days, and then we were not ready to go home, and what were we to do? I thought that little short of starvation would start me on another borrowing expedition. In this emergency I thought of the buckwheat flour that had burst from our bag and run out on the ground, that had never been gathered up (Mr. Beach knew nothing of it). I spoke of that and said "may be some of that is good." Our

spirits were ardent, at the thought elated and buoyant, and I took a bag and started for the spot, where six weeks before we had made the deposit. We found it just as we had left it, only coated over with a thin covering of ice. We pealed this off and found the balance in as nice condition as if it had been kept by the most careful house-wife. We gathered it up as carefully as we would so much gold dust; 'twas manna to us, a real godsend, and we found enough to last us a week, and were thus enabled to put our house in order and finish up our work preparatory to leaving, but when the time approached for going home we began to ask ourselves what we should do with our stuff. We couldn't hand it over to our neighbors, and we didn't want to trust it to the Indians, so we finally concluded to make a cache of it under our fire or hearth. So we built no fire there for two days, and when the fire was all out we threw the ashes all up onto the floor, dug a hole in the fire-place, and put all our treasures in our chest, and that in the hole, covered all up, put the ashes back, built a good fire thereon, and had the whole thing pretty effectually hid, and then the night before we were to start for home, we lay down to sleep buoyed up and soothed to sleep by the thought, that we were going home in the morning.

We know not how long we slept, our blankets were in the chest, we had no time-piece, no clock on the mantle, "grandfather's clock" had stopped long before, we had no chanticleer with clarion horn, from his lofty perch in neighboring barn, to usher in approaching morn, for his accustomed feed of golden corn; but we thought we slept till morning, and taking each a rifle we started for the east, and for our nearest neighbors in that direction, a house on the banks of Long lake ten miles away, owned by the Carpenter boys, four of whom lived there with their mother. This was a route we had never traveled, we had a devious Indian trail to follow, which we knew would lead us to their house, we could see to follow the trail, and didn't stop to take breakfast before starting, for the best of reasons—we had none to eat. We thought to breakfast with our neighbors, ten miles away, but after traveling a couple of hours or more we came to their house and found it in darkness, and no more signs of morning than when we started We thought we wouldn't disturb them, but pushed on for the next house at Allen, five miles further on. When we reached there all was dark, no one was stirring; we wondered if the world was asleep, but we pushed on for Jonesville, the next point five miles further on, and came to the top of the hill overlooking Jonesville from the west *just as the sun was rising*, and we were ready for breakfast after our morning's walk of twenty miles. We went into the hotel and called for "break-

fast for two." The landlord set forth what he thought an ample supply, but it was hardly a circumstance, and we called for more, and the landlord stood by and looked on aghast to see us put away his victuals "in blocks of five." But at last we were satisfied and left the table, the only one we had sat down to for more than two months. We got the worth of our money, and the landlord didn't ask us to call again. We left our rifles there, for we had yet a day's work of fifty miles before us, and as cold a day as I ever traveled, but the wind was in our favor. Mr. Beach as usual took the lead, and bade me follow; he struck out at a two-forty gait, and all day he kept me on the trot to keep up with him. All day long he kept up this gait, over hills and through valleys, never stopping for anything, and at night we brought up at home in the township of Saline, seventy miles from where we started. We found the family well, and well pleased to see us, and we as pleased to see them.

After resting a week we began preparations for our return, and loaded up a lot of goods the family could best do without. We started with an ox team and sled for our prospective home, and in due time reached Allen, and struck off for Carpenter's on the banks of Long lake, and came to Hog creek; the water was high, and we were obliged to ford the creek. It took a good deal of urging to make our cattle go down into the water (*they didn't like immersion*); they were pretty well *under* water before they were *over*.

Our load floated, but still the water nearly covered the box and the goods we had, but as they were such articles as would take no damage we heeded it not, when safely over, and reached Carpenter's at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Here we put up until the next day. Our party was the same as before, Mr. Beach and son William, and myself. Our load consisted of plows and barrels, chairs and tables.

The next morning we started early, having ten miles to go over a country that had never been traveled by team. We had an *ox team* and our road to cut, Mr. Beach piloting the way, while the boys drove the team and cut the road, *when we had time*, but we cut no log that we could go around or by any possibility get over, and we had a sorry looking load of furniture when we got through. We had chairs with broken legs and backs; tables minus leaves and legs, and the whole load badly demoralized. Our motto was, "Git thar," and we did it, though it did take several legs and arms.

We found everything at the shanty as we had left it, nothing had been disturbed; we unearthed our treasures and found everything "all right."

Our first work the next morning was to hunt some hay for our team. Our neighbors west of us had cut some marsh hay, some time in the season before, but had never drawn it. It was still on the marsh as they had left it when they cut it; we could have it for five dollars a ton and draw it ourselves. This was the only chance to get anything for our team. We could go to the marsh, get what we wanted, and call it what we chose. We found it covered with about six inches of snow, the bunches flattened down so that we could hardly tell where they were, but we managed to get enough to keep our oxen until spring; this done our next work was to finish our house, and set it in order for the coming family which were soon expected. A goodly family of eight to half a score of vigorous (*Beech?*) sprouts that had sprung up around the parent stem.

They soon came, the first family in town, and the settlement was called by the family name, "the Beach settlement."

This family was soon followed by another (*i. e.*, ere the opening of spring), a Mr. Ira Purdy of Sand Creek, Hillsdale county, and he in a few weeks was followed by his brothers, Horace and Azem Purdy, from Ohio, Horace bringing a large family, among whom were three or four stalwart daughters, and of course they were soon followed by the young men, and now the "land lookers" literally flocked in here. They came by twos and threes, and in squads and battalions, until there was hardly room to receive them, and we had to keep from six to a dozen of a night, in addition to our own family.

We could give no better bed than the floor, every foot of which was occupied by their prostrate forms at night, and as "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world," we had a fair representation of all here; mostly farmers who came with honest intentions of looking out and making themselves homes, and of course the choice lands were soon selected, and speculators took the balance. They (the speculators) saw that this tract was being rapidly appropriated and they went to the land office and took what was left, paying pretty well for it in some instances. Of course the spring and summer of 1836 was a busy one for us, and a large influx of inhabitants settled all around us, many coming with barely enough to get there, and necessarily they saw pretty hard times to get through the season till they could raise something to live on.

Flour, "the staff of life," was very scarce and difficult to be got. Mr. Purdy, having a good team, started west for the prairies in search of flour, and after a long search of nearly two weeks succeeded in getting a load, which could be had only by persuading the miller to grind on Sunday, and that in violation of the strict orders of the owner

of the mill. Mr. Purdy begged with and of the owner of the mill, and told him his neighbors were starving; he could not be induced to violate the Sabbath, but the miller told him privately, "leave your bags with me, and come round as early as you've a mind to Monday morning and you shall have your flour; I'll set it out of the door and you can get it as early as you want to." He did so, paid him for a ton of flour, went in the night and got it, and this saved the settlement. When the load arrived, men came four and five miles for it; one man said, "my family have had nothing but greens for three weeks." One man dug up the potatoes he had planted.

There was one man by the name of Cass, from Ohio. He claimed to be a connection of Gov. Lewis Cass. He had a numerous family and was pretty hard pushed to feed them all. He dug a hole in the ground in which he lived until he could build a shelter. He brought a few carpenter's tools, and was fruitful in expedients to turn an honest penny; he made chairs, spinning wheels, half bushel measures, etc., etc., and when he had a load, would start for the prairies and trade his stock for the necessaries of life. He told me once that he "hadn't eaten grease enough for three months to grease a jack-knife." The old man was an inveterate tobacco chewer, a three-penny paper of "fine cut" barely sufficing for him a couple of chews, and it seemed to be about the only comfort he had while trying to keep the wolf from the door, and feeding his many-mouthed and hungry family. He would cram his mouth (and he had a most capacious one) full of the stuff, and after rolling it therein for an hour, as a delicious morsel, would lay it up on the fence, a stump or log, wherever he chanced to be at work, and if his supply gave out he would give his quids a second grinding; and said that his brother-in-law, who was hunting and espied as he thought a turkey sitting on a log, crept up carefully within firing range and shot, and saw the turkey fall from the log, but when he came to pick it up, found it was only one of "*Ira's reserve quids of tobacco.*"

Several laughable anecdotes might be told of the old man. In early life he was a flatboatman on the Mississippi; towards the close of his life he was converted and made class leader in the United Brethren church. One evening at a meeting, when he was leading the class and urging all to give in their testimony, it became necessary to feed his mouth, and after stuffing in a good-sized handful and stowing it away on one side, and taking breath after the effort, he broke out with the expression, "*and yet there's room.*" The ludicrousness of the whole

thing brought down the house and effectually banished all serious thoughts from the minds of his youthful auditors for that evening.

The old gentleman had two stalwart daughters who were a great help to him in clearing up his farm, and he used to boast that they could back over a grub, and take it up as quick as "*any other man, ary one of em.*"

Mr. Cass had a brother-in-law who came with him, by the name of Monlux, who deserves mention. Monlux boasted that he was born in Virginia, that "home of the Presidents," and of so many great men. He could not have belonged to the F. F. V.'s, for he had not wealth enough to entitle him to that, or even to admit him to their charmed circle, but whatever he lacked in "glittering dust," was amply made up in wealth of family (if numbers were the criterion), for he had more than John Quincy Adams ever asked for in his memorable "Wants of Man," though they would hardly have satisfied him as to their literary attainments.

This man Monlux brought in money enough to buy him eighty acres of land, on which he built a small log house twelve by eighteen feet over all and cobbed off in the approved backwoods style, with only one floor of split and hewn basswood logs, into which he moved with his family (and there was barely room for the children). They needed but little room for furniture; a bedstead of home construction, took nearly all the room in one end of the house, and the children had to shift for themselves; a large fire-place took the other end of the house. At our first township meeting this man was elected constable and treasurer; this unlooked for elevation fairly dazed him, he could hardly contain himself, and did not know how to behave with so much greatness thrust upon him, and his pranks made a vast amount of fun for all he came in contact with. He acted as though the nation rested on his shoulders, and he must deport himself accordingly, but unfortunately for him he lacked the ability, and seemed to look down on less favored individuals with supreme contempt. His wife also seemed equally elated with their sudden elevation, and they were sadly troubled to find language suitable to express what they felt. I went to their house to pay my taxes one Saturday night; Monlux was not at home, but Mrs. M. said he went to Coldwater a-Monday morning and hadn't got home yet; she didn't know what in the world kept him; she didn't know but they'd got him in the "*plenipotentiary.*" Monlux went one day, clad in the full panoply of his official dignity as constable, to arrest a man, and marching up to his man, he was told that if he came another step *he* would have his brains blown out, the man thrusting

his hands into his breast pocket snapping and cracking a goose quill he had there. The report was plainly heard and the arrest was not made at that time, the officer thinking perhaps, that "discretion was the better part of valor," and that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight some other day." One of their children was taken sick one day, and as we had no M. D.'s, and as my wife was known far and near as the best nurse in all the country round, they sent for her to come and see the child. It occupied the only bed in the house; the girls were busy getting supper, and the boys and smaller children stowed themselves where they could. They had one boy who bore the honored name of George Washington, but for short he was called "Wash." (I always thought if they had christened him *unwashed* it would have been a much more appropriate name, for though he was often saluted with "George Wash," he was never known to comply.) Well, "Wash" got tired out the evening my wife was there, and seated himself to rest on the most convenient thing that offered, and that proved to be on the board that covered the trough in which their buckwheat was rising; the board slipped off and "Wash" slipped in, and the girls sang out, "Ma, Wash has sot down in the batter." This brought the mother to the scene, who seized the unfortunate youngster by the nape of the neck, and leading him to the door and giving him a vigorous kick right where the batter clung to his person, she said; "Stay there till you can larn better'n to set your —— down in the cakes." The girls didn't let this little incident derange their plans for supper, and soon the smoking cakes were on the table and my wife was asked to "set by and take some supper." She told them she had no occasion; she took tea before leaving home.

We had one man elected justice of the peace, the only office he ever held, and he used to afford us a good deal of amusement; 'twas laughable to see him conduct a suit. He would use the literal words of the statute in administering an oath—"You do solemnly swear, *or affirm*, as the case may be." We used to tell him he had no need to use the words, "*or affirm.*" He would reply, "I'm going to use the words of the statute." We had a man and his wife by the name of Bacon; the wife was subject to fits of hypo, and whenever such a fit would take her, the husband would have to leave his work and go four or five miles for a doctor, no matter how hurried his work, or what the weather might be. He would generally find her all right when he got back, and after he had tried that thing three or four times, he began to object and remonstrate, and tried to reason with her and told her plainly he didn't believe there was any need of it, that she might prevent them;

she listened to such talk for a while and then broke out with, "Elmer Bacon, 'taint no use talkin, I *can* have fits and I *will* have 'em."

In the course of the summer of 1837, there were three families of our own came on. Mr. Israel R. Hall and family, brother Joseph William Lawrence with a large family, and my father and mother. We had a house ready for each family, Mr. Beach being the chief builder. Our houses were built a little different from the houses of other settlers: generally about twenty by twenty-four feet in size with two good floors, a chamber, the gable ends finished up with whitewood siding, a window in one end and the invariable stick chimney in the other, a good shingle roof—we used the long oak shingles, nailed upon ribs of oak, fastened to rafters of hewed tamarack poles. The beams on which the chamber floor was laid, were extended in front about eight feet to form a front stoop, a luxury that but few others enjoyed. Most of the log houses at this time were built much cheaper, "cobbed off" with a shake roof, held down with weight poles, and in this way no nails were needed except in the door, quite a saving when nails cost us fifteen cents per pound. When we had the Indians with us in the winter of 1836–7, I could get a venison ham or saddle weighing fifteen or twenty pounds for a lump of salt the size of my fist, and they were glad to make the exchange, for salt was worth ten dollars a barrel. But before the summer of 1837 was over pork was worth twenty-five cents per pound and potatoes were one dollar per bushel. Hotel keepers on the Chicago turnpike charged one dollar per bushel for corn and two dollars and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents for oats fed to teams putting up with them. My father brought a barrel of flour and two small porkers from Rochester, New York, and managed not only to eat potatoes but plant them as well. He made a small gouge, with which he scooped out the "eye" from the potatoe for planting and saved the balance for food. When we went to plant our potatoes, father carried all the seed on one arm needed to plant half an acre. He dropped and I covered them, putting a couple of eyes in a hill, and we had as fine a crop as we ever raised. Our nearest postoffice was fifteen miles away, and when we found a letter there we had to pay twenty-five cents for it, and when we had a grist-mill within twelve miles we thought ourselves well off, for we could go to mill and back the same day. When we were through with the fall work the first season, we went to work and built a good school-house of hewed whitewood logs, and a shingled roof. The first school taught in the township was by Miss Sarah L. Beach. In the spring of 1836 Mr. Beach and I went ten miles to Quincy, following a section line due north that led us

through a black ash and tamarack swamp a mile in length—the entire distance was through an unbroken forest—to cast our votes for township officers, and as we were the only men in that part of the township, now known as California, we each received an office. Mr. Beach was chosen justice of the peace, and I was made highway commissioner, giving us jurisdiction over ninety square miles of territory, as the three townships, Quincy, Algansee and California were then under one organization. When we came to this section of country we found it in possession of a remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Pottawattomie Indians under the leadership of a chief by the name of Bawbeese. This Indian chieftain had a daughter on whom he doted much and lavished many gifts. Among his gifts was a milk white pony, with which she used to take a great deal of comfort, skimming over the plains as free as a bird. Of course she was the observed of all observers, and had among her dusky subjects many suitors for her hand, all of whom she spurned with contempt, but after a long time, wearied perhaps with their persistent assaults, she yielded her hand to one more fortunate than the rest, and they were wed; but he soon proved himself totally unworthy of his bride, drinking to excess, and repeatedly reeling home drunk and pawning everything in payment of his whisky bills, and at last he pawned the much loved pony, the gift to *her alone* of a fond father. This so maddened her that she told him, if he didn't quit his drinking, she'd *kill him;* he said, "kinne poo," that is, kill away. She snatched his hunting knife from his belt and plunged it to his heart, and the warm blood of her murdered husband spouted full in her face, and he fell dead at her feet. She well knew the consequences of her rash act, and that she had forfeited her own life, but never tried to conceal what she had done, or sought safety in flight, and calmly awaited her fate. Her father was then on his way to attend a council of Indians in the western part of the state of New York. A fleet-footed Indian was selected to carry the sad news to the father, and when the messenger overtook him, he turned backward in his course, to preside over the council to hear the matter and pass sentence upon his child. The old chief and his party came where we were rolling up a log house, and stopped for a few minutes to see us work. A more sad looking countenance I never saw. He reached his home the next day, and the execution of the loved daughter soon followed.

THE CONNECTION OF THE PILGRIMS WITH MICHIGAN INSTITUTIONS.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

Those who are now living in Michigan State,
Who crossed over Lake Erie at an early date,
To look out for a home in this Peninsula
Should greatly rejoice that they are living today.

I refer to all those who a settlement made,
In the nineteenth century in its fourth decade,
Of which a large portion of the members so great
Hailed from New England and from New York state.

They were largely descendants from that noble stock,
Who on that December day landed at old Plymouth Rock;
That was the occasion that begat a great nation—
But few more important since this world's creation.

They were from their homes by intolerance driven,
To cross the broad ocean and seek a new haven;
Where no tyrant ruled and no white man trod,
That they might peacefully worship Jehovah their God.

While on that bleak and inhospitable shore,
The loss of home comforts they did not deplore;
But resolved that the liberty at such a cost gained,
Should by them forever be fully maintained.

To maintain the full freedom that they then enjoyed,
And pass it to posterity all unalloyed;
Industry and frugality with them did abound,
And vigilance and intelligence was always then found.

They placed their dependence on God's gracious hand,
To protect and to guide them in that wilderness land;
They solicited Him daily to aid their good cause,
And strictly endeavored to obey all His laws.

The virtues they practiced to their children they taught,
For not only the present but for the future they sought;
To have freedom and religious liberty spread,
All over this land where white men should tread.

And then when their children took up their march west,
They took with them the virtues their fathers had possessed;
And practiced those virtues for the good of the land,
That to them had been taught by that pilgrim band.

That virtue and intelligence in the ascendency should be,
They founded their churches and the schools they made free;
It may plainly be seen who those duties discharged,
For a Michigan man is a yankee enlarged.

WAR TIMES IN THE COPPER MINES.

BY JOHN HARRIS FORSTER.

Thirty years have elapsed since the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumpter. To a whole generation the war on the Union is only a matter of history. To those who participated in it on the battle field, in the hospitals, or in homes of sorrow and desolation, time is kindly casting a mist over the deep tragedy, softening its outlines and making more prominent the great fact that while God punishes nations for their sins, He is not slow to forgive them when they turn to righteousness.

Since the accursed blot of slavery has been washed out of our national escutcheon by the precious tears and blood of patriotic men and women, our beloved and united country has prospered beyond measure.

When doubt became a certainty and a war upon the Union was determined, the people of those days were terribly shaken; horror and dismay filled all hearts. The union loving north was stirred to its very depths; the north frontier settlements, as well as the older settled portions of the land, were alike deeply affected.

In extreme northern Michigan, far from the "sunny south," in the copper and iron mines of Lake Superior, there was found, at the beginning of the war, a few feeble and struggling colonies composed of merchants, miners, artisans and laborers. Braving the isolation of a savage wilderness and the extremes of cold common to those high latitudes, these people had engaged hopefully and bravely in the development of mining industries. But slow progress had been made and most of the enterprises in hand were in the experimental stages of adventure. The copper mines of Portage lake, in Houghton county, especially, were just struggling into existence, had no certain footing. Great fears were entertained that a prolonged war, begun with financial troubles and a general upheaval of society, would utterly distroy mine industries. The trials and tribulations which those indus-

tries subsequently endured almost justified the prophecies of evil. But a kind providence, in the end, dissipated all the dark clouds and granted a degree of prosperity wholly unexpected.

As the war progressed the demand for the product of our mines, copper, became so great that mining was stimulated beyond all precedent. The other mines increased their forces to the utmost capacity, while explorations for the discovery of new deposits of mineral, the opening of new mines, became the engrossing business of the time. Population rapidly increased and the work of building towns, making roads and clearing the forests, planting machinery, erecting stamp mills and extending commercial intercourse with the outside world engaged our attention.

In the earlier days the price of copper rated low, twelve to thirteen cents per pound, hardly a remunerative return for investments made in that remote wilderness region, when supplies and provisions were necessarily dear.

Before the close of the war copper ingots ran up to fifty cents per pound. That extraordinary price caused great prosperity.

With these preliminary remarks the writer now begs to give a description of the social and moral condition of the mining people of Portage lake (of Portage, as it was called) during the great rebellion.

Two hundred and eighty miles beyond the Sault, or six hundred and fifty miles northwest of Detroit, following the line of lakes and rivers was situated Portage lake, which lake afforded access to the heart of the mining region. This lake resembles an estuary from the ocean, and is like a wide river, nineteen miles long, filling a remarkable geological trough traversing the trap range at right angles to the formation. It forms a spacious and safe harbor. On its shores, at the time of which I write, two hamlets, since grown into the cities of Houghton and Hancock, were struggling into life, while back from the lake, on the elevated plateaus, were to be seen the rude mining camps, half hidden in the primeval woods.

The only way in which Portage could be reached was by water, and for nearly six months each year that way was closed by ice. There were no wagon or other roads leading out of the country. Three hundred miles of unbroken wilderness intervened between these isolated settlements and the more settled portions of the states, where wagon and railroads were common. The only paths through the forests were obscure Indian trails. These were followed by dog trains, carrying fortnightly mails and by exigent travelers on snow-shoes. Practically, the mining people were shut up in their snowbound homes, left to their

own resources. Mining supplies, provisions and merchandise sufficient for six month's consumption were brought in necessarily before the close of navigation. There was no remedy for any shortage in these supplies. Sometimes, by accidents in navigation, some necessary supplies failed to be delivered and there was consequently much privation, if not actual suffering.

Thus situated our mining people had to rely upon themselves for social pleasures and entertainment. The leading people, mine managers, merchants, surgeons and artisans, were mostly Americans, a mere handful in the mass. They had migrated from the eastern cities, and brought with them the culture and refinement acquired there. Their families seemed much out of place in those rude settlements. But those families of women and children, exerted a wholesome influence, enlivening society and improving the moral atmosphere. These people accommodated themselves to the trying situation admirably. The axacting formalities and etiquette, deemed so necessary elsewhere found no advocaters on this remote frontier. These few families met in society like brothers and sisters. Their dwelling places were small and rudely built and furnished, but they furnished ample room for generous conviviality and hospitality. The ladies laying aside their silks and laces, appeared at evening parties in neat muslin gowns, while the gentlemen, with still greater freedom, joined in the country dances, arrayed in all the glory of moccasins, red sashes and flowing shirtsleeves of blue or red flannel. Doctor F. the Hon. S. L. S. and the writer, once had the honor of dancing the horn-pipe, for the belt, before an appreciative bevy of fair lady judges. During the long, dark, dreary winter evenings of that north land, dancing and card playing were the only recreations. People came miles through the snow drifts and the intense cold for the sake of society; and they all enjoyed themselves right heartily. Their resources being so limited they made the most of them.

The great bulk of the population was made up of miners and laborers, of many nationalities--some newly imported having no special regard for America or Americans. As a class they were rude and turbulent, much addicted to beer and whisky. These people were constantly at war among themselves. A Cornishman could not abide an Irishman and *vice versa*. So long as these rival factions contended with each other the rest of the community were not seriously disturbed, but rather enjoyed the scrimmage, but as the war on the Union progressed, insubordination against legitimate authority became the rule. The laws had but little restraining effect. The handful of Americans in authority were often placed in a critical and dangerous position, and it was

impossible to call upon outside aid in case of need. The winter of 1861–2 was a most trying one. As was the case elsewhere, the dread certainty of a long and bloody war, unsettled business and left good men in doubt and fear. Bad men were encouraged to lawlessness and placed themselves in threatening attitudes. As the close of navigation in the fall of 1861 drew near great difficulty was experienced in providing adequate supplies for the mines. Indeed there was a shortage in many things, except whisky, which, under the circumstances should not have been imported at all. That fiery liquid was the cause of untold troubles—fightings, maiming and manslaughter. It was said, indeed, that the number of barrels of whisky brought in exceeded that of flour.

Credit was greatly shaken in eastern markets and the old banking system was destroyed. Greenbacks had not yet appeared; gold and silver were not available. The mining supplies and, indeed, all merchandise, had been obtained on long credits. The copper shipments in the spring were relied upon to meet all obligations. A credit of several hundred thousand dollars was necessary to carry the community through the winter. It had also been the custom to ship currency by the last boats of the season into the country for monthly payments to miners and contractors. This currency, permeating the whole district, kept business going. But, there being no currency or coin available, we entered into winter without a dollar in the safe. The people at the mines were fed and clothed from the mine stores but there was no *money*. Ere long there was a clamor for money. Credits for beer and whisky had to be met and outside of the mines, in the towns, the merchants and other business men were pinched because there was no pay day at the mines, which, in those days, were the sole fountains of wealth or income. Strikes soon followed and the state of affairs was critical in the extreme. The looting of store houses, the burning of stamp mills and engine houses was threatened, while work in the mines dragged slowly along, or was suspended.

Finally a remedy on the currency question was suggested and adopted. The mines went to making paper money on their own account. The necessity seemed to justify a measure not strictly lawful. Promises to pay in the shape of neatly engraved bills, of the demominations of five and ten dollars were sent out from Boston. These bills were signed by the clerk and agent of the mines and paid out to the men. They became good currency throughout the mining region. The writer has not forgotten what an onerous task it was every pay day to sign his name to four or five thousand shin-plasters. Long after the emergency

had passed and greenbacks had become common, the mines continued to issue their own currency, and the practice had become common all through the mining region of copper and iron. Nor was the practice discontinued until the law officers intervened. This mine currency, was finally redeemed at the chief offices in the east. It helped to tide over a great difficulty. During the war the general government under the plea of self defense and self preservation may have done some questionable acts as did our more humble mining corporations.

The demoralizing effect of the war during the earlier periods was observable even in the remote mining districts. There was the impression that the country was ruined; that a broken and dissevered Union would ultimately become a fact. The foreign portion of our mining populace were seriously affected; their conduct became restless, insolent and aggressive. They refused to work steadily; they drank deeper than ever and their fighting propensities became ferocious. They seemed to delight in all kinds of lawlessness. Perhaps they entertained the idea that they were soon to become masters of the country through the weakness of the American government. Be that as it may, brutal outrages for a time prevailed. The most peaceable and unoffending were waylaid, assaulted and so cruelly treated that many died. Law abiding men armed themselves with revolvers and constantly stood at guard. It was dangerous to go out at night. There was nearly a reign of terror. At the mines, the officers organized a secret military society, and in some closed upper room, they were frequently drilled in the manual of arms. Before the close of navigation, as a precautionary measure, we had had fifty muskets sent to us, which were secretly stored.

At the mine, under the management of the writer, a portion of the men, finally became utterly lawless and regardless of their own interests, they for some reason only known to themselves, threatened to burn the stamp mill and destroy the inmates. They actually made a demonstration one Sunday evening, but the superintendent of the mill was prepared for them. He barricaded the doors and windows; he provided his force of twenty men and boys with missiles in the shape of selected copper rock; he got up steam and attached the hose to the boilers, proposing to treat his assailants with copious discharges of hot water and steam. The rioters warned by the writer, of the ample preparations made for their reception, failed to attack the mill. This recreant conduct deprived the superintendent of the pleasure of testing the merits of his hot water defensive appliances.

But time fails me to give other examples of the riotous conduct of those besotted men. But the uncomfortable winter of 1861–2 in the

mines, will never be forgotten by those peaceable citizens who were cooped up there and had to face the music *nolens volens.*

In the third year of the war labor became very scarce. Business was very active, and mining was greatly stimulated by the demand for copper at the ordnance department, and men drifted away into the army. Every call for soldiers was speedily responded to. The older mines were running full force while many new mining enterprises had been undertaken. High wages failed to intice men to the mines. In desperation mine managers sent to Europe for miners. Their agents found them in Sweden. Ninety thousand dollars were subscribed by the several mining companies, to cover the cost of the importation. These foreigners came under contract; they were guaranteed liberal wages, and after they had paid back, in labor, in monthly installments, the cost of their transportation to this country, they would be free to do as they pleased. Arrived at the mines unexpectedly most of these miners refused to go to work for the companies which had been to the great expense of bringing them to this country. They could not be made to work. They boldly and defiantly resisted all efforts to make them fulfil their written contracts. They were now in America, where they had desired to be, and that was enough for them. Of course the mining companies lost most of the money invested in this disastrous immigration venture. A few Swedes went to work and became good citizens. They were the van-guard of the Scandanavian immigration, which has in later years, added many thousand to the population of Michigan. Good, industrious, intelligent people most of them are. It was evident that a majority of the miners imported at the time referred to, were of the baser sort—the scum of cities and discharged soldiers. But, after all, they were made available by the mining community. At that time there was a call for two companies of men for the army. Tempted by a bounty of three hundred dollars each our obdurate Swedes were induced to enlist. They were marched to the front, but whether they ever became food for "villainous gunpowder" the writer never had the pleasure of knowing.

During the season of navigation the fast passenger steamers brought the mails and newspapers regularly. Each steamer day was anxiously looked for; news from the seat of war was in demand. All good citizens were elated or depressed as the news was good of bad.

On one occasion, about mid-summer there was a terrible commotion. The good steamer Northern Light came steaming up the lake with flags flying and whistle blowing continuously. As she passed the stamp mills they too began to blow their whistles furiously; the tug boats and

steamers in port joined in the hubbub. The towns people on the shores of the lake, the miners back on the hills, alarmed by the unusual noise all rushed for the docks. The shores were black with hurrying people. As the Northern Light neared the dock captain Spaulding, waving his hat, shouted out—A great union victory—Vicksburg has fallen. The answering shout that went up from that excited crowd made the very hills tremble. Captain Spaulding was the hero of the hour. General Grant could hardly have received a greater ovation.

Snow-bound and ice-bound was this isolated community when the news reached them that the beloved Lincoln had been basely assassinated. Horror and grief took possession of every heart. There were cries of vengeance mingled with their sorrow. A public meeting was called. In response a vast crowd assembled in the snow in front of the Douglass house, and public speakers gave expression to the universal feeling of sorrow and dismay, that the occasion called forth.

During the progress of the war the necessity for a better mode of inter-communication with our fellow citizens in the states south of us became very pressing. Dog trains must give way to wagons and coaches. It was determined to build a wagon road from Keweenaw Point, to the settlements on the south, in Wisconsin. This road was to be used especially in the winter time. Should there be a pressing demand for copper during the ice embargo, the government could supply its needs by this important road. Congress took a favorable view of the measure and made a valuable grant of land to be used in the construction of the road. The road was laid out and placed under contract for constuction. It was used one or two winters by stage lines and some freight was hauled over it into the mines. But no copper was ever hauled out. The road was long, circuitous and poor. In fact it was a failure for the purposes intended. The individuals who obtained the land grant were about the only ones benefited. More direct communication by railroads soon caused the great military road to be forgotten by those who had expended so much eloquence upon its initiation.

At the close of the war of the Union, the mines were in a flourishing condition. Great progress had been made. The forests were cleared, new mines opened, new discoveries made, while the old mines had attained to a sure footing and prosperous condition. Villages sprang up and grew amazingly, in population, wealth and refinement. High schools and churches occupied prominent positions on the upland terraces overlooking Portage lake. Far out in the country, splendid wagon roads were made to reach thriving inland settlements and the hitherto silent primeval forests gave way to the advance of civilization.

The output of copper had exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and the entire community was growing rich out of the product of the proved valuable mines.

Thus it is seen that the war instead of bringing ruin and disaster, as was at first anticipated, to those new, struggling, mining communities of the Lake Superior region was the cause of rapid development and great prosperity.

THE PRESS OF MICHIGAN.—A FIFTY YEARS' VIEW.

BY S. B. Mc CRACKEN.

[Read at the annual meeting, June 3, 1891.]

We have proposed a fifty years' view of the press of Michigan. If we extend the period by a decade no question of propriety will be interposed. Sixty years ago I think there was but one newspaper published in Michigan outside of Detroit; namely, the Oakland Chronicle, at Pontiac, published by Thomas Simpson. Simpson was a character in his way, and besides his proper name he was known far and near as "Lixabogee." The name smacks somewhat of Indian origin, although whence derived is uncertain. As a boy living with my father's family in the woods near Pontiac at the time, I remember his paper very well. It was the first newspaper that I ever saw. It was discontinued in the early thirties, I think by reason of financial embarrassment, and Simpson removed to Saginaw where he died some years after.

My own immediate connection with printing dates from the year 1837, as an apprentice in Pontiac at the age of thirteen. There were then two papers published there, Democratic and Whig. In the summer of 1838 a third paper was established—the Jacksonian—by Charles M. Eldredge and Solomon W. Denton. They had been employés on the "Oakland Herald," where my first work was done, but changes in that office had left them and me out, and I engaged with them. They had little or no money. Eldredge came to Detroit and gathered up some old type and a Ramage press. Upon getting their plant ready for work they required a strap for the press, and in the absence of money or credit with which to buy one they utilized a piece of bed cord.

It will not be expected that I will trace the history of particular persons or journals, but in passing let me place a brief epitaph upon the tomb of Charley Eldredge. He was a man of liberal education, and had acquired a fair knowledge of the practical work of printing. He was a man of fine mind and womanly kindness of heart. These qualities made him generally beloved, while a naturally frail frame and a physical infirmity in one of his limbs commanded a deserved sympathy. He was one whose kindness I have always remembered with gratitude, and whose goodly counsel and instruction, imparted at an impressible period of my life, have not, I hope, been wholly profitless. His name is connected with the proceedings of the Masonic grand lodge of Michigan, early in the decade of 1840. He has rested in peace these many years.

It gives me pleasure also, in passing, to refer to Farmer's History of Detroit, as presenting a most valuable resume of the press history of that city from the earliest times. Some of the county histories also furnish full details of press history for their respective counties. A compilation of the history of the press of the State was proposed several years since under the auspices of the State press association, and some preliminary action was had, but I am not aware that any progress has been made in the matter.

The mention of the Ramage press gives occasion to describe briefly that primitive printing machine, of which, at the time I write, there were a number in the State. The frame and platen were of wood. The bed piece was a marble slab fitted into a wooden frame or carriage. The pressure was applied by a lever and screw. The platen was but half the size of the bed, so that two pulls were required to print one side of a four or five column paper. These were the distinguishing features of the Ramage press as differing from the more modern hand lever press. The description is necessarily addressed to printers, who will understand the technical terms used.

While on the subject of presses, I think I am correct in saying that the first power press brought to the State was a Hoe drum cylinder, bought by Bagg & Harmon, of Detroit, and first used by them in printing the revised statutes of 1846. It was subsequently taken to Lansing and used there for the State printing, and in course of time was purchased by the Lansing Journal, and so far as I know is still used in that establishment. The first rotary press introduced into the interior of the State, other than at Lansing, was a small jobber taken to Saginaw by Perry Joslin about the middle of the 1850 decade. Prior to the introduction of the rotary presses, the country printer

printed everything, from his newspaper to a visiting card, on his single hand press.

The editor of the olden time differed from him of the modern school. The future editor was supposed to be born when the boy took his first lessons in the art of printing. The printing office was the editor's Alma Mater. To graduate as an editor was the destiny of the "devil," to use a term that is bandied in derision, but which has a legitimate place in the craft, for when the earlier printers were supposed to be in league with the fabled prince of the lower regions, their apprentices, grimed as may be supposed by contact with the accessories of their trade, were regarded as veritable imps or representatives of the evil one himself. The editor was therefore, the embodiment of every requirement from the editor down and from the devil up. He was type setter, job printer, foreman, business manager and pressman, as well as editor, and did not shrink from the duties of roller boy upon occasion. In some parts of the country, although I believe the system was never introduced in Michigan, when the weekly issue was out, the editor mounted a horse and distributed the papers to his subscribers through the country.

The printer's apprentice usually boarded with his master and slept in a bunk in the office. He was required to do the office chores, to cut and carry up the wood for the use of the office, and to carry the papers in town, and in many cases he was required to cut the wood and do other chores at the house also. If in addition to this he did what was expected of him in the way of legitimate office work, he underwent a discipline not without its results in the formation of character. The mental discipline necessarily connected with his calling, and the opportunities for reading, if improved, were supposed to fit him for the editor's chair.

The representative newspaper of fifty years ago was a folio sheet, say twenty by twenty-eight inches, five columns to the page. Few families at that time took more than one paper, and this was supposed to contain the news of the world at large—foreign, domestic, congressional, legislative and local. Besides which it was expected to have in each issue editorials on leading topics, especially in behalf of the party in whose interest the paper was published. This of course pre-supposes a knowledge of political history on the part of the editor. And then the readers usually looked for a story each week, a poem, and a column on agriculture. The collating of news and general matter, and the writing of editorials, was generally done by the editor at his house in the evening, as during the day he was expected to do his share of the

mechanical work. Sometimes the oldest apprentice helped him out in his multifarious duties, and proved himself a better editor than the editor himself. A space in the paper was usually held open for the latest mails, and those who will examine files of old papers will find them adorned in many cases with the picture of a pen in a scroll bearing the word "postscript," or a horseman at full speed winding a post-horn. The latest news was looked for under these vignettes.

I suppose we are never exactly satisfied with the things that we see around us. The young look forward to the good time coming, while those advanced in life are apt to look back and think that things were done better when they were young. The press of fifty years ago could not supply the demand of the present time, and anything in the nature of a comparison implying similarity, and having reference to the periods divided by the half century, would be absurd. But yet there are some characteristics of the press of the past that command our reverence and admiration. The editors were men of convictions. They were decidedly partisan. In their discussion of political questions and in their treatment of political opponents, they dealt hard blows. In the advocacy of their own party and its candidates they seemed rather inspired by a sentiment of chivalry than by a hope of pecuniary reward. They seemed to regard themselves as the responsible guardians of the public weal. To have accepted a retainer or a benefice that would have implied any deviation from the path of duty as thus understood, would have been regarded as rank corruption.

> "Here shall the press the peoples' rights maintain,
> Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain,"

was a favorite motto of the time, and not without its meaning. While public measures and public men were spoken of in terms of vigorous criticism, the foibles and misfortunes of persons were passed over, and even scandals, except when connected with grave crimes or with tragic consequences, were regarded, if not beneath the dignity of journalism, at least not within its legitimate scope. Sensational journalism, would have been held disreputable and degrading.

While business men patronized the papers of both parties more or less in the way of advertising, every person was expected to prefer his own party paper in all cases where the patronage to be dispensed was to go to but one paper. Democratic stockholders in whig papers, or *vice versa*, was a thing unknown, and a proprietary representing in its personnel one political creed, with the editors representing another, would have been looked upon as a monstrosity. In short, the leading

thought with the newspaper was, that it was the vehicle of opinions rather than an article of commerce, and that to maintain its character and consistency, it should avoid even the appearance of evil. This sentiment arose as a necessary counterpart of the inflexible character of the political creeds of the day. Those who know anything of the bitter partisanship of the anti-masonic period can well understand how its spirit should be perpetuated when parties came to divide on other lines.

I believe it to be true that where men pass that period of their lives in which impressions are the most strongly made, in devotion to some handicraft or to some favorite pursuit, they acquire for it a respect that colors their whole life and character. As they respect their calling, so will they respect themselves, their fellows, and their environment. In times past, as before stated, the editor was supposed to be of necessity a development from the rudimentary stages of the typographic art. The instances in which men not thus trained became editors were comparatively rare. While, therefore, the editor may not have been a classical scholar, yet the school in which he was trained gave him a fund of general information and a technical knowledge that fitted him for the work that he was to do, and equally important, a sense of the responsibility and dignity of his office. That his good intentions sometimes sadly depressed the scale when weighed against his financial returns, may be accepted as evidence that with so much else to learn, he failed in one essential element of all trades.

The ethics of the trade demanded an adherence to given lines in the artistic makeup of the paper. Displayed advertisements and grotesque cuts were not allowed. Nor were advertisements in the form of ordinary reading matter permitted in connection with reading matter. The first departures from this rule were in the form of what was called "special notices" immediately preceding the advertisements. The editor sometimes volunteered a "puff," but it must be of his own coinage, and not furnished to hand.

I trust that I have not become over-warmed with enthusiasm in speaking of the early press. I am possibly writing more of the ideal than of the actual in all cases. The press of the past was not perfect by any means. Its faults should not be overlooked. In one respect, at least, it bore a taint that was not to its credit. A custom of speaking bitterly, malignantly and abusively of opponents and of competitors in the same field, was not inaptly characterized as "the leprosy of the press." But a ready explanation of this trait is to be found in the environment of the time. Party spirit was at its height.

The editors of the day were the molders of public opinion. Their weapons were thoughts, clothed in terms vigorous if not always the most elegant. An intense individualism breathed through their columns. That they sometimes aimed their batteries recklessly and ruthlessly, was in the order of sequence in which they moved. The press of today shows a marked reformation in this respect. But with the personalities that formerly marked as well as marred the press, has departed much of that individualism that gave to it its flavor and relish.

About the year 1835 and immediately following, a larger class of papers came into existence. The smaller in size were, say twenty-two by thirty-two inches, and the larger about twenty-four by thirty-six. The introduction of iron hand lever presses made this practicable, and the organization of political parties, and the building of new towns, created a demand for them. Men who were interested in the growth of the towns, and those who were aspirants for political advancement, would combine in buying an outfit, and would make an offer to some printer to come and publish a paper for them. This was a good arrangement for the capitalist and the politician, but not usually a good thing for the printer. The supposition was that with the start thus given the paper, it could be published until the development of the country created a field for it that would make its business profitable. But the depression that followed disappointed these expectations. The business of the localities was not sufficient to sustain papers of the size that had been undertaken. In some cases the papers were discontinued, the plant remaining idle. In others the publishers struggled on. The advertising patronage was meagre, and the printer could not afford to put in type each week matter enough to fill the paper. Hence he would allow advertisementts to run long after their time. This of course demoralized the market. In making a contract the advertiser would say, as a reason why he should be given nominal rates, "why, you want something to fill your paper." Contracts were freely made at thirty dollars per year for a column, and in many cases at twenty dollars. Compounders of patent medicines at the east took advantage of the situation and made contracts at much lower rates. These contracts were settled through the local druggists, by which means the terms became known, and still further demoralized the home market.

During the early part of the decade of 1840, eastern periodicals began to come in competition with the local press, and the press itself gave them their chief advantage. Tempted by the offer of an exchange

in consideration of publishing a long prospectus (which he could run through the year to help fill his paper) the local publisher became the agent for telling his readers that they could get a paper vastly cheaper and better away from home than he could make for them at home. The local press therefore suffered by comparison in the estimation of those who should have been its supporters. Few publishers but would have sold their entire circulation for so much ready money as would have paid for a year's supply of white paper. But for the small amount of job printing that came to hand, for which the printer was enabled to command fair prices, many a local paper would have gone by the board. A standing advertisement at the head of many papers read like this: "Wood, and all kinds of country produce wanted on subscription at this office." Notwithstanding which the printer was usually short, both of wood and produce. It was a rare thing to see a man come into the office and pay his subscription in cash. So that the country printer's path was not a flowery one, and was made none the more so by being told, on presenting his bill to the man who was three or four years in arrears, and who insisted on a deduction, that he "only subscribed for the paper in the first place to help it along."

With the improvement of the country and the gradual recovery from the former period of depression, the latter portion of the 1840 decade was more favorable to the press, yielding fairly living, though not, as a rule, remunerative returns. There may be said to have been a continuing prosperity from this time to the war period, which we shall make the starting point for some subsequent comments.

There is one element that vitally affected the financial interests of the local press that should be mentioned in this connection. The speculative movement that marked the 1830 decade brought eastern capitalists to the State in large numbers as purchasers of government lands. The reaction and the period of depression that followed, left these lands practically valueless for the time being, their owners in many cases preferring to abandon them rather than be to the trouble and cost of keeping track of them and paying taxes. These lands were returned as delinquent for taxes each year, and were advertised and sold. The publication of the delinquent tax lists in the several counties was a bonanza to the papers selected for the purpose. The job was worth scarcely less than three hundred dollars in any county, and in some counties it was worth five times that sum. It was cash in a lump, and formed the basis of a small fortune for a number of publishers.

Up to 1842 the treasurers of the several counties were the dispensers of this patronage, but in that year the law was so changed as to place

it in the hands of the auditor general. The State administration was then democratic, and as the treasurers in a number of the counties were of opposite politics, the democrats were charged with having made the change for political reasons, so as to give the entire patronage to the democratic press. I cannot speak with absolute certainty, but I am strongly inclined to the opinion that this change was from the county to the State system of dealing with delinquent taxes, that has since at various times been a subject of controversy. The effect of the change was to strengthen the democratic press, which was thus enabled to sustain itself in most of the counties, while the whig papers that had enjoyed the patronage were in many cases compelled to suspend, although in some cases their publishers experienced a change of heart concurrently with the change in the law. In many counties there were no papers puplished, the resident population not being sufficient to maintain a paper regularly. The non-resident lists in these counties were correspondingly large, and their publication the more profitable, and in these cases it was quite common for some neighboring printer to establish a paper temporarily. This practice led to the enactment of a law providing that a paper must have been regularly published for at least six months before it could be designated to publish the tax lists. The democratic papers enjoyed the perquisite until the political change in 1854, since which time it has fallen to the republicans. The last change in the State administration, however, again turns the scale.

Taking the war period as a starting point, although the process was observable before that time, there has been a change in the character of the personnel of the press. With the development of the advanced or high school feature of our educational system, the printing office as an educational agency came to be less regarded. The ambition that had formerly looked to the printer's art, sought expression through the schools. The development of the country gave a comparative plenty of financial means that men were willing to invest in enterprises that promised positions of influence to themselves or to their sons. The requirements of the trade also demanded larger resources for mechanical outfit. Expensive machinery had become an indispensable factor in this as in other lines of industry. Young men with only a practical knowledge of the trade for a capital were unable to command the necessary mechanical outfit to enable them to become publishers. The so-called distinction between capital and labor was observable in this as in other industries. Men in many cases became publishers and editors without the previous mechanical training that had formerly been regarded as essential. In some cases, too, the press received the over-

flow from other professions. The functions of the editor, that formerly implied all that we have enumerated, have hence to a great extent become divided, the editorial and business departments having been divorced from the mechanical, while in the larger establishments the three departments form a clearly defined trinity. Journalism has become essentially a commercial pursuit. I am far from intimating that the press of today fails in a proper estimate of its relation to society, or of its responsibility as a guardian of the public weal. But its tone is made necessarily responsive to the counting room, which in many cases governs it entirely, while the editor is a mere hireling. While it cannot be said that the press of today fails in the mechanical make up of its reading columns, the modern style of advertising testifies more clearly than anything else could do that its presiding divinity is labeled "commerce." Many of the Sunday papers of the day aim to cover the whole field of literature. But however excellent their literary character may be, it loses its relish when placed beside the hand-bill of some enterprising dealer in ready made clothing. And one could feel little inspiration to sip the nectar of the gods and distil it in the form of a poem that is to be sandwiched between the portrait of an oyster and a monkey with a cigar in his mouth.

But the newspaper press is not alone in the custom of giving prominence to extraneous matter in the form of advertisements designed primarily for commercial gain. Our eastern magazines of the highest pretensions carry on their exterior the trade mark of the cormorant commerce, and we are compelled to remove a world of rubbish before we can reach their marrow.

The use of "ready print" matter, so-called, is a growth of the past thirty years. This plan would scarcely need to be enlarged upon with a view to a present understanding of it, but we are writing for the future as well as for the present, and with the improvements and changes of method that the future may bring, the commentator at the end of the next half century who shall write a fifty years' view, may be at a loss to know what "ready print" means. There are in Detroit, Chicago, and other large cities, establishments whose exclusive business it is to furnish to local papers, sheets ready printed on one side, containing a digest of the general news of the day, and such miscellaneous matter as will fill one side of the paper. The sheets are forwarded in this form to the offices of publication, where the other side is printed, containing local and other matter, local advertisements, etc. These printed sheets are furnished at a very small advance over the actual cost of paper, so that papers are published much more cheaply than

where the entire matter is put in type at the office of publication. This system has been of great advantage to local publishers. It is not only a direct saving in the matter of expenses, but it cuts away an amount of dead space that they would otherwise have to fill with advertising at ruinous rates, thus enabling them to put better prices on the space at their disposal. The plan has also led to a very great increase in the number of papers published, as local papers are now found in every town of a few hundred inhabitants—places that could not support a paper but for the economy of manufacture that the ready print method affords.

Another method that is already supplanting the ready print to some extent is the use of plate matter. The facility with which stereotyping is now done, makes it possible to reproduce, in the form of plates, matter that is once put in type, very quickly and very cheaply. These plates are sent by express to local publishers, and are made up with other matter, and printed on their own presses. Plates that will make a page of an ordinary newspaper are furnished for about a dollar and fifty cents. The same matter, if put in type at the office of publication, would cost from six to eight dollars.

But both the ready print and the plate method are destructive of a certain individuality that formerly characterized the newspaper. Under the old system, when the editor took up an exchange, he was at once brought face to face with the brother editor through whose manipulation it was brought to light. Editors became acquainted with each other without ever having met. Even the selections reflected the personal tastes, tendencies and peculiarities of the editor by whom they were made. But under modern methods the newspaper has lost much of its distinctive flavor, and (to use a vulgar comparison) has become much like "restaurant hash"—it all tastes alike when it has any taste at all. The press of the large cities is not exempt from this feature in the use of what is called "syndicate matter," or matter furnished from a common source concurrently to papers in different cities.

The distinctively local press has undergone an almost total transformation. Fifty years ago, as the vehicle of news, it held a corresponding relation to the stage coach as a vehicle of transit. The stage coach was the best medium known for the purpose of travel, as the weekly or local newspaper was the best known medium for disseminating intelligence. But the railway has taken the place of the stage coach, and has evolved the omnibus as an adjunct. The metropolitan press as a disseminator of general news, has kept even pace with the railway, and holds a corresponding relation to it, while the local press is rele-

gated to a mere omnibus service. But it is doing its best to fill the bill on this line. Local happenings are given much more fully than under the old *regime*. And this seems the field which the local press is destined to occupy, and to which it must of necessity be mainly confined. And yet there is one direction in which the voice of the local paper may and should be heard. The local editor is not debarred his right to think, and he may do his readers and the public at large a service by well-considered editorials on popular topics, and the columns of the metropolitan press may be enriched by their reproduction.

The use of display headlines for news matter dates back less than thirty-five years. They were somewhat in use in the Detroit dailies prior to 1860, and as to their use by eastern dailies before that time my knowledge is deficient. The division in the democratic national convention in 1860 gave a marked stimulus to the practice, which received its full development during the war. While it is a typographical blemish, it is a feature of journalism that newspaper readers would now be unwilling to dispense with. The economy of time to the reader is beyond computation. A person familiar with the general drift of affairs will absorb the marrow of an entire newspaper page in a few moments by a glance at the headlines. They are an index to those things in which the reader may feel an interest, while as to other things they admonish him to pass them by.

Cuts, including portraits and cartoons, as illustrations of reading matter in the daily press, are wholly modern. They are a feature also in plate matter now so largely used by the weekly and local press. Considered in connection with the display headlines, they suggest how much more readily impressions are conveyed by the newspaper column than in times past. It is an expression frequently and flippantly used, that we are living in a fast age, but it is none the less a vital fact that should have dignified recognition as among the potencies of the closing decade of the century. Our mission is that of the chronicler rather than the prophet, but who shall place a limit to the capabilities of the human mind in its concurrent development with those physical agencies and devices upon which and through which it acts? The centuries comprised by our calendar seem to have reserved their grandest fruition to be precipitated within the half century of which we write, and who shall say that the next century may not dwarf this most marvelous of epochs? Let us, in fancy, contemplate the time when intelligence shall be transmitted electrically, and thrown upon the consciousness as a panorama. Language is but a clumsy contrivance for conveying thought. The mind can comprehend thoughts and facts

much more rapidly than they can be conveyed by this method. When the device shall be evolved that shall convey thought as a flash of light, it will find the human mind prepared for its advent.

We could not dismiss our theme without some reference to the telegraph in its relation to the press. The local press cannot be said to have been affected in any way appreciably by the telegraph. The railroad has had more to do in this particular. It lays down the daily papers so quickly at the door of the hamlet that the occupation of the local weekly print as the purveyor of general news is gone. The telegraph may be said however to be in a great measure the life of the western daily. Without the telegraph, and with the railroad as a distributing agent, the dailies in the cities removed from the eastern centers would be, with reference to eastern journals, very much in the same position that the local press is with reference to the western daily. But the telegraph gets ahead of the railroad, and transmits intelligence to all points where a daily can be maintained, and the dailies thus become the distributing agents within the range of their circulation.

The railway and the telegraph together have been the principal agents in bringing about the transformation in journalism that is traceable during the half century. There must be added to these agencies however the facility of manufacture by means of improved appliances, to which we shall briefly advert further on. A single thought however upon those twin agents of modern civilization, the railway and the telegraph. Those persons who are at and below the age of twenty-five years have observed both in their present stage of development. How few are there however who realize that they are both a development of the past fifty years. There were some short lines of railway in operation more than fifty years ago, but the development of the system, as such, has been substantially within that time. We cannot dwell upon its vastness, and can only invite the thoughtful to its contemplation.

The telegraph is even more recent. It is not necessary in this connection to be exact as to the time when the first successful line was constructed, but as late as 1846 a miniature telegraphic apparatus was traversing Michigan and presented as an evening show to the curious. Ten years later than this the system was so imperfect that the reports to the Detroit papers frequently failed. The dispatches were meagre at best, and were carried under a special head which was frequently followed by the announcement: "No report—line down." The man of fifty may reflect that at the time of his nativity the railway was but in its swaddling clothes, and the telegraph, which now encircles the world, was not born.

A single word of comparison as to printing machinery. Less than fifty years ago the hand lever press was the most approved printing apparatus in use in Michigan. Two hundred impressions per hour was a fair average of its capacity. The modern newspaper press turns out papers printed on both sides and ready folded, as fast as a person can count, and the forms may be duplicated by stereotyping to any number and placed on additional presses, the work of stereotyping occupying but a few minutes.

The typograph is a wholly modern device for doing the work of the compositor, but just now being introduced into some of the larger offices. It is claimed for it that with one operator it will do the work of three ordinary compositors. Its entire adaptability to the work is yet to be proven. Admitting that it will accomplish all that is claimed for it, we may be permitted a word of speculative inquiry as to its effect upon the local press and the smaller establishments generally. The tendency of all modern industrial economies is to concentration—to a massing of forces. There need be no question as to the value of the typograph to large establishments, where continuous use will keep them in the best working order, and where regular practice will make the operator expert in their handling, presuming that its work can be made practical. But to the smaller offices, where one would scarcely be used more than two or three days in a week, and with probably no more than one person who would know how to operate it, with this one person liable to be absent or disabled at any time, it seems the reasonable presumption that the typograph would prove a detriment rather than a help. On the other hand, the advantage that they will give to the larger establishments will enable them to compete still more disastrously with the local press. It will still further show the process of the industrial revolution of the past fifty years, by which local mechanics in nearly every branch of industry have been driven out by factory and machine made commodities, of which the railways are the convenient distributing agents.

My recollection of efforts to form a State association of editors and publishers goes back to about the year 1845. In the years immediately following there were similar efforts. There are records of these meetings extant in newspaper files of the time, but it would require a good deal of labor to look them up. A publishers' convention was held at Jackson, October 8, 1857, at which a publishers' association was formed. An adjourned meeting for the purpose of a more complete organization was appointed to be held in Detroit on the first Thursday of December following. A very successful meeting of the association thus formed

was held at Ann Arbor, March 23 and 24, 1858, which was quite fully reported for the Detroit Advertiser, by Henry S. Clubb. One feature of the gathering was an interesting address by J. O. Balch, a printer and editor of the old school; and an evening banquet, participated in by the members of the association and citizens, is among the pleasant recollections of the event. The present State association is of more recent date, and its records will be a guide to the future chronicler.

In the year 1840, according to the Sixth United States census, there were in Michigan but thirty-three periodical publications of all kinds. In 1850, there were fifty-eight publications, with an aggregate output, each issue, of 52,690 copies, and an annual output of 3,247,736 copies. The corresponding figures for 1860 were 118, 128,848, and 11,696,596, respectively. In 1870, 211, 253,744 and 19,686,978. In 1880, 464, 620,947 and 46,659,470. The census figures for 1890 are not yet published, but there are now over six hundred periodical publications of all kinds in the State. In 1840, there were in the whole United States, but 1,631 publications, so that Michigan, with her population in round numbers of two millions, has at this time nearly, if not quite, two-fifths as many publications as there were in the United States in 1840, with a population of seventeen millions. And considering the larger size of the publications of the present time and the number of outside publications that come into the State, it is safe to say that the people of Michigan absorb as large a quantity of reading matter as the people of the whole country did fifty years ago.

In closing, let me pay a brief tribute to some of the men whose life work was begun as apprentices, and who, as editors, have done honor to the profession that should rank with the most honorable.

Going outside of Michigan, it would be a sacrilege to pass over without mention the patron saint of the typographic art in the United States, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Coming down to a later date, Horace Greeley is perhaps the best representative of the conscientious, fearless and vigorous printer-editor. Next to him may be mentioned Thurlow Weed, editor, politican and diplomat. Very many men who have filled the highest positions of honor and trust in the country have been advanced to them through and from the printer's art and the editor's chair, including Schuyler Colfax, elected vice president of the United States in 1868. But we may not extend the list.

The editor oldest in continuous service in Michigan is Aaron B. Turner, of the Grand Rapids Eagle, who did the entire typographical work on the first issue of that paper, and on Christmas day, 1844,

worked off the first number on a hand press.* Of others who have seen a continuous service of more than forty years may be mentioned Don C. Henderson of the Allegan Journal, Harvey B. Rowlson of the Hillsdale Standard, Francis H. Rankin of the Flint Citizen, L. W. Cole of the Albion Mirror, and Levi T. Hull of the Constantine Mercury, while competing with them on the same line are E. R. Powell of Stanton, W. W. Woolnough of Battle Creek, and others that might be named.

Of the retired editors, probably the oldest in years and in commencement of service, is Henry Gilbert, of Kalamazoo, who established the Kalamazoo Gazette about the middle of the 1830 decade. Next to him is George W. Pattison, now of Detroit, who established the first paper in Grand Rapids, "The Grand River Times," in 1837. The memories of both Mr. Pattison and myself are taxed to recall the following: Albert Chandler, of Coldwater; E. B. Pond, of Ann Arbor; C. V. De Land, of Jackson; Merrills H. Clark, formerly of Grand Rapids, and later of Washington, D. C.; Jabez Fox, now a clergyman in Washington; Henry S. Clubb, formerly of Grand Haven, and later ministering to a congregation in Philadelphia; E. W. Barber, of Jackson; Milo D. Hamilton, now of Washington, D. C., and A. W. Hovey, of Pontiac.

We reserve for the close the longer list—those who have gone over to the majority. Among them we find names well known in the early history of the State. Col. Daniel Munger, a Chesterfield in manners and an enclyclopedia in politics, author of "Political Landmarks;" John H. Harmon, the influential politician, whose last days were not his brighest, and who was wont to say somewhat bitterly, in his epigrammatic way, "the best use you can put an old man to is to take him out and shoot him;" Sheldon McKnight, who pioneered the route to the upper peninsula; Morgan Bates, twice elected lieutenant governor of the State; E. G. Morton, of Monroe, a State senator; John N. Ingersoll, of Owosso and Corunna, also a State senator. Others of the old *regime*, well known in the ranks of the profession, were John P. Sheldon, George L. Whitney, Henry Barnes, E. J. Roberts, Wm. Harsha, Ray Haddock, George Dawson, Henry Starkey, and Cornelius Wendell, of Detroit; W. F. Storey, of Detroit, later of Chicago; Volney Hascall, of Kalamazoo; Henry C. Bunce, Seth Lewis, and J. O. Balch, of Marshall; George W. Ranney and R. S. Cheney, of Jackson; Thomas M. Ladd and E. P. Gardiner, of Ann Arbor; Moses Hawks and C. B. Bassett, of Allegan; R. W. Jenney, of Flint, and Jacob Barnes, of Detroit and Grand Rapids.

* Some recent newspaper mention (March 1892), gives to D. Cook, of the Niles Mirror, the credit of fifty years continuous editorial service.

There are others, both living and dead, equally worthy of mention with those I have named, but whom memory does not now suggest. For any failures or omissions I hope the living will not blame me—the dead I know will not. Let those of us who, in the journey of time, have neared the broad river whose farther shore is invisible, await the approach of the phantom ferryman serenely and with patience. Whether, at the journey's end, we shall be greeted by those who have gone before and who await our coming, or memory be forever drowned in the waters of Lethe, we cannot certainly know. Standing here today on this historic ground, we may at least plant a spray of laurel to the memory of a class of men who in their day contributed in no small degree to the growth, the development, the culture and the grandeur of the State.

THE OLD ACADEMY AND SEMINARY, THE CLASSIC SCHOOLS OF OUR PIONEER DAYS.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

I have told the story, in former volumes of these collections, of the log school-house era, of the branches of the University, of our union or graded school, which took the place of the branch schools; and I have written of the rise and development of the University—the crowning structure in the educational system of our State. This done, thinking that the early history of our schools had been given, I had laid down my pen to be resumed at leisure on some other theme connected with the labor of the historian. But, on second thought, I found that although the history of our public schools had been outlined, yet the history of an important class of our schools had not even been glanced at. Although not a part of our public school system as founded and developed by the State, yet the old academy and seminary had been very important factors of higher education in Michigan. What public zeal sometimes fails to do, is often espoused and pushed forward to success, by individual enterprise and wealth. The private school, or those not sustained by public authority, not only supplied the early educational wants in our State, but they were the harbinger of better things for advanced education among our people.

In the early period of our history, when we had no universities, and but few colleges, the academy and seminary were most valuable and useful institutions of learning to the American people. In some states where there were no colleges, they answered for the college, or for all the higher schooling a state or community might desire, or be able to obtain. Yale college was merely an academy for the first fifty years of its existence. Thus these old classic seats of learning, may be said to have started the American youth in their higher education, answering the purposes of a college at first, and eventually becoming the preparatory school that led to the college. They came into existence when learning was considered indispensable to the advancement of American civilization, when there was an enthusiasm on the part of the people for good schools, and on the part of parents for a fuller education of their children. Consequently the environments of these old classic schools were such as to awaken and inspire the teacher in his calling, and the pupil in his studies. The very atmosphere about them was stimulating to intellectual and literary culture. To have been a pupil of Plato made one desirous of Plato's learning. To have been a pupil in the old academy made one desirous for the higher and ampler attainments of learning. Much has been written lately by eminent men of the day about what had been "the formative influence" in their lives. Some giving the influence of a person or books, or certain circumstances, and so on. Few agree, or seem to have been helped by similar influence, or aid from others. This probably is natural, we are so differently constituted. Philip of Macedon thanked the gods that his son Alexander was born when there was an Aristotle to teach him, Fox said that Burke was better than the whole Bodleian library to him. All that I am as a reformer, says William Lloyd Garrison, I owe to Benjamin Lundy. Garfield gave Mark Hopkins credit for all the good he had achieved as a scholar and as a man. De Quincey says that the "Lyrical ballads" and the study of the "Ancient Mariner" was the means of developing his mind. We might multiply instances to illustrate what men have found to be the formative influence in their lives. Let the above suffice. But who will ever compute how much the youth of our State are indebted to the formative influence of the instruction they received from the old academy and seminary, during the period of their existence in Michigan. How many can say, "I owe all the high and noble attainments of my life to those old seats of learning."

A list of the names of those old schools will recall many a pleasing recollection among the surviving students who attended them forty or fifty years ago. The list is taken from those schools that were established

under the general law in relation to incorporating academies in 1839. They are as follows, with the date of their incorporation: Spring Arbor seminary, incorporated March 23, 1835. Michigan and Huron institute at Kalamazoo, March 21, 1837. Kalamazoo literary institute, January 29, 1838. Tecumseh academy, April 2, 1838. St. Philips college, Detroit, April 16, 1839. Grass Lake academy and teachers' seminary, April 4, 1839. Marshall female seminary, April 11, 1839. Marshall college, April 16, 1839. Allegan academy, February 2, 1843. Gull Prairie seminary, April 4, 1844. Grand Rapids academy, March 11, 1844. Utica female seminary, March 11, 1844. Ann Arbor female seminary, March 25, 1845. Ypsilanti seminary, March 24, 1845. Adrian seminary, January 30, 1846. Clinton institute, February 12, 1846. Vermontville academical association, April 28, 1846. White Pigeon academy, March 12, 1847. Raisin institute, March 27, 1847. Howell institute, March 17, 1848. Leoni seminary, March 29, 1848. Olivet institute, February 22, 1848. Woodstock manual labor institute, February 19, 1848. Oakland female seminary, March 30, 1849. Tecumseh literary institute, February 23, 1849. Clarkson academical institute, March 25, 1850. St. Mary's academy, Bertrand, Berrien county, April 2, 1850. Young ladies seminary, Monroe, February 18, 1850. Lawrence literary institute association, Van Buren county, April 2, 1850. Niles union Hull association, April 2, 1850. The eight branches of the University, whose history we have given in volume five of these collections, may also be considered a part of the old academy system, although under State authority. Their curriculum was about the same as that of the academy, and most of them had been academies before they became branches of the University, and they became academies again when they ceased to be branches.

To call the roll of these old academies and seminaries would be to tell where a great many of Michigan's best men and women were trained for their parts in life. Emerson says, one of the grandest things in this world is to build a man. Those old schools then were engaged in a grand work, for they builded well in scholarship and character, as many of the noblest men and women in this State, who received their education in them, can attest.

The academy and seminary have been the conservators of classic learning in an age smitten with the craze for wealth, an age that would narrow, or reduce the curriculum of the public school down to its mere practical, materialistic ideas of education. And, as it is the practical business man in every community who would do this, we naturally inquire, "who is this business man, this 'Philistine' who would strike

out the classic learning and culture from the curriculum of our public high school?" As I say, we would like to know who he is, I give the following graphic sketch of him:

There is probably no good American citizen of regular occupation (and good citizens, almost to a man are regularly occupied) who has not observed and deplored the fact, without strenuous effort to the contrary, that his life is but a mere passing and repassing over the same familiar ground. The busy man whether lawyer or merchant, clerk or cashier, soon learns the shortest way from his door to his business, and the chances are many to one that he will always go and come by it. Day by day his feet are slowly wearing away the pavement in ruts scarcely wider than those of the long silent chariot wheels of Pompeii; were he stricken with sudden blindness he could follow that hurried course in the dark, and as the landmarks along it are so hackneyed that he has ceased to regard them, he might as well be blind to every non-obstructive thing. Study his face and you will find that he is absorbed in his task, whatever it may be. Question him about any matter that does not immediately concern that private interest, and he will plead in excuse for his ignorance, often with a sigh of regret, that he has no time for side issues. Now in nine cases out of ten this is not strictly true, though he has made the statement so often that he really believes it, and under oath in the witness-box would solemnly state it again. He does not know what is the matter with him, but you can take your oath, if need be, that the patient old scape-goat of the scythe and hour-glass is less to blame for it than himself. He has simply fallen a victim to the money getting habit, a vice like opium eating or any other. Its early symptoms, a passion for overwork—a total indifference to social and other diversions, the delights of literature and learning. Such men are not qualified to say what the curriculum of a school should be, or to be trustees of a school, or to be trusted with the cause of education in any part of the country. Yet we find them among our school officers, from those of a township up to regents of the University.

But again, in observing the tendency of the age, its practical character is one of its most marked features. Our advance is all practical, and at the expense of imagination, fancy, poetry and genuine love of literature. "Natural philosophy, or science, has fixed *everything*. The stars have no astrology, the trees no dryades, the streams no naiades, the moonlight no fairies. The old elements are destroyed; air consists of oxygen, nitrogen. We have analyzed *everything*. Even in agriculture, the grass is a compound, the flowers owe their fragrance or their

beauty to a litte more alkali or a little less carbon. All the sciences have but taken us behind the scenes, made us acquainted with nature's laboratory, and given us a full command of all her powers. We can do everything but create. The tendency of all this is utilitarian, selfish, money making. The effect of all this is *utilitarianism*, a complete knowledge of human nature, and a control of its powers. The consequences of a great amount of physical enjoyment, but a gradual deterioration of the fine arts, especially of poetry, from the destruction of its sources. The graces alone remain of ancient mythology.*" Conversation has been eliminated from social life. People do not converse now-a-days, they merely talk of the business matters of the day. All this comes from the extinction of leisure from the homes and haunts of man. For the same reason letter writing has been relegated to the region of the lost arts. For when you suppressed the time once given to the enjoyment of epistolary correspondence, the pen of the letter writer was handed over to the accountant who handles the day-book and ledger. Life has thus been narrowed down to a mere business routine and man in fitting and adapting himself to it, has been mentally so overhauled and reconstructed, by the training process of the schools, that he is not his former self. His imagination is suppressed, genius has been denied him. Howells says that genius is the rankest misnomer, that man has no intellectual endowment higher than talent. And as for romance, and the emotions, with feelings poetic and fancy's glow, they have all been relegated, by the late school of realists, to an outgrown, and effete past. And poor human nature thus disinherited of the regal qualities she once possessed, finds herself in the condition of a trained athlete, reduced to the roll of "winning stakes" in a practical moneyed race of life. Yes, "the Philistines are upon us." Listen to one of them, Chauncey Depew, that popular post-prandial speaker, who lately said in the federal club in New York city: "The time has passed when the songs of the people any longer stir its enthusiasm or direct its policy. We have passed the singing period. The newspaper, in the universal discussion twice a day of the principles and the measures of the hour, has relegated melody to the bard of the past. And the people who have no time to read editorials and are no longer moved by song, are taught by phrase, epithet and epigram," inferentially, I suppose, as struck off in the sparkling heat of a speech "across the walnuts and the wine." If this be so, if we are so hurried, the libraries must be closed, and all text-books, save

*S. S. Prentiss.

those of maxims and proverbs, may as well be striken from the University registers. But Mr. Depew, as E. C. Steadman (from whom we get this reference to him) says "is like a man who stands in the undertow of a rising tide, crying out 'the waters are *falling*!'" It is these practical men—the "Philistines" of our educational system, who would reduce the public high school down to the grade of the common school, thus depriving the people of all the advantages of higher culture from their home schools.

Thus the spirit of unrest, to push on, to stow away wealth in coffers, or hard, dry, business facts in the mind, governs almost all the affairs in this life. The man who does not have the "get there stroke" in his business, the teacher who does not have it in his profession, the student in his studies, the minister in his pulpit, is considered too slow for this fast age. Is it not time we called a halt here, that we reconsidered this matter of hurry and routine, especially in regard to school room work, and study? And that we called leisure back into the school room calendar. And by leisure, we mean a convenient or sufficient time to accomplish what the thorough education of the pupil demands—*leisure* for physical, moral, and intellectual growth.

There is nothing that exhibits the contrast between the old and the new method of instruction in the school room better than the two words leisure and hurry as applied to them respectively. "Hurry," says the Arab proverb, "is the devil." It is at least the evil genius that is working harm in the schools of today, while leisure was the good fairy that bestowed her favors and blessings upon the more deliberate labor in the old academy. It is not the work but the haste, the worry, that kills. The old school teaching or system, had its faults—it was crude and defective in many respects, when compared with the incomparable school system of today, which is as perfect in its arrangement and movement as a Waltham watch. But it is the manner, the plan of conducting the instruction, that we are *now* discussing. It is the undertaking to do too much in a given time. One great error is in regard to memory. That is made a little pack-mule to carry all the things, facts and figures that can be stowed away in the pupil's mind. This is overburdening the mind, and worse than this, there is no habit which is surer to destroy all capacity for any continuous and useful thinking. The child must commit to memory a mass of unrelated, undigested facts, to enable him to boast of having "passed the examination," that is, of having walked across a bridge that leads nowhere in particular.

The curriculum of the old academy was better in this regard—there

were fewer branches taught, and ample time for instruction and study.

Some half a century ago the philosophers in Europe fearing that they had wandered too far from sound, philosophical reasoning, cried out, "back to Kant, back to Kant!" So we would say, in regard to the hurry, the cramming and routine process in our schools today, "back to the old academy and seminary, where time was abundant to instruct, and do a thorough school room work."

But the old academy and seminary, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, have been superseded by the union school in some states, and by the public high school in others. It is true that we have the modern academy and seminary, located in some pleasant locality, an "academic grove" in, or near some large city or town, but they are a kind of educational resort for the children of the wealthy classes, while the children of the toiling masses, not being able to attend them, are sent to the union or public school, because it is at home and its expenses within their means. Of course there are denominational schools in various parts of the country, but the union school is now the peoples' college. The universities having absorbed most of the small colleges, the academy and seminary, except to the wealthy class, being things of the past, the union school must now furnish all the education the largest part of the children of the State are to get.

There were also most excellent schools that were not incorporated under the laws of the State, that have done much for the cause of higher education in Michigan.

In regard to the principals of the schools in the old academic days, we have space for only a brief mention of some of them. The mere mention of the name of Rev. Dr. Fitch, post chaplain at Fort Wayne, Detroit, so long and so widely known as "Chaplain Fitch," brings up a host of delightful memories connected with the "old branch," and academy in Detroit. Dr. Fitch as teacher, was the Benjamin Abbott of his day, and his school in "the city of the straits," was the Exeter academy of Michigan. He came to Detroit in the spring of 1838, at the solicitation of Dr. Zana Pitcher, regent of the University, and received the appointment of principal of the Detroit branch of the University. The names of the students in the branch school include most of the young men in Detroit at that time. Dr. Fitch in 1841, when the central University at Ann Arbor was opened, and the Detroit branch closed, established the Detroit female seminary. And, as he says, "here attended most of the school misses of the city, of all denominations, Protestant and Catholic. Some were from abroad." His assistants were Rev. Edward Lounsberry, Hon. Witter J. Baxter, Miss

Valeria Campbell in charge of the junior department, Miss Dubois and Madame Martinez in charge of French, and Miss Lyel of music. The list of his students while teaching in the Detroit branch of the University, and in the female seminary, are given in his "reminiscences of Detroit," in volume five of these collections. Read that list today and you will find among its young men the names of some who have become eminent in the history of this State and nation, and none but what have made a useful and honorable record as citizens of this State. And read the list of his young lady students, which as he said, included nearly all of the school misses of Detroit, and you will find the names of young ladies, who, in after years, became prominent and useful members of society in Detroit, or in whatever place they resided. And could Dr. Fitch receive a higher eulogium as teacher, than is given him in the virtue, usefulness, and noble and womanly character of these ladies who were his former pupils.

The curriculum of the old academy was liberal. It included instruction in the common and high English branches, and in the classics. And it embraced literary, ethical and religious training and culture that established in the minds and hearts of students fixed principles in regard to conduct, as a guide in life. Principles that enabled them to make the best use of their talents and attainments, wherever their lot might be cast. For the object of the instruction was not only to develop the true scholar, but true manhood and womanhood as well. And it has been said that you will find today, in any one of the surviving students of the old schools, the deportment that characterizes the true gentleman and lady. While it may be said there was no attempt made to teach literature as a text-book study, yet *literature* which consists in a knowledge of, and an acquaintance with, books and letters, was taught both at home and in school. For the reading of good books was encouraged by both parents and teachers, till a love of them was acquired by the pupil, a literary taste established, and a knowledge and an acquaintance with letters was secured. Consequently you could trust one of the students of the old academy to roam at will, among the good and bad books, through the whole realm of fiction, for he had a guide to direct him aright in regard to the books he should read. The only way to teach literature, says Charles Dudley Warner, is to encourage in the young the desire to read good books and to make them acquainted with the best writers and authors of the day. The Misses Clark's female seminary in Ann Arbor, is another one of those schools that deserves a full mention. This school was established by Miss Mary Clark and Miss Chloe Clark, her sister, in

November, 1839. It is outlined in Miss Clark's report to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, in 1852. It was established for the purpose of furnishing an institution where young ladies could get a thorough education, a training and culture that would develop a sound mind in a sound body, where attention to health was a sacred duty, and where every suitable means would be used to secure it, by inculcating a strict observance of the physical laws, out door exercise, equanimity, and cheerfulness of temper. Strict attention to some place of worship was required. Recitation in "the words of the book" was not allowed, routine was avoided. The pupil was required to analyze the lesson, and then learn to think independently.

Ex-governor Alpheus Felch, of Ann Arbor, says that Miss Mary Clark, was the best educated, best read, and most interesting lady he ever knew. In history and general literature she was thoroughly versed. "So much so," says he "that I never found but one thing which she did not know. At one time she had taken a trip to Wisconsin. On her return she, meeting Governor Felch, wished to know who Governor Horner was. 'I heard,' says she, 'while in Wisconsin, considerable talk about Governor Horner, formerly of Michigan, and I told them I knew of no such man. Now, please tell me who he was.' The Governor replied: 'Well, well, is there one thing in history that Mary Clark does not know?' And then told her that President Jackson had appointed John Horner governor of this State; but the people who had previously elected Stevens T. Mason to that office, turned the cold shoulder on Gen. Jackson's appointee, and not recognizing him as such an official he in a short time, left Detroit, and settled in Wisconsin."

It was this full all-round education that Mary Clark had received, a thorough acquaintance with all kinds of useful knowledge that made her the incomparable teacher. Here was her great power of usefulness—this made her an unfailing source of knowledge to her pupils. Because it is the teacher and not books, who gives the most valuable instruction to the pupil.

It was my good fortune while principal of the high school at Battle Creek, to receive as pupils, young ladies who had been students in the Misses Clark's school at Ann Arbor. And I invariably found them not only interesting students, but students who had learned how to make the best use of their time and studies, and in their conduct exhibited the excellent training they had received from the best of teachers. There were other excellent schools in Ann Arbor during the academic period. Wm. Bacon's among them; but we have not space for fuller notice of them.

The high school for young ladies at Battle Creek, was established by Mr. and Mrs. Nichols sometime in the early "forties." A school that graduates fifteen or twenty young ladies or young men each year, and thus gives to the society of a village so many well educated members is scattering blessings of an incalculable value to the community in which it exists. This is what the old academies were doing in Michigan at this period. Prof. John D. McCay succeeded the Nicholses, and Miss Cornelia Lapham, now Mrs. Judge B. F. Graves, of Battle Creek, succeeded him in the high school in that place. She was succeeded by Prof. Press Mocre, and he by the writer of this history. This was to me the most interesting school I ever taught. And this was due largely to the fact that many of the young lady students had been under the superior training of the above mentioned teachers, and most especially under that of Mrs. Nichols and Miss Lapham. Dr. Harrison, now of Paw Paw, Miss North, Miss Susan Cox, Miss E. M. Palmer, and Miss Mary Packer, now Mrs. Ferdinand Sprague, of Augusta, Kalamazoo county, have been successful teachers in Battle Creek, during the period of the old academy *regime.*

In April, 1854, Judge Jesse E. Tenney, and Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, his young and beautiful wife, who has been for so many years the very able and efficient State librarian, established a select school in Homer, intending to make it a permanent academy. The school was very successful under their able management. Judge Tenney was a man of extraordinary ability. "He was not only a brainy man," says the historian of Homer, "but many a luckless lad under his charge became thoroughly convinced that he was a brawny man." And as to Mrs. Tenney, if under severe provocation he was sometimes the "tempest," she was ever the "sunshine." If his severity at times caused fear, her rare and radiant sweetness ever inspired love. But he was no more severe than the exegencies of the case demanded. He was the thorough teacher, one who developed scholarship and character in the pupil. They remained in charge of the Homer academy but one year, when he accepted the superintendence of the Marshall city schools in 1855. But who can estimate the good that two such teachers had wrought on that community, through the management of their school, *for that one year?* It was the mission of the old academy to lead the youth of the day up from the common school, to a higher, fuller, all-round education.

Hon. Witter J. Baxter and Prof J. Estabrook, were among the best and most successful teachers in Michigan, during the old academic regime. Thorough scholars, courteous gentlemen, highly gifted in

the art of teaching, the State was fortunate in having such able educators to lead its youth into the higher walks of learning and science.

Rev. Elias Cooley of the M. E. church, educated at the Kalamazoo branch and Ann Arbor, is another one of the able and thorough teachers during the period referred to. He began with a select school in Kalamazoo, in 1850. Was principal of an academy in Paw Paw in 1861, and afterwards, for five or six years, was at the head of the seminary at Colon, St. Joseph county. He had been principal of the Union school at Paw Paw and after a year or more of experience with that system he became convinced that the academy offered him a more encouraging field of labor, one in which he would not be hampered by a school board generally unacquainted with the work he was engaged in, nor hindered by parent or patron in the plan or method of conducting his school. And, says Mr. Cooley, "were I to begin teaching again, I should certainly prefer the academy to the union school." And it would be for the reasons given above, and that the educator must have time to do his work in his own way.

In Kalamazoo's early days Mrs. Lucia C. Eames' young ladies school was very popular and continued so for a number of years. And it can be as truly said of her school as it was of Dr. Fitch's in Detroit, and of the Misses Clark's in Ann Arbor "all the school misses of the town attended it." With her husband, Lovett Eames, she came to Grand Prairie in 1835. In 1841 they removed to Kalamazoo, and there she established her school, in which the school girls of those early Kalamazoo homes were, for so many years, instructed by this most excellent teacher. And by this early training a bias for learning and literature was given those young ladies, and by them infused into the society of Kalamazoo. The result has been, that it is largely through the influence of Mrs. Eames' school, and those conducted for so many years in Kalamazoo by Dr. and Mrs. Stone, that the "Burr-oak city" has become so noted for its institutions of learning, and for literary culture.

The following facts concerning Mrs. Eames' school, with the list of her first pupils, she has kindly furnished me.

In 1842 Mrs. L. C. Eames, so she writes me, "opened a school in Kalamazoo on Main street, in a building formerly occupied by Hiram Arnold, on the ground now occupied by the Burdick House. It was originally intended for a girl's school, but it soon became necessary to take boys with their sisters. At the end of the first year the catalogue numbered fifty-two girls and eighteen boys. In 1843, her school was removed to her own house on South street, taking only girls for the

year. Here Mrs. Eames continued her school for many years. She continues: "Among my old papers I find no complete catalogue, but from what I have found and from the assistance of my own memory and that of some of the old pupils I think nearly all the names are herewith given:"

Amelia Arnold	Martha Prouty	Sarah Weaver
Emily Arnold	Loretta Prouty	Philura Warner
Julia Abbott	Elizabeth Prouty	Lucia Wilder
Sarah Briggs	Eliza Patrick	Mary Vendere
Mary Jane Brownell	Marcia Patrick	*Boys.*
Caroline Booher	Lydia Patrick	Byron Arnold
Cornelia Clark	Caroline Patrick	George Burdick
Maria Clark	Ellen Rice	Theodore Booher
Sabrina Comstock	Julia Rice	John Booher
Martha Cooley	Mary Rice	Henry Brownell
Mary Davidson	Jane Robinson	Justus Burdick
Mary Daubney	Antoinette Ransom	Henry Colt
Ellen Daubney	Mary Stuart	George Clark
Sarah Earl	Merissa Stuart	William Clark
Evarissa Foster	Prudence Smith	Alexander Edwards
Mary Gregg	Lucy Shoemaker	Myron Evitts
Fannie Gregg	Louisa Smith	Theodore Gregg
Harriet Gibbs	Lovina Smith	Oscar Gregg
Martha Gilbert	Sarah E. Starkweather	M. Grover
Lydia Hays	Sarah C. Starkweather	Francis Hall
Caroline Hawley	Martha Sheldon	Theodore Patrick
Julia Hawley	Hannah Trask	Henry Patrick
Minerva Heydenburgh	Miss Tryon	Luther Tucker
Elizabeth Hoyt	Ellen Tucker	Edward Webster
Emily Lothrop	Eliza Thomas	George Wilder

Some of Mrs. Eames' pupils, on the 21st of June, 1891, being her eightieth birthday, gave her a "surprise party." The subjoined, taken from the Kalamazoo Telegraph, gives the history of this interesting event:

SURPRISE PARTY IN HONOR OF MRS. LUCIA EAMES. TEA ON THE LAWN IN THE ORCHARD—LETTERS FROM A FRIEND OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AND FROM A FORMER PUPIL.

Yesterday afternoon occurred an event that will long be remembered by all who participated. It was the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Lucia Eames of west South street, and a "surprise" was planned and executed by some of her neighbors who have known and loved their friend and neighbor many years. Accordingly tables were set upon the lawn under the old apple trees and when the ladies were all seated, Mrs.

Eames, who had been invited to a neighbor's home to tea, was sent for and on returning was most heartily received, welcomed and congratulated by Mesdames H. W. Bush, Smith L. Wood, G. F. Kidder, Geo. Torrey, David Fisher, C. L. Cobb, Edwin Martin, F. C. Van Wyck, W. H. DeYoe, and Miss Mary Landen and Frederica E. Brett. Mrs. L. H. Stone was unable to be present and her beautiful note is published by request. Mrs. J. M. Edwards was on her way to join the happy party but was called elsewhere. A note from Mrs. H. L. Cornell was read by Mrs. Van Wyck. At the time Mrs. Eames came to Kalamazoo, Indians were frequently seen about, and no bridge spanned the Kalamazoo river. She went to Grand Prairie in 1835, and came to this city to reside in 1841. She has lived to see many inventions utilized and has seen not only the dawn, but has enjoyed the warm rays of the intellectual sun of the close of the nineteenth century. At the close of the supper a poem written for the occasion was also read.

It is a comparatively rare sight to see one who has attained the advanced age of four score years, but it is still more unusual to meet a person who claims the honor due an octogenarian, who retains the fullest powers of a mind ripe with the experiences of so large a part of a century, and of a heart which has beaten so many years in unison with the joys and sorrows of several generations.

To Mrs. Lucia C. Eames belongs this homage and no one was more happy than she whose birthday was celebrated.

The following letters were read:

June 21, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Eames—They tell me that tomorrow is your eightieth birthday and I am invited by your good neighbors to a little surprise lunch or tea to help celebrate it. I am more sorry than I can express to deny myself of this pleasure. It seems as though I could not, but I have an engagement at South Haven which I dare not break. Dear Mrs. Eames, eighty years is a great while to have lived. It is almost forty years that we have lived together in a most intimate friendship, which nothing on my part has ever come to break or even loosen. I am glad I have known you so long—glad I have gained so much from your acquaintance. My life has been richer for it and I believe the life beyond this will be also the richer for it. I tarry but a little behind you in the years. I am afraid I have not done as much as you have to make it better for the world that I have lived, but I am thankful that you have lived and I hope you will live to see the end of the century, and that our friendship will remain unbroken to the end.

God bless you my dear, dear friend.

"Pax vobiscum" is my benediction on your eightieth birthday.

L. H. Stone.

Dear Mrs. Eames—Having heard incidentally that today is your eightieth birthday, I am reminded of the debt of gratitude I owe you for your patience and kind instruction when I was your pupil in "the long ago." In memory of which I beg you to accept these few flowers, with congratulations and best wishes.

Cordially yours,

H. L. Cornell.

The poem was gotten up in book form and bore Mrs. Eames' monogram in gilt letters, also June 22, 1811. At the close of the poem the autographs of those present were inscribed.

Mrs. L. H. Stone used to say that she could always tell Mrs. Eames' pupils as they came into her school room, by their manners, which evinced the well trained scholar. Now this was a characteristic trait of the old academic teaching, when manners and morals were taught as an essential part of the curriculum. The teachers had time then not only to instruct but to *train* their pupils. The *conduct* of the pupils received full attention, and they were trained in it as in their text-book studies. Prof. Swing has lately given a statement in regard to the number of articles in the school readers of thirty or forty years ago, on religious and moral themes, compared with the number of those on similar themes in the school readers of today, and he finds more than five times as many of such articles in the old readers than he does in those used in our schools today. *Haec fabula docet.* This fable teaches that conduct, morals and religious instruction are pretty nearly eliminated from the school room training of the present time.

As we have stated, the great universities and large colleges have absorbed the small colleges throughout the country. Consequently the great mass of the community, are in large part, cut off from any direct participation in the higher branches of learning and science, for which our advanced institutions of learning were organized. Seeing this need or want of the people, a movement called the university extension, has lately been started in England, and is becoming popular in this country. It is this: The universities propose to send out lecturer's and professors to give courses of instruction to the people in various parts of the country. In fact they are now establishing "little Yales, and Harvards," here and there throughout the land, which may prove to be "Pierian Springs" where the masses can slake their thirst for higher knowledge. That is, as we have said, the universities and great colleges seeing that they have absorbed the academy and seminary, so far as their use to the common people is concerned, now propose to give them back to the people again, by way of "university extension." And this new movement brings vividly to mind the condition of our academies and high schools, in the period we are writing of.

Why, as regards our school system, Michigan began with genuine "university extension." For, before she opened the central University at Ann Arbor, she established branch universities in various parts of the State. These, with the academies and seminaries, carried on in this State a system of "university extension" which was of the highest value, as regards advanced education, to the people of Michigan. For each of these schools was completely equipped with an academic curriculum, and full faculty; and each school became as useful as a college,

in the community where it existed, for several decades at least. Thus in every enterprising town throughout the State, educated young men and young women were scattered abroad among the people, and as the school had inspired them with a love of learning, they inspired their associates in the community where they lived. Thus we see how the standard of education, learning and culture has been raised in Michigan, making it a State of not only the best educational system, but we had almost said of the best educated people in the Union.

Let me say by way of conclusion, that as far as the masses are concerned, the old academy and seminary are things of the past, and now the union school which supplanted them must be made what they *were*, intermediate or preparatory schools, between the common school and the University. It must be *this*, or it fails to answer the purpose for which it was created. Hence its curriculum must be kept amply sufficient to fit young men and young ladies for a college or university course. This will be making the school subserve the interest of the entire people, so that the poorest boy or girl may have as fair a chance as the richest to get an education. This was what the founders of our educational system intended. But in order to accomplish this, the union school must be kept, we say, as useful as an *academy*, to that large class of children in every community who desire, but never can get a higher education, unless they can get it in the home school.

HISTORY OF CO-EDUCATION IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. L. H. STONE.

[From Detroit Tribune, July 26, 1891.]

A letter just received from a former lady graduate of the Michigan University lies before me, asking for something of the history of co-education in her alma mater—"how the thought grew in your own mind," and "exactly what is the bill recently passed in our legislature making women eligible to fill professorships in the University," etc. At the same time is sent me some clippings accredited to Detroit papers, that, to borrow a term classic since the great convention in Detroit, are not

altogether inerrant, and call for a little explanation, which it seems to me proper should be made through Detroit papers.

Will the Detroit Tribune therefore publish the following letter written in answer to this friend's inquiries, and which, in order to answer the questions asked, must be a little personal?

First, how the thought of co-education grew in my own mind. Well, when a young girl, which was long ago, as you know, and I had tried "pursuing an education," both in our academy and in one of the "female seminaries" of the time, not far distant, my ambition reached out to take as a "finishing" a course of study in one of the more famous ladies' seminaries, Mrs. Willard's in Troy, N. Y., or in Mary Lyon's Mount Holyoke seminary (I had not decided which) when my minister, whose word was gospel in those days, said to me: "Now, let me advise you in this matter; you know we are trying to put our academy—one of the best of New England schools that I have ever known, and situated about midway between two colleges, Middlebury college on one hand and Vermont university at Burlington on the other, and where many young men fitted for both these colleges. "We don't like," he said, "the idea of our young people going away, while we are trying all we can to make our academy worthy of drawing others in, and, let me tell you, you will not find any ladies' seminary so good nor so much to your taste as our academy.

"So let me advise you. You go back into our academy—go right into the classes with these young men fitting for college. What they are studying is just as good for you as it is for them; Greek and Latin even. So, you go back; go right into the classes with them and see if you can't keep up with them." I followed my minister's counsel, went back to our academy, went into the same classes with the boys fitting for college, studied just what they studied, and found it entirely easy to keep up with them, besides pursuing at least two studies which they did not take into their curriculum—French, well begun before, and some branches of literature which they did not pursue. My classical dictionary had for me an attraction which they did not find in it, and I pursued it beyond the explanation of the myths, required in preparation for the daily lessons in Greek and Latin.

Thus we continued through their preparatory course for college. We had been the best of friends, often walking down Academy hill together, looking over in the same book, discussing some sentence in the Greek reader, Xenophon or Homer, with never a thought straying from the subject, or any conceivable wrong in such intercourse.

Judged by our academy standard of manners, there was none, though according to seminary rules, it would have been a gross impropriety.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Thus we went on until our ways parted at the college door through which the boys in my class in the academy entered; but I, chancing inadvertently to breath out a desire that had been kindled by a love of study thus begun, "Oh, I wish I could go to college," brought down upon me such a deluge of ridicule that I literally wet my couch with tears over it for many a night, and our postmaster, a narrow minded man, handed my name about with all kinds of opprobrium in the little village postoffice, proposing that the citizens of the town petition the Vermont legislature, then in session, to open the doors of the state university to "that aspiring young woman who wanted to go to college." To tell the truth, I think the boys in my class would have been quite willing that I should enter this sanctuary of learning with them, closed against all feminine feet, though such a thing as this had never yet been heard of.

But I am sorry to say it was from the girls and the women of the town mostly, that my improper desires for higher education received their most severe repression and rebuke. Ridicule is more powerful than argument against all reforms and advancement. But good came out of this hard lesson, my first in favor of co-education as contrasted with that received in a ladies' seminary, the petty rules of which often disgusted me. There was, too, far more thoroughness and originality in our methods of study in the academy than there was in the ladies' school. It was a very dangerous thing for a girl to aspire toward a higher education, or even to wish she might go to college then. Wonderfully has that path been smoothed since then. Then I little thought I should live to see not only both Middlebury college and Vermont university opened to young women, but the far greater Michigan University also; more than this—myself live to pursuade the first girl to ask admission to its privileges, gain it, graduate with the highest honors of the University and more than this, see herself followed by thousands of other young women, and in every class with a standing for behavior and scholarship as high as their brother classmates, and often higher. I saw this first girl whom I pursuaded to enter the University, graduate "like Wyoming, a lone star," not twenty years ago. Two weeks since I saw young women descend from the platform in University hall with their diplomas of graduation in hand. Patience, my friend, with well doing—working toward the higher, and somebody will

see accomplishment of our desires of good. The world is surely setting toward the higher education of women. The power of the pickaxe on the hardest soil consists in that it works with the law of gravitation on its side.

As the personal outcome of my course of preparation for college in our academy, the principal of the same soon afterward received a request from the principal of one of the most popular young ladies' seminaries in the State, that the former would send her a teacher, one that had been educated by a man. I was sent to fill the order and remained there until a more tempting offer called me to the south.

FIRST WOMAN IN THE UNIVERSITY.

In 1842 my husband, Dr. Stone, was called from Massachusetts to take charge of one of the so-called branches of the Michigan University, of which there were eight, I believe, located in different parts of the State. These were designed to be feeders to the University proper located at Ann Arbor, and were from the first co-educational. In coming to Kalamazoo, I did not intend to teach, but circumstances forced me to take the place of principal of the ladies' department of the branch of the University, and in my classes, from the first, there were about an equal number of young men and young women studying beautifully together, the girls always keeping up fully with the boys until the boys went to the University and the girls were supposed to consider their education finished, though I guarded well against the formation of any such conclusion as that, for my teaching was that their real education, when they left school, was but begun, and the question often pressed itself upon me, why should co-education stop here, just at the door of our University? Were not girls, women, mothers, who certainly were to be the educators of their sons, as much in need of higher education as boys, men, fathers, who were expected to lead a life of business, were? If this was a State University, I often wondered if there were anything in the law of its foundation that should exclude women, the daughters of the State, from its privileges. But for a long time I only pondered these things in my heart. But when, not long after coming to the State, these branches were cut off from all share in the State funds for their support, they went down, and in Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo college, mainly through Dr. Stone's efforts, sprang up in its place. This, too, was co-educational. Of the ladies' department also, I was appointed principal, and continued so for nearly twenty years. In 1870 a young lady, a daughter

of a former professor in Albion, who had pursued her studies in State college, and who on coming to Kalamazoo to live, went on with them in Kalamazoo college, aspired to continue them in the great University at Ann Arbor, and Dr. Stone and myself, having very carefully examined the law of the founding of the Michigan University and thereby becoming convinced that there was nothing in the law to prevent Miss Stockwell, eminently prepared as she was, from entering there, proposed to do all in our power to secure this privilege to her. Rev. George Willard, then rector of the Episcopal church here, being also a regent of the University, we drew him into an examination of the law, and he, like ourselves, being convinced of the justice, right and legality of this step of University extension, pledged himself, as one of the regents, to present Miss Madelon Stockwell's request to enter the University and pursue a course of study there, to the board of regents, and when they too saw that, though probably an oversight in the wording of the law, that neither Miss Stockwell nor any other woman properly prepared could legally be prevented from entering the University they reluctantly said, "Go in." So in 1870 Miss Stockwell, upon a very severe examination, much more severe than was given to the young men, entered the sophomore class of Michigan University. Miss Stockwell had some unpleasant experiences in her lonely first year's course; but she kept on her way and graduated unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in her standing by anyone in her class. In the second year of her course she was joined by two other young women.

Now, there have been the past year more than four hundred ladies in the various departments of the University, next year there will probably be more than five hundred, and the opprobrium of going to college has vanished into thin air and the prejudice that induced some ladies almost to gather up their skirts against contact with those of a "college girl" has mostly died out, so that those who were most shocked that any modest girl should want to go to college with young men, have forgotten that they ever cherished any such prejudices. Here permit me to quote a paragraph from an "open letter" which I addressed to the regents about a year ago:

AN APPEAL TO THE REGENTS.

Now, one step of advance always leads on to another step forward. Women should not have been permitted to learn the alphabet if further demands were to be denied them. The regents of the University in that earlier day should have been reminded by the great German poet "that ever the woman soul leads upward and on." But for women

and, it is fast being conceded, for the world, "they builded better than they knew" in letting them into the University, and outwitted themselves if they meant to curb their privileges in the future, for in nothing is it truer than in learning, "that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds upon." Even the few earnest advocates of co-education did not, when they pressed the claim of women as well as men to the privileges of a State institution supported by taxes which all the people paid, perceive the next step to which the first would lead. I did not myself when I earnestly persuaded Miss Stockwell to ask permission to the University, and so test the eligibility of women to its privileges, I did not then see further than this, that if a father who had sons and daughters, or only daughters, paid taxes for the support of this, a State institution, in order that his children might there have the privileges of the broadest education without charge, that all his children—daughters as well as sons—should have an equal right to the privileges and care of our State asylum for the insane. Or, perhaps, besides this, having myself been mostly educated in a co-educational New England academy, I have learned how much broader and better was the education furnished there than at the young ladies' seminary to which I went, because it was a requirement of the times, that a young lady of high aims must have such a "finishing."

But I now see and feel that an institution is not really co-educational until it is co-educating. Until men and women, both and together form the teaching force and influence of that institution. Until the girls in the University can be brought into association with superior, cultivated, scholarly, accomplished women in the faculty of teachers, as well as men of the same grade of scholarly attainments.

Now, in view of these things, and knowing that the University is in great need of money, the State not appropriating yearly more than one-half the sum really necessary for the requirements of such an institution, and that its best teachers are being constantly called away on higher salaries to other institutions, it has been proposed by some friends of this new measure to try and raise the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, as the women did last year to buy their way, as students, into the medical department of Johns Hopkins university. They proposed to offer this sum to the regents for the support (as far as it will go) of some women professors on the same salary as is paid to other members of the faculty. It is not proposed to displace any male member of the faculty, but to ask, if we will pay their salaries, may not some of the additional professors consequently required be women We believe we know of women as well qualified to fill places vacated

and new places needful to be filled as the eminent professors now filling one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty professorships. The services of these women, it is proposed that an association formed for the pupose of raising this money, shall offer to the University free of all charge, and we believe that so much good will come of this advanced step that our legislators will see it is for good, and when it is well established and the world has grown wiser as to these things, as it is fast growing wiser, for never were there in any twelve months of the past so many advanced steps taken for the promotion of women to places of high moral, intellectual and educational influence, as during the last twelve months, the State will make appropriations for the support of women professors in some proportion as the number of young women in the University bears to that of the young men. It is believed, too, that bequests for the support of women professors will be made as so many professorships are thus endowed in the older and richer univerities, Harvard, Yale, etc., and finally, that the thing once established, it will seem like the admission of women students to the University, the most just and natural thing in the world.

Now as to the bill recently passed by our legislature, it merely makes women eligible as professors and exempts all funds raised for their support from taxation forever. The bill itself would not seem to amount to much except in this last clause, and that it indorses the idea of the justice of considering the rights and needs of the women students who now form a fifth or a sixth of the whole number of the students in the University (a very respectable minority, certainly), and really, I think the young men would be as much benefited by respectful, reverent association with mature, cultivated, noble and scholarly women teachers, as the young women would be. It was thought so once in the great age of the "new learning" in the universities of Italy, and our age would seem but the rebirth of that, uplifted to a higer intellectual and spiritual plane.

For the bill, such as it was, let me say we may acknowledge ourselves indebted to a man, one of the senators, who suggested it, and as all progress is by steps and seldom by jumps, I, for one am very thankful for small favors. Knowing the world does move and, we are confident, in the right direction, we can afford to wait an evolution. I sometimes feel inclined to ask opposers to the higher education and advancement of women: "Know ye not what the prophets have spoken?" that this must come. Michael Angelo took a very daring step forward when he dared to alternate the Bible prophets with the siblys of pagan story on the Sistine chapel, "the holiest shrine

of temples old or new," but he dared it because in this greatest wonder of art to which man has yet attained

> The passive Master lent his hand
> To the great soul that o'er him planned.

Will it come true? Of course it will; for God, not man hath spoken it. Such works are revelations, disclosures of the universal soul. Such, too, are the old Greek myths of Athena and Demeter; such the creations of the great poets, who were the prophets of the world. We may trust them and wait with patience, while we work with old Giotto's "holy diligence" for the fulfillment of these prophecies and promises of myth and divine art and poetry.

PIONEER FARMING.

BY A. C. GLIDDEN.

[A paper read at the Galesburg Farmers' Institute, January, 1887, and at the annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, June 4, 1891.]

Pioneer farming in our State is not so far away in the past but that many now in middle life have a more or less distinct remembrance of the vicissitudes attending it. Average soil was not of that anomalous character whose fertility kept springing up unbidden and constant and there were many surprises in store for the pioneer who came from New York or New England, prepared to practice those lessons of experience which the ruling opinions of their day had prescribed. The boundless egotism of some of these adventurous yeomanry led them into many agricultural pitfalls and ludicrous disappointments. I have seen two bushels of wheat sown per acre, on a raw, unpropitious, sandy soil, with a grim determination on the part of the sower to teach the natives a practical lesson in farming. And I have seen the fuzzy product make futile attempts to form the semblance of a head—a sharp reminder that nature had some part to perform in the venture, and ought to have been consulted. There were those who insisted upon applying the rule for planting corn which a titillating couplet had clinched around their prejudices. It jingled thus:

> "One for the blackbird, one for the crow,
> One for the cutworm, and three to grow."

But the appetites of blackbirds and crows had not yet become vitiated by civilization, and cutworms were not yet permanently domiciled, so that the hill of corn came up a tuft, turned pale as age advanced, yielded its quota of nubbins, and a large quantity of very excellent fodder. Corn planting was after the primitive style. The ground frequently was not harrowed, often marked out with a chain drawn back and forth, to indicate something near the relative distance apart which tadition had determined the corn rows to be. The advent of the marker, standing on its three long legs, so that stumps were no obstruction to its progress, was a long step toward that improvement in growing corn, which has not yet reached perfection altogether. Opinions differed widely as to the proper time to plant. These opinions very generally conformed to the facility for forwarding the work, or were timed to the tardiness of the individual. The "rustler," who kept things "humming," insisted that the 5th of May was the proper time, while he whom bird songs and springing grass could not waken into activity, disarmed criticism with the assertion that the best field of corn he ever saw was planted in June. Between these extremes of opinion ranged the individuals of the neighborhood in their regular order, so that changing work in planting time could be satisfactorily distributed among them, to meet all the demands for help when the field was ready for the seed. The meandering of these men in an oblique rank across the field was something quite unique, when compared with the exactness of the present practice. The springing corn showed where the leader's story was approaching its climax by the narrowing up of the rows, and the long ellipses following marked the closing period.

But there was much labor expended before corn growing became possible. There was cutting brush, piling and burning logs, and then the breaking, for which all previous work was but preliminary. If I could bring before your eyes in orderly review, a picture of a breaking team in all its completeness, I doubt not some of these old veterans would be impressed to sing out "Gee Jerry!" Some of you no doubt have cracked the whip at the lively leaders, prodded the beam team, or held the breaker and bossed the job. Holding a breaker drawn by seven yoke of oxen was no sinecure. It needed a quick judgment to decide on which side of a big oak grub the plow should go, to be most effective, and then a strong and supple action to accomplish the purpose. Sometimes the coulter point of the plow would strike the center of a big oak root, split it, and march on triumphantly; but woe to him who made the rash attempt and failed. Upon this failure hinged multiplied

catastrophes—the breaking of chains being the least. When the plow became stuck fast, and the impetus of the moving force was stopped, a second attempt was useless. Then came a tug at the handles to loosen the wedge-shape coulter, and all hands and sometimes the leading team were required to free the plow. This plow of itself will bear a short description. It was fearfully and wonderfully made. No Curtiss, Dodge or Cassady helped to fashion its curves and pitch. They were not manufactured by the carload at Albion or South Bend. From a thrifty growing white oak tree its beam was hewed. This had the quality both of length and strength. Its mould-board was a rough casting, massive, thick and strong. The pitch of the plow was the blacksmith's art, who made both coulter and share of steel. This share would cut through four or five inches of solid oak root, if the proper inclination and purchase were given the plow by the holder. There was a reason then for deep plowing which is not now available as an argument in its favor. The deeper the plow went in the ground the smaller were the roots of the grubs, and the easier they cut. Harrowing after breaking was no holiday affair for the boys. The big A harrow with inch square teeth, drawn by two yoke of oxen, pulled out the loose grubs, and partially leveled the ground. Such new breaking was not generally fitted for the operation of a modern binder. There were roots sticking up which had to be cut when the ground was frozen to facilitate cradling the grain. After the very best job of breaking, a live grub would be left upon every square rod of ground. There is nothing now to compare with this pioneer grub. For fifty years or more its yearly growth had been burned off, and had sprouted again in the spring, which had taught it that sprouting was the natural thing to do, and never say "die." The enlargement at the surface about the tap root increased with each year's growth of sprouts, until the cap was formed, a foot or more in width, like an underground toadstool, although not so regular in shape. The whole under-surface of this cap was filled with dormant buds, that awoke into activity at once when the standing ones were cut or were burned away. Nature reasserted itself when the annual burnings had ceased, and the fittest stem survived and became the tree, or young oak, as we see them today, while the cap has rotted away. Plowing about these fast grubs was a part of pioneer farming which required some skill, and the exercise of a large amount of patience. A practical experience in plowing among fast stones was no preparation for that skillful maneuvering required here to keep the plow from grappling fast. There seemed no way of getting rid of the aboriginal stick-tights except to dig them out,

but this job was easier to contemplate than to perform. The implement used for the purpose was no elegantly painted affair on wheels, with a spring seat and an umbrella. It weighed about eight pounds, and had to be swung with percision mixed with judgment to make it effective. A week's work at grubbing required the expenditure of sufficient strength and energy to perform a whole season's labor with modern appliances, and under present condition of soil. The grub-hoe has had its brief day of usefulness, but is now relegated to the unregretted oblivion of stone axes and arrow heads. I have one laid by as a striking reminder of sundown backache and blistered hands. I kept a typical grub for some time and used it for a milking stool; but some unhappy episode with a kicking cow ruined its usefulness. My only regret is that I did not preserve one in all its gnarled unshapeliness, as a trophy from a conquered field. The ashes of their cremated remains mingle with the soil of every field I till. Nothing is now left as a reminder of their former steadfastness except an occasional tree in a fence corner and a sweaty memory.

The activities of farming were of a different nature in those pioneer days than we are accustomed to in the present. There was a short period between the advent of clover as a common crop for hay, and the mowing machine, when a scythe in the hands of immature strength, was an instrument of torture. I remember my boyish attempts at keeping stroke with the foremost man. The lower joints of the clover had a larger proportion of silica adhering to them, caused by a recent dashing rain, than nature had fixed for them as an essential element. The edge of the scythe and my strength both reached the vanishing point long before we reached the corner, and every stroke was a turn of the wheel to rack me with pain. I was positively gritty, but the grass had that quality in both the comparative and superlative degrees. I became quite an astronomer during that haying season. The angle of the sun's rays was critically observed. The growing acuteness of the angles as the sun climbed toward the zenith interested me exceedingly. I could tell almost to a minute when the eleven o'clock angle was reached. There is no palliative for an aching side and an empty stomach like the study of astronomy on such an occasion. The eyes may grovel toward the gritty grass, but the thoughts are busy with the calculus, to determine the position of the sun. One may hear some indistinct orders behind him about "pointing out," but the point above all others in which he is most interested is the one in the zenith. I have been interested in the study of conchology—have held shells to my ear and listened to the sounds of the sea murmuring within, but

the sound of a conch shell calling to dinner in haying time, has been more captivating than those. I sometimes use a scythe now to mow mulleins, and through the influence of household importunity I occasionally mow the front yard, but I view the hanging of the scythe in the carriage house with a good deal more complacency than when I was swinging it through sandy clover.

The inherent desire for association among pioneer farmers was gratified by numerous bees and raisings and corn huskings. Here the almanac predictions for the weather were discussed; the effect which a short crop in the neighborhood would have upon the general markets; the durability of posts set with the top end down, with sage explanations of the philosophy which governed in the case, and diverse other extemporaneous questions, the kernel of which was arrived at from the general average of opinion. The majority, however, were more interested in how to get a living, than in how to farm it so that the soil should continue or increase its yield. The latter proposition did not assume any propositions of importance, until much of the land had begun a slow decadence of fertility. When this became a tangible truth, it had a tendency to sift out the mere livers from the real farmers; the former removing nearer the verge of civilization, and the latter beginning a serious survey of the situation. Those who remained and those who came into possession as second proprietors of the farms were the true pioneer farmers. Their efforts were purely experimental. The precedents established in other states, were no sure guides to follow to win the greatest measure of success here. Their endeavors were principally failures; but from their unsuccessful attempts the farmer of today has learned much to fortify him against succeeding difficulties. We are reaping success where they harvested tribulation. May those who come after us gather richer harvests from the soil our fathers opened to the sun.

1825—MICHIGAN THEN, AND MICHIGAN NOW.—1891.

BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

Just three score years and six, have come and passed away,
Since I a lad of eight full years, in body rather small,
Together with my parents, and three sisters, all younger than myself,
Took the advice of Horace Greeley, many years before 'twas given,

And started westward, with our hearts all fully set on Michigan.
We knew it was the home of Indians, wolves, and bears, and rattlesnakes,
With many other varmints of the ugly sort; all foes to Anglo Saxons;
Such as we, and other families, who formed with ours a colony,
And joined us, in our march, towards the setting sun.
By some of us, strong fears were entertained, that there were giants in this land,
And yet, we dared to make the venture, and came on, with all we had,
That we could bring sheep, oxen, pigs, and cows, roosters, and hens;
We brought one good and trusty dog, one splendid brindle cat;
The dog to guard our sheep from wolves, our pigs from bears,
The cat to guard our goodies from the ravages of rats and mice.
After a tedious journey through the mud for several days,
Our eyes caught sight of what was called our promised land.
The land on which our hearts were set, as in the olden time
The hearts of Jacob's seed, were set on Canaan's land.
And strange to tell with us, as with the Israelites of old;
Between us and our promised land, a river ran, both wide and deep;
And we had reached that river's brink, and looked upon its farther shore;
And wondered how we were to reach the land, our hearts desired?
Would God by miracle, prepare for us a highway through the stream,
As in the case of Israel, when he stood at Jordan's brink,
And looked so wishfully, upon the beauties of fair Canaan's land?
We had no Joshua to give instructions to our moving band;
No Caleb to exclaim, "Let us go up at once and take the land;"
No promise from Jehovah's lips, that he would go before us,
As he went before the hosts of Israel, when they reached the brink
Of Jordan's flowing waters; where no fording place was found.
But we had his promise, that he would help those who help themselves;
And we expected, and each one stood ready to perform his part;
And no one asked the Lord, to open up a highway through the straits;
But took the matter in our own strong hands, as valiant men;
And with a well-built scow, and six good stalwart men to row,
Our colony, with all we had, in two day's time was safe at land,
Where waved the stars and stripes, the flag we loved so well,
But had not seen for many years; but now our feet were planted
On the soil for which our fathers fought, on land and sea;
The fair peninsula, set down between the lakes, called Michigan.
Detroit, its capital, was but a hamlet then, with no paved streets;
Its population light, less than two thousand souls;
With neither gas nor electricity to illuminate her muddy streets

Amid the darkness of the midnight; no kerosene to furnish light
Within our parlors, kitchens, dining rooms, or where we went to sleep.
Away out on the commons, as we called the vacant space,
The old stone jail stood all by itself, no other buildings near;
The very sight of which, was quite enough to bring an ague chill
Across ones back, at thought of being once incarcerated in that awful place.
Once on a time, within its yard, there stood a gallows, built of wood,
Where one old drunken murderer was ushered off the shores of time,
To be confronted by his victim at the judgment seat of God.
These were the days of then, sixty-six years ago; how is it now?
Detroit has grown somewhat in numbers, during these few fleeting years;
Her streets are changed, from mudholes, into boulevards, so fine;
Her commons, where the old stone jail, stood all alone, and desolate,
Are covered now with blocks of brick, and stone, filled up with merchandise.
The soil you would not then have taken as a gift, today you cannot buy,
Unless, like Vanderbilt, or Gould, you have your millions at command.
But then, I must not keep you looking at the city of Detroit,
As though our Michigan, has nothing else to show, as having gained
In wealth, and beauty, during these last sixty years, and more.
Lift up your eyes, and look with wondering gaze, on all the changes
Made since then; and now like one of old, I am sure you'l feel constrained to say,
"What hath God wrought?" All through the agency of these brave pioneers.
Brave hearted men, and women just as brave, and all as true as ever steel was made;
They ventured midst these dangers, bared their breast to every storm,
Performed their every duty faithfully, and endured their hardships well;
And when their toils were ended, like the faithful sentinel, when from his care relieved,
Drew the drapery of their couch around them, and passed on to rest;
Not in a land of dreams and visions, but a land of life and light;
Leaving this rich inheritence—fruit of their years of hardship, care and toil—
For us and ours' to enjoy, until like those our loved ones gone before,
We shall complete our journey, and pass on to join them, in the bright beyond.
Sixty-six years ago, the building of our wagon roads had just commenced,
All starting from Detroit, like spokes within a hub, of what we call a wheel;

Each pointing somewhere, as the spokes point outward, toward the rim,
So these all pointed toward some rim of towns and cities, that were sure to be.
One pointed to the north and west, another to the north and east, and still another
Pointed westward, toward the head of old Lake Michigan, quite far away.
A place, where naught but frogs, mud turtles, and such kinds of fish
Could live, because the prairies were so flat and low, and never dry.
And yet 'twas foreordained, that there should be a city, at some future day,
Where all the nations of the earth should meet to hold a fair, and celebrate
The great event, when Christopher Columbus, with faith sublime, sought out
And found this far off land, and set his feet upon this continent,
And established once for all, a highway o'er the sea, where sails the fleetest ships
That ever traversed any sea, since Noah's ark stuck fast on old Mt. Ararat.
Here was the spot, howe'er forbidding it might then appear,
Where should arise a city, that at no far distant day
Should rival all the greatest cities of the Atlantic coast.
But 'tis of Michigan, my Michigan; her then and now, the theme
With which I started in, and not another state, not even Illinois
With all her wealth and cities of such wonderous growth.
But I suppose Samantha, Siah Allen's wife, would simply say,
I have been episodin, and will now resoom my reg'lar theme,
And talk about the changes wrought in sixty years, in "Michigan my Michigan."
Well all along these newly started lines of wagon roads,
Villages, as if by magic, started into being, and grew rapidly,
And many of them are now cities, almost rivaling old Detroit
In many things, if not in population and in price of land.
In churches, schools and city halls, in dwellings and in business blocks,
Street cars propelled by electricity, all equal to the best Detroit can show,
Are found in these new cities, less in size, and in the number of their years.
Then not one railroad, stretching east and west across the State,
None reaching northward, towards the Straits of Mackinaw,
Nor had the thing been thought of, by any of our wisest men.
And had some man of brains, stepped forth, suggesting such a scheme

As running cars by rail to ancient Mackinaw, I apprehend
He would have been pronounced insane, and placed at once in jail,
As being quite too dangerous a specimen of our humanity, to run at large.
But now look out from east to west, from south to north, and count
The lines, and mark the course they take, touching each town of any size,
And planting others, where none did exist, and where none ever would,
Had not these roads been built, thus opening up the way, for settling
These hidden lands, of which, so little had as yet been known.
Now Mackinaw is reached by rail, by means of two well managed lines.
And still beyond St. Maries straits, the cars go flying day and night;
While east and west from old Detroit, and northward quite as far as Saginaw,
And southward quite as far as stretches out our southern boundary line,
These lines are laid from east to west, across the State, in numbers more
Than I can pause to count, much less to mention any of their names,
Then our facilities for correspondence with our friends some miles away,
Were not as pleasant, inexpensive, nor quite as expeditious, as they now have come to be.
Then we used foolscap for our letters, folded and directed, without any aid
From envelope or gum arabic; and not even our unruly tungues could take a hand
In sealing up, and rendering our messages secure from curious eyes,
Who might desire to learn, what were the thoughts conveyed by us,
To those, to whom our message had been sent, through this lone medium,
The mail, as managed by the gentleman, we all called Uncle Sam.
Then when the letter reached its destination, after traveling many days,
Who ever the recipient of that letter might be, whether poor or rich,
Before their hands could touch it, they must foot a certain bill.
Presented by the postman, and two shillings was the sum they had to pay.
Now we write all our letters, fold them nicely with our hands, and then
Place them snugly in envelopes, made ready for our use, and close at hand,
Touch lightly with our tongue, then press it with our thumb, or palm,
Place a two cent stamp upon the corner, Uncle Sam's own make of coin,
Then drop it in the mail box and away it goes, to impart the information
We desire to convey to those, who anxiously are waiting to obtain the news.
And when delivered to our friend, there are no two shillings to be paid.
Such is the difference 'twixt then and now; and that's not all;
For if a message needs be sent at greater speed than forty miles an hour,

It can be done so quickly, that the news may reach your friend
At Portland, Oregon, at nine o'clock a. m. by standard time,
If started on its journey of two thousand miles, and more,
At just exactly twelve o'clock, at what we call high noon.
Strange things have come to pass, in these last days;
For if you wish to speak to one a hundred miles away,
You turn a crank, which rings a bell, and place a trumpet to your ear,
And say hello! and in a moment, from the time you say hello!
Hello! back again, falls sweetly on your ear, and then you say, is this you John?
And get the answer quick, yes this is me, and how are you?
And are the friends all well, or are they dying with la grippe
As we are here? And you reply with joyful glee, and say:
Not any of la grippe for us, for we are living here in Michigan,
Where people used to shake and burn, and burn and shake,
Until their skin was yellow, and their flesh all disappeared,
And they looked much like some of Pharaoh's mummies, come to life again.
But now the causes that produced this state of things
Have been removed, and there is not a state within this wide domain
Where people are as free from shakes and burns as we are here in Michigan.
And so you sit, or stand, and talk with one a hundred miles away,
And yet you seem to be so near each other, you are quite constrained
To say, let us shake hands and take a parting kiss, and say good bye.
Is it not wonderful what changes have been wrought, 'twixt then and now?
'Twill not be possible for me to name one-half of them
In the brief time allotted one to read a paper at a time like this.
But I would like to speak of sickles, used for reaping grain,
Of bull-tyned forks for lifting sheaves of wheat, and pitching hay,
Of plows with wooden mould-boards, with a point of sharpened steel;
Of one horse wagons with their boxes set on wooden springs,
Of spinning wheels, such as my mother used for making yarn
Of wool, and flax, and tow; the dear old loom, quill wheel, and warping bars,
With which she made the cloth, with which to keep our bodies warm
In winter's cold, and shield them from the scorching heat of summer's sun.
Since then the sickle, bull-tyned fork, and plow with wooden mould-board,
All, all have passed away. McCormick's reapers take the sickles place;
Plows made of iron harder still than steel; the old Wood's patent

Having paved the way, and helped us all to realize the fact
That something better was in store for us, sons of the pioneers.
No longer do our women need to sit from early morn till eventide,
To spin the flax, or stand upon their feet, and travel backward towards the door,
Then forward towards the spindle, winding up the yarn just spun,
And thus repeating, marching back and forth from morn till night,
Careworn and weary, when the day is gone, to seek for rest
In slumber; yet in silent dreams at midnight she continues
Turning the big wheel, and marching back and forth, until
Her tired limbs, and aching feet, rebel against her doing more.
In place of spinning wheels and looms, all worked by woman's hands,
We now abound in factories, where yarn from flax and wool is spun,
And cloth is wove in looms propelled by water and by steam,
Affording sweet relief to all our wives and maiden sisters of today.
Dear me, there are so many things keep rushing in upon my memory,
Things that I had seemingly forgotten, before I entered on this theme
Of then and now; but here they are, as fresh as when I saw them
In the spring of eighteen twenty-five, but oh! such changes.
Had I, like "Rip Van Winkle," just awakened from a slumber
Say of fifty years and more, and looked upon things as they now appear,
I should have thought my soul must have escaped from its clay tenement,
And I was entering Milton's paradise, once lost, but now regained.
I may not speak of other changes, wrought 'twixt then and now,
But since your minds are running on this line of thought,
You will see them all, without my aid, the changes that have come
Since then in Michigan, my Michigan, this land so dear to me.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. BETSEY WEBBER.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Pioneers:

We are here today to recall reminiscences of the past; perhaps to recall our childhood days as we rambled in the forest, or upon the banks of the beautiful rivers, and admiring every bud and leaf and flower, and

mingling our childish glee together in song or laughter, watching the beautiful birds of every color and hue; and the frolicsome squirrel jumping from bough to bough, as we gathered the thorn-apple and the honeysuckle, or the variety of fish in the babbling brook near my father's door. Then we turn to the sterner realities of the pioneer life. Perhaps dear old mother in her faithfulness, as we came in from our ramblings, was preparing the frugal meal from the scanty allowance which she had; but it was always so good, because mother made it; and the bread, if we had any, baked in an old fashioned bake-kettle, or in a tin oven before the fire, was so sweet and good to our young appetites, that we shall never forget it; perhaps it was blackberry dumplings of which we were very fond; and this fruit was very abundant in the season of the year for them; and as we had no roads, nor bridges or neighbors, we had plenty of time to gather the berries and wild flowers.

I think in the year 1837 or 1838, my oldest sister, Marian Munroe, now Mrs. Turner, was teaching school in our own district, as there were three or four families to supply children, which were seven or eight in all. The names of these families were Jesse Munroe, Abijah Shoff, Daniel Nusome, Adolphus Skinner. The teacher's services were gratuitous—also the board; as were those of Mr. Shoff the following winter.

I remember very well Mrs. Jane Starks and myself went to visit Miss Munroe's school, and soon after arriving there, we looked out of the place where a window should have been—as there were places for a door and windows, but neither was in the log body in which the school was kept. To our great surprise, we saw a large number of Indians coming down the hill from the west, which cut us off from the Shoff family; and as they passed the school-house, they cut us off from Jesse Munroe's, and there we were, hemmed in on either side by Indians, and no chance for escape, if we wished to. But we quieted the children by telling them that they were friendly Indians—as they had their ponies and squaws and pappooses with them. Many of them came up to the door and windows and asked for scota, or fire in our language, to light their pauguns, or pipes. They also called for quashagun, or bread, which we did not have to give them; and they passed on and on—it seemed to us such a long time for them all to get by. We afterwards learned that there were five or six hundred of them fleeing to Canada to escape Gen. Brady, as he was gathering them to take to the Black Hills, and they were not willing to go and leave their beautiful hunting grounds to which they were so much attached.

They then encamped about one mile from my father's for a few days, and then passed along without molesting any one. On returning from another visit to the school, a huge bear lay in the road before us, who being frightened at our approach, gave a ferocious sound and made a hasty retreat, leaving us to our own company, which we much preferred to that of the bear.

The nearest settlement on the east was called the Niles settlement and was seven miles from where my father settled. Mr. Anthony Niles was one of the oldest settlers; also John B. Sheers, Jonas Clark and three sons, Henry, Daniel and David. David Clark has since been a representative to our legislature—also S. B. Groger, engaged in taking up land for any one who wished him to do so. Still further east were Henry Roland, Wm. Deits and Andrew Shaddock; and the next was Waterloo, now called Wacousta. In the year 1837 or 1838, as there were no roads scarcely, or bridges over the rivers, they had to devise some other way for transporting goods from one place to another. In one instance a large canoe was made for this purpose, at Waterloo, or Wacousta, which name it now bears. This memorable boat was forty feet long, and four feet wide; and it was a gala day when this boat was launched and loaded with merchandise, to make its first trip down the Lookingglass river, into the Grand, as the terminus of the route would be Ionia, the goods belonging to Parks and Warner of that place. But as the water was high and rapid, it took six men to pole the boat. The names of the men were James K. Morris, E. Thompson, Parker Webber, George West, Galard Goodale and Richard Louis, none of whom are living today—but two—E. F. Thomson and George West. When all was ready they started down the river very nicely until they came to the mill-dam at Portland; the boat was unloaded, the goods carried around by hand, and the boat put over the dam and then reloaded. This being done and ready to move again, the hands had some fears about passing through the mouth of the Lookingglass river, the water being very high at this season of the year. Their fears were soon realized, when the canoe swung against a large stone or rock, and was split to pieces, and all was dumped in the river, the men struggling for the shore—some could swim, some could not—and the goods floating or sinking in the river, and many were entirely lost. The men were all gotten safely to shore, but very wet and cold, and no fire very near for them to go to. I heard one of the party say that he started for a saw-mill which he saw in the distance; he thought to go to that and get warm; his clothing was frozen stiff upon him; he came to the mill-race, and no

way to get over it, and he thought he was as wet as he could be, so he plunged in, and went over his head in water, and came near drowning before he could get out; but finally succeeded, and reached the mill, tired, hungry, cold and wet, and thought a saw-mill a poor place to get warm.

The next day they returned home, on foot and by land, less courageous and wiser than when they left. I think this was their last experience canoeing down the river.

The winter following this occurrence, we will turn to some of the brighter scenes which were bright spots in our pioneer life. A company of six or eight couple were invited to go to Shiawassee to attend the 22d of February ball, at one Mr. Williams' house. Also the gentlemen of the party were to be present at the organizing of a bank (these were wild cat times), as they were to be stockholders in said bank. Consequently, Mr. Roe, a tavern keeper, was apprised of the project, and prepared to entertain the party. My father went with his team, and Mr. Ephraim Utly with his, and made up two jolly loads of young and old. The party remained at Roe's tavern nearly a week, and had a very enjoyable time; attended the ball, and then returned home without participating in the banking project, as Mr. Charles Trowbridge did not put in an appearance as was expected. The party heartily applauded Mr. Roe for feeding them so bountifully on venison and wild turkey, and cranberry pie, and all the good things that could be procured for our comfort. Maple sugar was plenty and everything was sweetened with it, which made it doubly sweet and good.

Again we change the scene. One cold November, 1838, our people had an urgent appeal for them to send one of their girls to an uncle's in Ingham county, about four miles beyond Mason, which made the distance thirty-five miles through the forest. The matter was talked over and decided upon that Betsy should go—Must necessarily go on horseback, as there was no other way. My brother being fourteen years old and myself sixteen, he would have to go to bring back the horse that I should take. We started and went as far as Grand River City now called Delta, fed our horses and ready to start again. Now it was nineteen miles before coming to another house, and the road so bad that we had to walk our horses nearly all the way, and intensely cold weather. Passing through where Lansing now stands—it was a howling wilderness. And when we came to Okemos we were in hopes to find some Indians so we could go into their wigwam and get warm, but not so; they were all gone farther into the woods, the river was to be forded, and the sun was nearly down, and then

we had seven miles of Indian trail before coming to another house, and we were thinly clad and very cold. The river was frozen from each bank, three or four feet. My brother got a large stick and broke the ice, so we got down into the water very well, but when we came to the ice on the other side, the horses had to rear and plunge and break the ice themselves, and if I had not been an expert horseback rider, should have been thrown in the river; but we came through all right. Now we strike the trail to go to the next stopping place. It now being dark and a heavy fall of leaves we lost the trail, and how to find it we did not know, but we stopped a moment and considered what was best to do. I said to brother, "I will stand still and hold the horses, and you take a circle around and see if you can strike the trail." The first circle was made to no effect, and another larger to no effect, and the third, and he could not find it. By this time another idea had come into my mind—that we could get low down to the ground, and follow our track back till we struck the trail; this we did. After walking some distance we found it and felt to rejoice. Then we mounted our horses and went on our way, hoping soon to come to a clearing where some one lived where we could stop and get warm at least, for we were nearly frozen. Please bear in mind we were a couple of children lost in the dense forest, and death almost staring us in the face, but yet we were brave; none but pioneers could have held out. After a while we could see we were coming to an opening, and a small shanty stood near the road; we did not know who or what was there, but we summoned all the courage we could and went in, and found an old couple there by the name of Strickland. I think they must have been perfectly dazed at our unexpected arrival. We asked them if we could stay with them all night, and have some supper and get warm. They asked us many questions,—where we were from, and where we were going? We told them that we were from Clinton county, and going to Hiram Parker's, an uncle of ours. He said, "Oh! yes! we know Squire Parker, he is our justice of the peace, fine man he is, too; but we can't keep you, but one mile from here is a good place for you to stay, and it was a good road." So we went out and got onto our horses and started again. I had not gone more than a few rods from the house, when my horse got his feet hung in the logs or poles thrown into a bad place in the road and frozen in. He made a desperate spring to extricate himself, and broke the girt of the saddle, and threw me to the ground, but fortunately I came to my feet unhurt, and then had to repair the break and get ready to start again. This we did and hastened on our way; found the rest of the road very good.

Now we have come to a place called Jefferson City, with one or two houses and a sawmill; but best of all we found a hospitable lady, by the name of Lewis, she took us in and cared for us. She made me some composition tea and warmed my feet, and got us some supper, and was a real Samaritan; gave us nice beds, and in the morning we were ready to make the rest of the journey, and reached uncle Parker's nearly noon, where I remained till nearly spring, my brother returning home with the horses the next day. And I have learned to trust Him who hath numbered the hairs of our head, and careth for the sparrows.

Lansing, June 1, 1891.

RESIDENTS OF BAY COUNTY IN 1847.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

Bay county, although one of the smallest in the State in amount of territory, has become the fourth in population, numbering at the present time not far from sixty thousand inhabitants. It was organized in 1858, for I contend it was the decision of the supreme court in 1858 that organized the county instead of the act of the legislature of 1857.

At the census of 1860 the population of the whole county was a little over three thousand. Since that time Arenac county has been taken from the territory that was a part of Bay, still leaving the little county located around the head of Saginaw bay with a population that makes it fourth in that respect in the State. Leon Tromble who located with his family in 1832 at a point now within the limits of Bay City was the first settler on the territory now comprised within the limits of Bay county. There was not to exceed a half dozen families residing in the territory till 1836—the time of the great craze in land speculation and city building in what was then the great west, when the towns of Portsmouth and Lower Saginaw were laid out and the process of city building at each of the respective points was energetically commenced, but the great financial crash of 1837 nipped the embryo cities in the bud. In a little more than ten years another "boom" (which was occasioned by the discovery that there was value in pine timber) struck the locality, which caused a rapid increase in popula-

tion. There are not many counties east of the Mississippi containing sixty thousand inhabitants in which there resides two men who can give the names of all the persons residing within its limits forty years ago—but two citizens of Bay county (P. J. Perrott and Michael Daily) who have been prominently identified with its interests for more than forty years, have furnished the following list of names which comprise that of every person residing in 1847 within the limits of the territory that now constitutes Bay county, and in almost every instance designating those who have died, and giving the present place of residence of the living. In looking over the list the writer finds names that he cannot pass over by merely stating that the persons bearing them lived and died, or that they are still living, while there may be others equally worthy of comment, that are passed over for the reason that the writer is not so well acquainted with them.

Cromwell Barney, a native of Warren, Rhode Island, came to Michigan in July, 1836, and purchased from Judge Albert Miller some lots in Portsmouth, which were the first town or village lots sold in the territory, which is now Bay county. Judge Miller was contemplating building a steam saw-mill at Portsmouth, and Mr. Barney desired to be interested with him in the enterprise. He returned to his home to make arrangements for transferring his interests to Portsmouth.

Late in the following October when Judge Miller was on his way to Detroit to make arrangements for building the mill, he met Mr. Barney near Pine Run, on his way to Portsmouth. In a few minutes conversation it was arranged between the two that Mr. Barney should go to Portsmouth and erect a mill ready to receive the machinery, and that Judge Miller should continue his journey and purchase and engine and machinery and ship it to Portsmouth, both of which objects were accomplished under the most unheard of difficulties, and the mill put in operation on the first of the following April. Mr. Barney was also interested with the late James Frazer in building the first Kawkawlin mill, and was prominent as an enterprising citizen in the early history of the county. He died at Bay City somewhere about the year 1851. Mrs Barney lived in Bay City till she passed away, about two years ago, aged over eighty years.

James Barney, born in Rhode Island, and brought by his parents to Michigan when about two years old, still lives in Bay City. Elizabeth Barney, the first female white child born in what is now Bay county, afterwards Mrs. Sinclair, died a few years ago, leaving children.

Capt. Benjamin F. Pierce, a native of Jefferson county, New York, where he was born in 1814, came to Lower Saginaw in 1839, and built the second warehouse that was erected in the county, and purchased and brought to the river in 1853 the tug Lathrop, which was the first craft used exclusively for towing vessels, that ever floated on these waters. Captain Pierce was actively engaged in the mercantile, freighting, fishing and other enterprises that started the growth of the town at the north end of the river. In 1858 he removed to the west side, where his enterprise was a material factor in starting what is now the flourishing city of West Bay City, where he still resides with his amiable wife, enjoying the fruits of their early labor.

Leon Tromble, Sr., the first white settler within the territory that is now Bay county, was a native of Michigan, born near Detroit, and resided in Wayne county till 1832, when he located on the banks of the Saginaw river, within the present limits of Bay City, having been appointed Indian farmer by General Cass. He was a genial, jovial Frenchman, always hospitable beyond his means. He was known to all the early settlers and to the early travelers visiting the valley and much respected by all who knew him. He lived within the limits of the county till 1858, when he passed away, aged sixty-five years.

Leon Tromble, Jr., son of the above named, was an enterprising young man and early engaged in the fishing business which, at one time, he prosecuted on a large scale. He was married at Bay City. He and his wife were members of the first Presbyterian church, and he a deacon. They afterwards removed to Escanaba, where Mrs. Tromble's life was tragically ended by an assassin, who, in the same affray injured Mr. Tromble so that he was ever afterwards insane and was an inmate of an asylum till death came to his relief about three years ago.

Lucy Tromble, whose marriage with John Jones was the first celebrated within the limits of the county, is now residing at Toledo, Ohio.

Ann Tromble is now the wife of Job Tromble, living in the town of Portsmouth.

Louis L. Tromble has always resided within the limits of the county since he came to it when a boy ten years old. His residence is now in Bay City.

Elizabeth Tromble, the youngest of the above mentioned family is the wife of P. J. Perrott, Esq., who is known to all residents of the city.

Joseph Tromble, a nephew of Leon and Benoit Tromble, purchased

from the government the tract of land upon which Daglish's division of Portsmouth was afterwards located, and in company with his brother, Medor, in 1835 erected a trading house on it where they engaged in the Indian trade; and in 1837 built what is now known as the "Center House," which is the oldest house in the county. After selling his property in Portsmouth he removed to the west side of the river where he founded the village of Bangor and was prominent in the business interests of that locality till he passed away about three years ago. His wife took leave of earth about two years before him. Medor Tromble is still living in the south part of Bay City where he has been known and highly respected for more than fifty years. His wife, who was Miss Sarah McCormick, passed from earth about two months ago.

Leon Tromble, a brother of the two last named, married the daughter of Captain Joseph F. Marsac and lived in the southern limits of Bay City till about ten years ago when he passed away.

Sylvester Tromble, another of the above named, died about the year 1864, while engaged in the war of the rebellion.

Daniel S. Chapel, in company with John Jones, built a saw-mill at Pine river. He was drowned near the Third street bridge in Bay City about 1866.

James McCormick's name should appear in this connection as an early settler of the locality, having removed to Portsmouth in 1841, and in connection with his son, James J., operated the old Portsmouth mill till the time of his death, which occurred in 1846.

Ellen McCormick, wife of the above named, was long after the death of her husband the hostess of the old homestead now known as the "Center House," in the fifth ward of Bay City, where her long table was usually surrounded by men who were non-residents, but whose business called them to that locality. She died in 1862.

The following named are the members of the McCormick family that resided at Portsmouth in 1847: James J. McCormick, late of Bay City, who was so well known that no extended remarks need be made concerning him. Died at his residence in Bay City in 1872.

Wm. R. McCormick, long known as a pioneer, was not a resident in that particular year.

Ann McCormick with her husband, John Malone, were residents of Portsmouth. Both are now living at Taymouth, Saginaw county.

Elizabeth McCormick and Orrin Kinney, now her husband were both residents then as well as now.

Sarah McCormick has been mentioned as the wife of Medor Tromble.

Archibald L., enlisted as a private in the 52d Illinois regiment, engaged in the war of the rebellion, was rapidly promoted to a captaincy, and fell pierced with seven balls while bravely leading his company at the battle of Kenesaw mountain.

Andrew V., who did good service in the late war, is now a wealthy farmer in Kansas.

James G. Birney, twice a candidate for president of the United States and once for governor of Michigan, whose name was favorably known throughout the civilized world, came to reside at Lower Saginaw in 1842. He was a third owner in the former Saginaw Bay company's lands and his enlightened policy and liberal dealings with early purchasers did much toward starting the growth of the town on a solid basis, and his early importation of blooded stock was a great benefit in improving the breed of cattle, the beneficial effects of which are seen at this day. Mr. Birney continued to reside at Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, till about 1855 when he removed to the state of New Jersey where he died four or five years afterwards.

Mrs. Birney, whose kindness of heart and benevolent acts greatly endeared her to the early settlers of the locality, survived her husband a few years, when she also passed to the unseen world.

Dr. Dion Birney, who was a surgeon in the army in the war of the rebellion, was a resident of the territory that is now Bay county in 1847, and died at Saginaw soon after the close of the war.

Gen. David B. Birney, who made a national reputation as a brave commander in the late war, was a pioneer of Bay county, coming here to reside with his father's family in 1842.

George Birney, who was a young lad when he come here in 1842, died at Bay City and his remains are mouldering in the Birney cemetery.

Florence Birney, now Mrs. Charles E. Jennison, has been a resident of this locality since 1842.

Fitzhugh Birney, a major in the late war, who died soon after its close, spent a few of the earliest years of his life at Lower Saginaw.

Frederick Derr, a native or Pennsylvania, came to Lower Saginaw in 1842 and erected a small dwelling on Water street, with which was connected a carpenter's shop in which in the forties he spent his time working at carpenter work and fitting whalebones for ladies' corsets. He invested his earnings in real estate in the town, which afterwards became very valuable. On the death of a relative in Pennsylvania, who

left him a valuable estate, he returned to his native state where he now resides in affluent circumstances.

Thomas Rogers, a native of Scotland, after emigrating to Canada and spending a few years in that province, came to Portsmouth in 1836 and performed the blacksmith work for the steam saw-mill then and there being erected by Judge Albert Miller, B. K. Hall and Cromwell Barney. He removed his family to Portsmouth in 1838. Mr. Rogers was deputy postmaster under Judge Miller and carried the mail once a week between Portsmouth and Saginaw, for the proceeds of the office for a term of three or four years. He then removed to Lower Saginaw where he was appointed postmaster of Hampton postoffice. He continued his residence at Lower Saginaw, a much respected citizen during the remainder of his life, which was terminated by cholera in 1852.

Mrs. Rogers was the daughter of Dr. Wilcox, a prominent physician of Watertown, New York, who in her girlhood assisted her father in his office filling prescriptions, dealing out medicines in his absence, till she became well acquainted with medicines and their effect in most diseases. That knowledge, with her kind and benevolent acts, proved a great blessing to the early settlers of Lower Saginaw and vicinity. She was the only resident physician from 1838 to 1850, always ready to respond to any call night or day, rain or shine, when there was a prospect of her relieving suffering humanity. She died at Bay City about six years ago.

Peter L. Rogers is now a resident of Montana in the region known as the Black Hills.

Hial B. Rogers died at Bay City in 1867.

Esther is the wife of Capt. Riley Burlington.

Elizabeth is the widow of Charles B. Cottrell, late of Bay City.

John A. Rogers is now a resident of Bay City.

Thomas A. is supposed to be living but his residence is unknown.

Ellen is the wife of Professor Lankenaw now living at Grayling,

Capt. Joseph F. Marsac, a descendant from a family of French nobles, whose ancestor penetrated the wilderness of the great northwest at the time the Jesuits were establishing missions among the Indians in that region, was born at Hamtramck about the year 1790. The exact date is not known but he commanded a company of militia in the war of 1812, at which time he must have been over twenty-one years old. In 1838 he purchased a portion of the ten thousand acre tract of land that was ceded to the United States government by the treaty of 1837, which is now in the seventh ward of Bay City, where he resided with his family during the remainder of his natural life,

which terminated in 1880 at the advanced age of ninety years or more. Captain Marsac was born soon after the inauguration of our national government, and few men ever lived to see such great changes take place in his native land. His genteel manners and genial, pleasant ways are remembered and his memory cherished by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Michael Daily came to Saginaw in 1837, then an orphan aged about ten or twelve years. He came with his brother-in-law, Edward McArdle and his family. Michael provided for himself ever after arriving at Saginaw, and in so doing early in life, became aware of the value of time and money, and early became a good judge of the value of different kinds of property, in which he invested his small earnings so judiciously that at the age of twenty-one years he was worth $1,500. Seeing the necessity for an education, he had, previous to becoming of age, spent some time at school, working nights and mornings in the meantime to pay his board. In 1846 he commenced the business of buying and selling fish and furs at Lower Saginaw, from which, and the judicious investment of its profits in real estate in an early day, he has become one of the wealthy men of Bay City. He has for some years past been the chairman of the board of county superintendents of the poor.

Patrick J. Perrott came to Lower Saginaw in 1845, first engaged in the business of coopering, furnishing fish barrels for fishermen on the lakes, which led him to engaging in the fishing business himself, in which he was quite prosperous, and he continued in that business and that of sailing on the lakes till 1860, when he became acting sheriff under the late Jonathan S. Barclay, and performed all the responsible duties of the office as sheriff and acting sheriff for ten years, till 1870. He was controller of Bay City in 1875 and 1876, has held other important offices in the city and county and has been quite prominent in politics since the county of Bay was organized. He now holds the office of justice of the peace in Bay City.

Donald Sutherland and Isaac Butterfield, in connection with Judge Albert Miller, operated the old Portsmouth mill in 1847, where they manufactured from the first cork pine that came to this end of the river from the Cass river pineries, the first cargo of clear lumber that was sent from this county to the Albany market. There was never a better cargo of lumber floated on the Saginaw river. The price at the mill was $11 per thousand. Both are now dead.

Aaron Smith, the Mormon preacher, who told a neighbor that he could preach more in one hour than the neighbor would believe in a

month, came to Lower Saginaw in 1847, and in company with Douglas Sayles, commenced the business of making and shipping oak staves. Mr. Smith purchased the forty acre lot that is now Mrs. Chilson's division of Bay City, where he built a log house that he occupied till he sold the place to Mrs. Chilson, when he returned to Ohio, and many years since passed to the world where he could test the validity of Joe Smith's revelation.

George Raby and Hannah, his wife, were residents of Bay City, at an early day. George Raby was one of the earliest navigators of the Saginaw river and bay having commanded a vessel that sailed to Saginaw City as early as 1837. He died at Portsmouth about the year 1860. Hannah Raby survived her husband many years and died at Portsmouth about the year 1883. Their children were Hannah, now wife of George Winterhalter, living at Sebewaing, and William Raby now living in Bay City.

Capt. John S. Wilson, the veteran navigator of Saginaw river and bay, came to Portsmouth in 1840 where he purchased a tract of land in what is now the fifth ward of Bay City from Capt. Joseph F. Marsac, where he spent the remainder of his days, commanding vessels that sailed from the river till about 1846 or 1848. He died at Bay City in 1869. Mrs. Wilson survived her husband some years. Their family that lived in Bay City in 1847 were Malissa, now Mrs. Wansey, living at Marine City, Elizabeth, now Mrs. George Howard, residing at West Bay City, a son who died aged about eighteen years and other children whose names are not remembered.

Curtis Munger and Edwin Park came to this locality in 1846, late in the fall and first engaged in the business of coopering. It is not necessary to follow their enterprising career for forty years, as their works may be seen in Bay City at all times. Curtis Munger is now residing at Clio in feeble health. Edwin Park resides at Bay City, young in appearance and in robust health.

J. B. and B. B. Hart came to Lower Saginaw in 1845 and engaged in general trade with whites and Indians and continued in active business together, by themselves, and each with other partners for many years, when B. B. Hart removed to Minneapolis and is now carrying on a profitable business; and J. B. Hart died at Bay City in 1877.

Thomas Simpson, an old pioneer of the valley, kept the lighthouse at the mouth of the river in 1847. He died at Saginaw.

Harvey Williams, a veteran of the Saginaw valley pioneers, resided at the mouth of the Kawkawlin river in 1847 with his wife and her

two nieces, Miss Sophia Amlah, and Miss Elizabeth Fournier. Mr. and Mrs. Williams died at Saginaw within a few years past, both at an advanced age.

Miss Amlah was married to a gentleman from Philadelphia and died at an early age.

Miss Fournier was married to Amos Bailey also a resident of the county in 1847. They removed from this vicinity to some point on Lake Michigan where they both died, leaving a valuable estate to be divided among their children.

Harry Campbell, the inveterate practical joker, who in order to perpetrate a joke would not spare the purse or feelings of his best friend, has ceased his joking and gone to try the realities of another world.

Judge Albert Miller who was not a resident, but doing business in the locality in 1847, is now living in the third ward of Bay City.

Stephen Hopkins and William Pomeroy came to Lower Saginaw in 1846 and erected the steam saw-mill long known as the Hopkins mill which was on the present site of S. G. M. Gates' mill in the city, and was the second steam mill in the county. Mr. Hopkins after disposing of his interest in the mill returned to Ohio where he died many years ago. Mr. Pomeroy continued his residence in the locality, actively engaged in business till his death which occurred in the year 1868.

Israel Catlin came to this locality about the year 1844 and assisted in building the mill at Kawkawlin. Afterwards in 1847 with James Fraser erected the Catlin mill near the foot of Eighth street, which he operated for several years, when he sold his interest in the mill, but has continued his residence in the city. He was for many years postmaster of the Hampton postoffice, and was actively engaged in business till failing health compelled him to quit.

Jacob Graverat, a character of whom many laughable anecdotes are told, was a resident of the Saginaw valley long before any of the present residents knew anything about the locality. He, with his Indian wife and half-breed family of children resided on the territory that is now Bay county in 1847 where he died many years ago. Graverat claimed to have been employed by John Jacob Astor in the fur trade when that great genius and financier, who was twenty times a millionaire at the time of his death, was accumulating the first few thousands of his vast estate.

Sidney S. Campbell settled in Oakland county in 1829, came to Bridgeport in 1836 and to Lower Saginaw in March, 1838, where he continued to reside during the remaining period of his life. He died a few months ago, having had a longer residence in the locality

than any white man then living—he was the first permanent settler in the village of Lower Saginaw after it was laid out and estalished. He was for many years in succession supervisor of the town of Hampton and a justice of the peace of said township and the first judge of probate for Bay county, and for a long time kept the only hotel in the locality and was a veritable pioneer so well known in this community that no extended mention of him need be made in this connection.

Mrs. Campbell who survives him and is now a resident of the tenth ward of Bay City, was his constant and faithful companion in all his pioneer life, and his stay and support when the feebleness of old age came upon him.

THE PEOPLE OF '47.

The following statement is a complete list of the residents of Bay county in 1847. It shows who are dead and who are living, their present place of residence and the change of name of the women who married.

Cromwell Barney, Elizabeth Barney, deceased; James Barney, resides in Bay City; Miss Elizabeth Barney, deceased.

Nathan Pierce, Mrs. Nathan Pierce, Miss Mary Pierce, deceased; B. F. Pierce, resides West Bay City; C. M. Pierce, resides Detour; Cyrenus Pierce, resides Au Sable; Joshua Pierce, resides Bay City; Daniel M. Pierce, resides Bay City; Cordelia Pierce, now Mrs. J. D. Huckins, Bay City.

Ezra D. Blend, deceased.

Leon Tromble, Sr., Leon Tromble, Jr., deceased; L. L. Tromble, resides Bay City; Mrs. Lucy Jones, resides Toledo; Miss Ann Tromble, now Mrs. Job Tromble, resides Portsmouth township; Miss Elizabeth Tromble, now Mrs. P. J. Perrott, resides Bay City; Benoit Tromble, Mrs. Benoit Tromble, Benjamin Tromble, deceased; Mrs. Benjamin Tromble, now Mrs. Wooden, resides Bay city; Louis B. Tromble, resides Tuscola county; Richard Tromble, resides West Bay City; Miss Sarah Tromble, now Mrs. Sarah Jerard, resides Bay City; Miss Abbie Tromble, now Mrs. Abbie Grant, resides Roscommon.

Mrs. Lucretia Chapel, now Mrs. Lucretia Diamond, resides Bay City; Daniel S. Chapel, deceased.

Miss Julia Tromble, Joseph Tromble, Mrs. Joseph Tromble, deceased; Joseph Tromble, Jr., James Tromble, David Tromble, Theodore Tromble, Miss Adeline Tromble, now Mrs. Jeff Beebe, reside West Bay

City; Mrs. Medor Tromble, Sylvester Tromble, Leon Tromble, deceased.

Osmond Perrott, John S. Perrott deceased; Patrick J. Perrott, resides Bay City; Miss Hannah Perrott, now Mrs. C. M. Pierce, resides West Bay City.

George Raby, Hannah Raby, John Raby, deceased; William Raby, resides Bay City; Miss Hannah Raby, now Mrs. George Winterhalter, resides Sebewaing.

James McCormick, Mrs. James McCormick, James J. McCormick, Mrs. James J. McCormick, Archibald McCormick, deceased; Andrew McCormick, resides Kansas; Mrs. Elizabeth McCormick, now Mrs. Orrin Kinney, resides Bay City.

John Malone, Mrs. John Malone, resides Taymouth, Saginaw county.

Peter Tate, Mrs. Peter Tate, deceased.

Israel Catlin, resides Bay City.

Miss Eliza C. Hoyloot, now Mrs. Israel Catlin, resides Bay City.

James G. Birney, Mrs. James G. Birney, David Birney, Dion Birney, George Birney, Fitzhugh Birney, deceased; Miss Florence Birney, now Mrs. C. E. Jennison, resides Bay City.

Fred. W. Backus, deceased.

Michael Daily, resides Bay City.

Fred Derr, resides Pennsylvania.

Thomas Rogers, Mrs. Thomas Rogers, Hial Rogers, deceased; Peter L. Rogers, resides Montana; John A. Rogers, resides West Bay City; Miss Bettie Rogers, now Mrs. C. B. Cottrell, resides Bay City; Miss Esther Rogers, now Mrs. R. M. Burrington, resides Bay City; Miss Hellen Rogers, now Mrs. F. W. Lankenaw, resides Grayling.

Joseph F. Marsac, Mrs. Joseph F. Marsac, Daniel Marsac, Israel Marsac, deceased; Miss Cecil Marsac, now Mrs. Leon Tromble, Charles F. Marsac, reside Bay City.

David G. Philbrick, Mrs. D. G. Philbrick, deceased.

Nelson Reynolds, Simon Reynolds, deceased.

D. G. Sayles, Mrs. D. G. Sayles, deceased.

Smith Dodge, Mrs. Smith Dodge, deceased.

Henry Daugherty, Mrs. Henry Daugherty, deceased.

John Trudell, Mrs. John Trudell, Melissa Trudell, deceased; Benj. Trudell, John Trudell, Jr., reside West Bay City.

Milton Rice, resides Detour.

Donald Sutherland, deceased.

Isaac Butterfield, deceased.

Clark Molthrop, resides Bay City; Grannis Molthrop deceased.

Hosea Smith, resides Lake Superior; Aaron Smith, the Mormon, deceased.

John Allen, Mrs. John Allen, Mary Allen, Maria Allen, deceased.

Simon Campau, Mrs. Simon Campau, deceased; Henry Campau, Charles Campau, reside West Bay City.

Jonas L. Hebert, resides West Bay City.

Charles Deloney, resides Bay City; Amelia Deloney, deceased.

Hulette Duell, deceased; Mrs. Hulette Duell, resides Au Sable; Jesse Duell, resides Au Sable, Charles Duell, deceased.

Mr. Ferguson, deceased.

Thomas Simpson, deceased.

Francis Defoe, resides West Bay City; Mrs. Francis Defoe, deceased; John Defoe, resides West Bay City, Katherine Defoe, deceased.

Henry Scott, Sr., Mrs. Henry Scott, Andrew Scott deceased; Henry J. Scott, Jr., resides at Roscommon.

Emma McBride, deceased.

Harvey Williams, Mrs. Harvey Williams, deceased.

Amos Bailey, deceased.

Miss Elizabeth Fournier, deceased.

Miss Sophia Amlah, deceased.

Captain Innis, deceased.

Sidney S. Campbell, deceased; Mrs. Sidney S. Campbell, Miss Emma Campbell, Miss Margaret Campbell, now Mrs. B. Witthauer, William Campbell, reside Bay City; Edward Campbell, Harry Campbell, deceased.

Solomon Stone, Mrs. Solomon Stone, deceased.

Bernard Cunningham, deceased.

J. B. Hart, deceased; B. B. Hart, resides Minneapolis.

Curtis Munger, resides Clio.

Edwin Parks, resides Bay City.

Joseph Mativia, deceased; Mrs. Joseph Mativia, now Mrs. Louis Guillet, Charles Mativia, Alex Mativia, reside Hampton township; Oliver Mativia, Andrew Mativia, reside Zilwaukee.

Samuel Willett, Mrs. Samuel Willett, Joseph Willett, reside Hampton.

Louis Guillet, resides Hampton, Mrs. Louis Guillet, deceased; Joseph Guillet, Alex Guillet, reside Hampton.

Wm. Mowrey, deceased.

John Crawford, Mrs. John Crawford, deceased.

Miss Eliza Tate, now Mrs. Wm. Clark, resides West Bay City; Miss Mary Tate, now Mrs. Douglass.

John McFarlane, Mrs. John McFarlane, deceased; Stephen Hopkins, deceased; John S. Wilson, deceased; Mrs. John S. Wilson, deceased; Elizabeth Wilson, now Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, resides West Bay City; Malina Wilson, now Mrs. Wansey, resides Marine City; George Wilson, deceased.

William Pomeroy, deceased; Mrs. William Pomeroy, resides Joliet, Illinois; Miss Harriet Pomeroy, now Mrs. Harriet Jenkins, resides Detroit; William S. Pomeroy, deceased; Charles H. Pomeroy, resides Bay City.

Orrin Kinney, resides Bay City.

Jacob Graverod, Mrs. Jacob Graverod, Kisiowkow Graverod, Abraham Graverod, Noah Graverod, deceased.

Matthew Richmond, Mrs. Matthew Richmond, deceased.

Leonard Jewell, Walter Scott Jewell, deceased.

Major Downing, deceased.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE IN SAGINAW.

BY JUDGE ALBERT MILLER.

Saginaw county was organized in February, 1835, and the first sessions of the circuit court were held in the old school-house which for a time served as a school-house, town-house, church, lecture room, etc. But after the great influx in population in 1836, and the improvements made in the town by Mackie, Oakley, Jennison & Co., under the supervision of the late Norman Little, it was thought by the leading men that it was incumbent on the county authorities to erect a building for a court house that would be an ornament to the great city that was expected would soon be built. The act organizing Saginaw county provided that the township board for Saginaw township should constitute the county board until such time as there should be three organized towns in the county to elect a board of supervisors. In January, 1838, the county board consisted of Ephraim S. Williams, township clerk; Jeremiah Riggs, justice of the

peace; Andrew Ure, justice of the peace, and the writer who was then a justice of the peace for Saginaw county.

The Saginaw City bank had been organized under the general banking law, and commenced business with what purported to be a capital of $100,000, it being among the first of the "wild cat banks" that went into operation. That bank proposed to loan the county on its bond the sum of $10,000 with which to build a court house; so in the month of January, 1838, the county board convened in the township clerk's office (which was also the postoffice), on the upper floor of a two story building on Water street, north of Mackinaw street, and signed a county bond for $10,000, payable in ten years, with interest payable annually. The bond was drawn by Samuel J. Watson, a young lawyer just commencing business in his profession, but afterwards a lawyer of some prominence in the city of Detroit. In conversing with George F. Williams about the bond at the time the corner stone of the new court house was laid, he said the bond was only a guaranty on the part of the members of the board individually that the county should pay the bank the sum of $10,000, but whatever the purport of it was, it served the purpose for which it was made. It was given to the bank and the bank officers negotiated it with the Superintendent of Public Instruction and obtained the sum of $10,000. In determining the plan for the court house, the board was influenced by Judge Riggs in adopting the plan of the court house in Livingston county, New York, in which Judge Riggs had sat as an associate judge. He obtained a plan of it, and specifications were made and proposals for its construction advertised for. I think the board reserved the right to reject any or all proposals, but at any rate they assumed that right, for when the proposals were opened the lowest one exceeded the amount appropriated, and the bidders all being present it was decided to let the contract then and there to the lowest *viva voce* bidder. After some spirited bidding it was struck off to Asa Hill for nine thousand and some odd hundreds dollars, reducing the amount of his written proposal several hundred dollars. A contract was entered into, with satisfactory sureties for the completion of the job, which contract, stipulated that all the money advanced should be expended in the purchase of material and in payment for labor, and that all material purchased should become the property of the county. A building committee was appointed to see that the terms of the contract were complied with, and the business of collecting material was prosecuted with energy till

about midsummer, 1838, when Asa Hill was prostrated with an illness from which he never recovered, passing away in the latter part of the summer; that being a sickly season nearly all the newcomers being prostrated with the malerial diseases of the country. The death of Mr. Hill, the failure of the bank and the general financial depression caused a suspension of all operations in prosecuting the building of the court house for some time.

I write wholly from memory, and the exact dates of subsequent transactions in reference to completing the work are not clear in my mind. Many propositions were made and discussions had in reference to reducing the cost of construction. At the time mentioned there was but one house back or east of the site of the court house, a house built, and for a time occupied by Arden Moses, but then unoccupied, and a proposition was made to dispense with the columns on the east end of the court house, but Col. Little objected, saying Arden Moses might sometime come back and occupy his house, and it would not be treating him respectfully to deprive him of a view of the ornamental columns. Finally a proposition was made by the late Norman Little to take the material on hand at its value and finish the building upon the payment of the contract price after deducting the price of the material. An appraisal of the material was made which amounted to so much more than Mr. Little expected that he refused to complete the contract The material collected for the building was liable to go waste, and something must be done to save it. Eliel Barber, a reliable mechanic, was hired by the county at two dollars per day to take charge of the material and prosecute the work, so far, at least, as to save the material from waste. He hired mechanics at from one dollar to one dollar twenty-five cents per day, and went on with the building, I believe, till the outside was finished, and all the rooms on the lower floor. A large room designated for the grand jury was used for a time as a court room, but I think it must have been fifteen years after the contract was let for the building before the court room on the upper floor was completed, but when it was first occupied the members of the Saginaw county bar were justly proud of the fine appearance of their court room. But the tug of war came when the $10,000 bond became due; the managers of the state finances claiming from the county the whole amount of the bond with interest, but the county, only having received a portion of the money was willing to pay that, but refused to acknowledge any further liability on account of the bond. A settlement was finally made on the basis indicated above.

It was claimed by the people that exorbitant charges were made against the county by some of the parties who were authorized by the county to make a settlement, for their services in effecting it. It would be difficult to tell at the present day what the sums paid on account of the bond and for finishing the court house amounted to, but the amount was not so largely in excess of the contract price as might be supposed.

SETTLEMENT OF WILLIAMSTOWN—PIONEER LIFE.

BY WM. M. CARR.

I will try and give a few incidents pertaining to the early settlement of Williamstown. The first land located in town four north, range one east, was entered by H. H. Comstock, April 30, 1833, and on the following August, Henry Whiting located the north part of the southwest fractional quarter of section thirty-five, on which section now stands part of the village of Williamston. In the spring of 1834, Hiram and Joseph Putnam left their homes in Jackson county, Michigan, for the purpose of making a settlement on the banks of the Cedar river. In passing through the township of Stockbridge they found David Rogers building the first house in Ingham county; from there to the place of their destination their road lay through an uninhabited and dense forest, most of the way being heavy timber land through which they cut their way leaving a track which for many years was known as the Putnam trail and now recorded as the Putnam road. They found on the north bank of the Cedar river an Indian planting ground containing about fifteen acres, which they took possession of and erected a small log cabin twelve by sixteen feet covering it with shake, fastening them down with poles for the lack of nails.

This was the second white man's roof in Ingham county. The writer of this article visited that cabin in the spring of 1839, and it was in good comfortable shape then. They inclosed the Indian clearing with rails, plowed and sowed the same to oats. They became discontented and went back to their home in Jackson county, but retraced their steps in the month of August, cut and stacked their oats, then left not to return, leaving their oats for land lookers' horses.

In 1839 townships four north, of range one and two east, now Locke and Williamstown, were organized as the township of Phelps. The first township meeting was held at the house of David Phelps, April 15, 1839. The inspectors of said election were Caleb Carr, Jefferson Pierce, and Moses Parks. There being more offices to fill than voters there was no strife who should hold the offices. Caleb Carr was elected supervisor, justice of the peace, commissioner of highways and overseer of highways. His district comprised all of township four north, range one east, and part of four north, and two east. David Phelps was first town clerk. Caleb Carr, Stephen Avery and Watson L. Boardman, were the first commissioners of highways. The first votes of the township pointed in the right direction to sustain the hardy pioneers in their efforts to drive back the forest and make a home for themselves and families. First came $40 for the support of the poor, that would relieve some of the most needy. Next came a vote of $4 bounty per scalp for every wolf taken in those two towns, which gave substantial aid to quite a few; and lastly a vote of $5.50 for incidental expenses of the town. By the aid of these appropriations the settlers were very much relieved.

The ballot box used in those two towns at the spring election of 1840 was a stand drawer with a newspaper laid over it, the inspector of election raised up a corner of the paper and deposited the ballot. For the fall election of 1840, David J. Tower split out some basswood and made a ballot box with five compartments to receive the different votes, which box is now in good repair.

The first permanent settlement made in township four north, of one east, now Williamstown, was in the winter of 1839 by the three Williams brothers from Batavia, Genesee county, New York; they purchased, the land formerly owned by the Putnams on section thirty-five and built a house, it being the first one occupied in the town. Late in the fall previously, Simeon Clay rolled up a log body for a house on section thirteen and returned to Dearborn, Wayne county, Michigan to winter, but they were not long without neighbors. Early in the spring Dillucena Stoughton, his son E. V., James Tyler, Simeon Clay, Isaac Lounsbury and his two sons, Lewis H. and James moved in; at that time the nearest house was at Okemos, and the first house east was that of Caleb Carr, it being three miles, and eleven miles to the second.

In 1840 the Williams brothers had a saw-mill in operation on the Cedar river. At that time the smoke of the Indian wigwams could be seen in several directions from the mill. A tribe of Ottawa and

Tawas numbering from thirty to one hundred and fifty, occupied and planted part of the farm owned by J. M. Williams; they were friendly and good neighbors, supplying the settlers with many articles of food which today would be considered luxuries; such as fish, fowl and vension. In the spring of 1842 the Williams brothers built a log house on the south side of the river south of where the grist-mill now stands, that being the first house on the south side. The same spring Caleb Carr moved from what is now Locke to Williamstown and built a frame house on the south side of the gravel road on block four, lot four near where the Enterprise office now is, it being the first frame building in the township; it was sixteen by twenty-four feet one and a half stories high. It was the first hotel in the town; compare it with the hotel Andrews. He also run the first blacksmith shop in the town. In 1842 the Williams brothers built a grist-mill which commenced grinding in 1843; it was then known as the Red Cedar mill and is now owned by H. M. Bigelow; the mill stones were brought from Detroit part of the way by wagon, and for several miles they were hauled upon a sled by three yoke of oxen, the road being too rough for wheels. This mill supplied the wants of a large extent of country. Caleb Carr had the first wheat and corn ground in that mill; the grain was grown on the farm now owned by Wm. M. Carr, and frequently people came ten miles on bare ground with a sled or larry; one man came seven miles with what he called a jumper made from the crooked crotch of a tree, and had six different grists of new corn dried by the fire.

In 1842 the two towns were divided, township four north, of range one east now Williamstown, retaining the name of Phelpstown, and town four north, of range two east taking the name of Locke.

On April 4, 1842, the first township meeting was held at the house of Dillucena Stoughton, on section thirteen; Lewis H. Lounsbury was elected supervisor, and James M. Williams town clerk, and Caleb Carr justice of the peace and commissioner of highways. The whole number of votes polled was twelve, every man in the town voting. The first marriage in the township was in 1840, the parties were Simeon Clay and Sophrona Stoughton, daughter of Dillucena Stoughton; the ceremony was performed by Caleb Carr, a justice of the peace. From what is now the town of Locke, the first birth was that of Lucy A. Lounsbury, daughter of L. H. and Betsy Lounsbury, January 20, 1841; the second was that of A. J. Stoughton, January 23, 1841, son of Dillucena Stoughton. The first death that came to cast a shawdow upon the new settlement was that of Oswald Williams, father of the Williams

brothers, which occurred while on a visit here in the fall of 1842. J. M. Williams received the first appointment as postmaster, his commission bearing date May 10, 1842. Caleb Carr was appointed postmaster in 1839, while the two towns were together, but he lived in township four north, range two east, and moved to Williamstown in the spring of 1842, and moved the postoffice with him as there was no one occupying the house that he moved from. The mail was carried once a week from Howell to Grand Rapids by a boy on an Indian pony over what was called the Detroit and Grand river trail. The following is an inventory of a pony load that was carried ten miles through the woods: One box seven by nine glass, one pail, iron kettle, ten pounds coffee, one pound tea, one axe, ten pounds nails, four window sash, six splint bottom chairs, one tin reflector oven, and the owner of the plunder sat in the midst.

In the following spring, after the hard winter of 1842 and 1843, the people went to the township meeting through snow two feet deep and covered with a crust nearly strong enough to bear a man; the snow softened that day for the first time sufficient to make snowballs. During the winter the inhabitants fed their cattle mostly upon browse, being compelled to break the crust of the snow with poles so that the cattle could feed upon the tops of the fallen trees. The deer became so impoverished by the deep snow and severe weather that they were easily taken with dogs, but when caught they were so lean as to be nearly worthless. The straw covering of old sheds and hovels commanded a good price for fodder, and the hardships of that severe winter will long be remembered by the early settlers.

In 1840 one of the men had the misfortune to break his scythe, and a man was started to Dexter for another. When he reached there not a scythe could be found. He was told that the day before some scythes were packed in a load of goods going to Pinckney, Livingston county. When he got there about dark found them all gone. He was then sent to a place in those days called "Hell," where a man by the name of Reeves had a store and a still. There he found one scythe, bought it, mounted the pony for home where he arrived before daylight the next morning; the pony fed himself as he shacked along by dodging out of the trail to nip a grub or weed that was in his reach. Buying the scythe exhausted the bank, which made it necessary to curtail expenses.

Some of the inconveniences of those early times were going to Dexter, in Washtenaw county, or to Argentine, Genesee county, a distance of thirty-five miles to mill with a yoke of oxen, or put your grist on

the back of an Indian pony; to Howell for a doctor, and to Detroit, Ann Arbor or Dexter for goods, and then pack them in on the back of an Indian pony.

In 1845 the Williamses platted the village of Williamston, which is situated on the south bank of the Cedar river on the southeast one-fourth of section thirty-five. Since then there has been additions made by J. B., and J. W. Waldo, R. W. Owens, H. H. Spalding and J. M. Williams. Name of town changed by an act of the legislature in 1857, the name of the town was changed from Phelpstown to Williamstown, making the town and postoffice the same name.

In 1843, Jonathan B. Taylor of Grass Lake, Jackson county, brought in a stock of goods, making him the pioneer merchant of the town. Two boys, J. A. and William M. Carr, built the log house for Mr. Taylor to put his stock of goods in. The next year James A. Leasia located here as a physician, he being the first professional man that came among us, and after forty-four years of practice among us he passed to the other shore. The first school was taught by Miss Munn, in a small building built by private subscription. Wm. M. and C. W. Carr cut and drew logs to the mill, and the Williams brothers sawed them into lumber, and S. B. and S. N. Olds, the three Williams brothers, and Wm. M. and C. W. Carr built the school-house. It was twelve by fourteen feet, and eight feet high, and was erected on what is known as J. M. Williams' corners, and it was built in 1844. The first church for public worship was erected by the Baptist society in the year 1867, with Alfred B. Kinney pastor. The first newspaper was The Williamston Enterprise, a weekly newspaper published by William S. Humphrey. The first issue bears date June 5, 1873.

The town improved quite slowly until the location of the State capitol at Lansing, and the building of Howell and Lansing plank road, which gave new life to the country through which it passed. In 1871 the Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan railroad was completed, which made the town what it now is, a thriving, bustling, business place, with its printing office, two banks, machine shops, factories, furnaces and mills.

The village has four churches—Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Catholic. The school-house cost $15,000. There are 325 pupils. It has required many long years of patient toil, privation and endurance to bring about these changes, and many of those who stood foremost in driving back the forest and reclaiming these fertile lands from a state of nature have pased away; gone to recieve their reward. May those who receive these fruitful possessions from their hands fully

realize the sacrifice made by those who first broke the stillness of the forest, and caused the busy hum of civilization to be heard throughout the land.

AN ADDRESS

BY GOODENOUGH TOWNSEND TO HIS WIFE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDED LIFE, NOVEMBER 18, 1890.

DEAR WIFE—On the 18th day of November, 1840, a pleasant party gathered in a log house in the township of Genesee, on the Saginaw turnpike, to witness the wedding ceremony. About six o'clock I was ushered into the room where you were dressed in bridal robes, I placed my arm around your waist, planted a kiss upon your then ruby lips and said "you are my Mary Ann." In about an hour afterwards the Rev. James McAlister plighted our troth and pronounced us husband and wife, and we have been traveling life's journey together for these fifty years.

In March following we moved into a log shanty, twelve by sixteen feet, in this township (Davison). The roof of this shanty was split hollow logs, and it had a punchion floor,—our log house not being completed. There we erected an altar and committed ourselves in the hands of that God who has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in him. Our nearest neighbor was more than two miles away. The deer, often twenty or more in number, would bound gracefully before our door. The skulking bear would sometimes steal a pig and carry it away squealing. The prowling wolf sometimes made night hideous with his howlings. The Indians were our most constant associates; frequently from two to half a dozen would camp on the floor before the fire, or pitch their tent near by and send up their songs of praise and prayer to the giver of all good. Great changes have taken place since we were wed. Of the busy inhabitants that were clearing up their farms, between Flint and now Mt. Morris, but one remains. Of the fifteen first voters in the township of Davison, but three are alive.

The prairie openings and forests of our Michigan have become fruitful fields and its hidden treasures of iron, copper, coal, salt, gypsum,

etc., have been developed and the State has increased from two hundred and twelve thousand to more than two million, two hundred thousand inhabitants. The big wheel, the little wheel, the quill wheel, the swifts, warping bars and loom that our mothers used to use, have become things of the past; great factories turning out thousands of yards of cloth a day have taken their place. The mower, the reaper, and self-binder, the horse rake and tidder, have taken the place of the scythe, the cycle and cradle, the hand rake and the boy to shake up the hay, that were used when we were young. The old lumbering stage coach, that plodded along at the rate of from three to six miles an hour, have yielded to the railroad. I saw, in 1832, the first railroad that was built—that was from Albany to Schenectady—It held but little comparison to the roads that now stretch across our continent from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, reaching out their arms in every direction, whirling the traveler along at the rate of from twenty to sixty miles an hour. The telegraph has added a new impetus to business, and wires have been stretched around the earth, and dispatches are sent at lightening speed, from continent to continent. The telephone enables friends to converse with friends, to talk love or transact business miles apart. We seem to be living in those times we are told in Daniel would come to pass when "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

The discovery of gold in California aroused a spirit of adventure and speculation, and the great west is now dotted over with cattle, horses, sheep and grain raising ranches, and the busy seeker after mineral wealth, and the great herds of buffalo that roamed over the plains have become a thing of the past, and the Indians, doutless, soon will be. The civil war and the emancipation of four million of slaves increased and stimulated the spirit of speculation. There were but two millionairers before the war in this country, now they are counted by the tens of thousands.

Intemperance continues to stretch out its strong arm and tighten its grasp, especially upon the cities, bringing sorrow, want and misery upon millions and untimely death to thousands and tens of thousands every year. Prohibition has raised its standard and unfurled its banner to the breeze, and calls upon that God who directed the arm that freed the slave from bondage to direct the way to free the slave to appetite from the power of strong drink. The shackles that bound women within certain bonds has been broken and she has been admitted to the schools and colleges, to clerkships, accountants and cashiers, and has proved herself the peer of her brother.

Christianity has kept pace with our extended settlements and organized societies and built churches in almost every village and hamlet. It has extended its hand of love to Mexico and South America; it has unfurled its banner in China and Japan; it has extended its bonds in India, and its footprints can be seen in almost every nation. The herald of the cross has penetrated to the very heart of Africa, and the inhabitants of the "dark continent" who, it is said, sing and dance as the sun goes down, may yet send up anthems of praise and thanksgiving to the giver of all blessings.

These are but a few of the advancements and improvements that have been made in our day, and the end is not yet.

There has been born to us nine children, four sons and five daughters; sixteen grandchildren, and one greatgrandchild. Two of our children, two of our grandchildren and the greatgrandchild, have passed beyond the vail that hides the view from mortal eye. They belong to that class the Savior said "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We have passed the allotted age of man, three score and ten; our heads are silvered over with age, our eyes are growing dim, our steps are infirm and we are learning by experience that the journey to fourscore is accomplished with "labor and sorrow;" and we must soon cross the river, and if our hope is firm, reaching within the vail, and if our faith is strong, taking hold on Christ, we shall come forth in the morning of the resurrection, not with the bodies racked with pain and bowed down with age, but with bodies like Christ's most glorious body, where we shall dwell forever with Christ and all the saints in glory.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ELIAS S. WOODMAN, READ BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

Agreeable to request, I give some of my recollections of the city of Detroit as I found it fifty-four years ago, and my pioneer experience in the State during that period. My father, Joseph Woodman, M. D., was a graduate of the Fairfield medical school in Herkimer, N. Y., and on the 28th day of August, 1812, received the appointment of surgeon of the Schoharie regiment, commanded by Col. Rich at Albany, N. Y., and proceeded with the regiment by land to Sackett's Harbor. He

served two years and six months and was honorably discharged. During the time he visited Oswego, Buffalo and Detroit. After his discharge he went to East Rootman, Jefferson county, N. Y., and commenced the practice of medicine. January 16, he was married to my mother, Sally Wright, a native of Deerfield, Mass., and on the 15th of October 1816, next ensuing, I was born at that place and spent over twenty years of my life in that vicinity. I also have four brothers and one sister born in that vicinity. My father had formed a high opinion of the west, Michigan in particular. On the first day of May, 1837, with his wife and six children, he left Sackett's Harbor for Detroit, arriving the 16th, coming from Buffalo to Detroit through Canada by land. We put up at the Cottage hotel, a small tavern which then stood on the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and kept by O. J. Fields. For the privilege of one bed—four sleeping on the floor—and three horses to hay $9 was demanded by our modest landlord. This was promptly paid and we took the Grand river State road bound for the Novi settlement some twenty-five miles westerly from Detroit, reaching our destination the second day at noon.

Detroit at this time contained about 9,000 inhabitants. Jefferson and Woodward avenues were the principal streets, no pavements, and I have seen a good pair of horses stalled in the mud on Woodward avenue between the river and Jefferson avenue, with a load of 1,000 pounds. Where my son George's hardware store is, 787 Grand river avenue, my father was offered eighty acres of land for $20 per acre.

We spent that summer in a rented log house in Novi. In September my father bought an eighty acre farm on section seventeen in Novi. As my father was a physician, he followed his profession. Five boys, of whom I was the eldest, and then in the twenty-first year of my age, carried on the farm, on which were fifteen acres cleared, two log houses and a small frame barn. My father paid $400 (all he had) on the purchase money and gave a mortgage for $1,000 for the balance due on the place. August 13, 1838, my father died after a brief illness, leaving the mortgage on the farm and about $200 of other debts. At that time all my brothers and sister were under age. In September I borrowed a dollar of a neighbor, and with some luncheon in my pocket, mounted my horse and rode to Pontiac.

It was my first visit to that now flourishing city, then a hamlet of a few hundred inhabitants.

I entered the law office of T. J. Drake, laid my dollar on the table, and told him I wanted the worth of it in legal advice. After giving him a statement of the affairs at home, he advised me not to adminis-

ter on the estate, let the mortgagee foreclose his mortgage, keep possession of the farm as long as we could, and then let it go, for we were $400, at least, worse off than nothing.

He told me to take my dollar, go home, take good care of my widowed mother and the children.

I went home, eating my lunch on the way, returned the borrowed dollar and went to work on the farm. Part of that advice I followed, but not all of it. We boys remained together on the farm until it was paid for, the last payment being made one year before it was due. We also paid every dollar of indebtedness standing against my father at his death. I must say we had a Spartan mother to direct our steps and watch over our every act. To her fortitude, energy and christian example her children are mainly indebted for their success in life. I have three brothers living, all honorable, temperate, upright men, heads of families, and living on the interest of a competency acquired by honest toil. I have buried one brother and an only sister. On June 23, 1840, I was married to Mary A. Hungerford and commenced housekeeping on the old farm, having purchased the interest of the other heirs of my father's estate.

A strong inclination led me to the study of law, but the lack of means and education and the cares of a family closed the doors against further progress in this direction; still, I bought a few volumes of elementary law, and borrowed those I could not buy. These I would read in my log house at the close of the day's work, far into the evening. In this manner I continued until I had mastered the underlying principles of common law and jurisprudence. In May, 1870, I was admitted to the bar of this State, and January 16, 1881, I was admitted to the bar of the state of New York, never having been a law student in any law office or ever having heard a law lecture up to the time of my admission to the bar. December 3, 1863, my faithful wife and mother of five children, died at our home on the old farm in West Novi, surrounded by her whole family. On August 11, 1870, I was united in marriage to Mrs. Lavina Stilwell, youngest sister of my deceased wife. In 1873 I sold my farm, having bought an addition to it of forty acres, and moved to this beautiful village, where I expect to spend the remainder of my days.

September 28, 1840, I attended the democratic mass meeting in Detroit, Gov. Mason presided. Vice President Johnson, and Senator Steinrod were the principal speakers. On that day I subscribed for the Detroit weekly Free Press, and my name has remained on the subscription rolls ever since, either to the weekly, tri-weekly or daily.

Thus it will be seen I have taken this paper fifty-one consecutive years the 28th day of next September.

When I was nominated in Pontiac in 1850 for a member of the constitutional convention I stood in a pair of borrowed boots, had on a borrowed coat, and a borrowed hat lay beside me.

I was elected and spent that summer in Lansing. Of the nine members comprising the Oakland county delegation all have "passed over the river" excepting myself.

When the news of the attack on Fort Sumpter by the southern confederacy in 1860 reached Novi, a meeting of citizens was taking place at the school-house.

At their request I then and there made a short address on the situation, and pledged myself to do all in my power to put down the rebellion. Senator Z. Chandler, in a public address sometime afterwards, gave me the credit of making the first public war speech made in Michigan.

I was true to my promise, and enlisted my own son (now a resident of Detroit) and went twice south myself to the seat of war, where I spent several weeks' time in camp and hospital, nursing sick and wounded soldiers. My son's life was spared and he returned home with an honorable discharge. Had he, like others, fallen in his country's defense, I would have said with Cato, "Thanks be to the gods, my son has done his duty."

I have two sons in business in Detroit—one a civil engineer and a graduate of the Michigan University—now in Seattle. One son a master mechanic in this place. My only daughter lives in Milford. May their lives be such that their children's children, can say in the words of Goethe, "Happy he, who, with a bright record, looks back upon his father's father, who with joy recounts their deeds of grace, and in himself values the latest link in the fair chain of noble sequences."

Northville, Mich., April 29, 1891.

CHILDHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF DETROIT.

BY MRS. E. M. S. STEWART, OF MICHIGAN CENTRE.

My father emigrated with his family, consisting of my mother, my younger sister and myself, from Rochester, N. Y., to Detroit in September, 1824, when I was a child seven years old. I have indistinct

recollections of a long night ride in a stage coach, and of our arrival in Buffalo before daylight; making this forced journey that we might be in time to take passage on the Superior, the only steamer then on Lake Erie which only made weekly trips.

From the time of our embarkation, till pioneer life lost its romance ten or twelve years later, almost every incident is vividly impressed on my memory. I have sometimes been surprised at the correctness of these memory pictures, when compared with the recollections of persons whose judgment was then mature, but the fact ceases to be remarkable when I consider that everything at the west was almost totally unlike the scenes to which I had been accustomed.

I had never before seen a large body of water; and as I stood on the steamer's deck, and saw Buffalo receding from view, and listened to the plash, plash of the steamer's wheels in the sparkling water, my childish mind was filled with commingled emotions of fear, wonder and delight.

The three days of our voyage were days of exquisite beauty; not a cloud cast its shadows on the placid waters, the sun looked down from the clear sky with a mellowed light, while the distant shore was partially veiled in the dreamy haze peculiar to autumn. Scarce a ripple disturbed the sleeping waters, and I recollect how ardently I wished for a little bit of a storm, that I might see how "white caps" looked dancing on the top of great waves; but no storm came and my love of adventure remained ungratified.

The most delightful part of our voyage, was our passage up the Detroit river. We did not stop at Malden, but we could plainly see the small, desolate looking town, and grass covered fort. The only inhabitants of the place, seemed to be the red-coated soldiery, who stood gazing idly at the passing boat.

On Grosse Isle, now populous and highly cultivated, were only two farm houses; but the white, sandy beach, and the green, sloping lawns, rising gradually from the shore; the small cultivated fields, and the still unbroken forest, formed a most pleasing landscape. At the upper end of the island was a rude hut, almost in the water, which my father told me was a fisherman's hut, and that was where they caught whitefish. That fishing ground was called Manitou point.

Presently, all were startled by a loud, shrill whoop, which thrilled the nerves like an electric shock. Peals of most unearthly laughter next greeted our ears, and a succession of whoops and yells rent the air. I clung in terror to my father's hand, but he was not long in discovering the cause of this uproar; there, on the Canada shore oppo-

site, was a band of young Indians evidently enjoying the surprise of the "pale faces." Some lay stretched on the lawn, their new blankets contrasting finely with the green carpet beneath them, others bounded gracefully along the shore, whooping and calling out to us in their own language, and trying the flight of their arrows in vain attempts to send some of those missiles on board. But the puffing steamer soon left them behind, and new objects drew our attention.

The scenery on the Canada shore was strangely beautiful. The bank of the river was high, but not precipitous and was covered with green sward to the water's edge. The face of the country as far back as the eye could reach, was level, and divested of forest trees, except now and then a clump of dwarf oaks standing near the edge of the river bank.

The low French built farm houses were few in number, and half hidden by untrimmed shrubbery and apple trees of native growth; sometimes there was an inclosure of rude pickets, sometimes no fence of any kind.

There were no cornfields nor wheat stubbles, no great barns nor herds of cattle; nothing that looked like American thrift. Not a human being was seen after we passed the Indians, except now and then, a man mounted on a diminutive French pony, riding along with that peculiar indescribable gait which characterized the Canadians.

A small Catholic cathedral, so old that its walls were supported by numerous props, stood near the river, and added to the aspect of desolation.

Yet the vast commons looked like shaven lawns, and straggling fruit trees, unfenced and far away from human habitations, their boughs bending beneath their load of fruit, gave a certain mournful beauty to the landscape. A grove of lofty trees on the very brink of the river just above the point opposite Springwells, excited general attention. At first, they were thought to be Lumbardy poplars, and the gentlemen were discussing the question whether they were indigenous or transplanted, when, on nearer approach they were found to be pear trees.

The view of the American side of the river was more cheerful. The shore, from Grosse Isle to near the suburbs of the city, was level and sandy, and the farms of the inhabitants were bounded by the river. These farms were very narrow, only a few rods wide in front, and extending back a mile or more.

The farm houses all fronted the river. They were built in French style, large, one story high, with very steep roofs, and dormer windows. A few of them were painted white, and all of them were half hidden by tall lilac and rose bushes. A road separated the little yard in front

of the house from the vegetable garden which extended to the water's edge. A wharf, formed of a single plank ran out into the river and was securely fastened. A stake was driven beside the wharf for the canoe or sailboat.

There was a sameness in arrangement, but an air of quiet comfort about these quaint looking houses.

At Springwells, three miles below the city, a windwill stood on the sand just at the edge of the water. The body of the mill was painted a dark red and contrasted well with the snow white sails or wings. Above, for a short distance, and below as far as the eye could reach, the white, sandy beach looked like a line of light dividing the water from the habitations of man.

"There is the residence of Governor Cass" said a gentleman, pointing to a low, French built house, half hidden by trees and shrubbery, standing like the others, not far from the river bank, and some distance below the city. I had never before seen a governor's house, but a governor was a great man, and, of course, his residence must be a magnificent, lordly castle like the pictures I had seen in books. My castle fell suddenly, when I saw that quaint old edifice; yet I afterwards learned that it was a delightful place of residence, with its rich internal adornments, and its lovely christian mistress, and her daughters, though the exterior was decidedly ancient.

Above the governor's dwelling, the houses were built a little farther from the river, and there were no more river side gardens; but the table-land along the steep banks formed a beautiful park, where the weary citizens came to walk at evening, and happy children gambolled on the green carpet nature had spread, and played under the oaks that looked too diminutive to have had their birthplace by that mighty river.

The steamer announced her approach to the city by firing a cannon, which seemed to have called out the whole town. French women, wearing large, coarse straw hats, and carrying heavy baskets of fruit, were pressing their way through a crowd of men and boys; carts drawn by diminutive ponies, were backed up to the very edge of the wharf, their owners jabbering French and broken English "at the top of their voices." A little in the background, the only coach was waiting to carry passengers to the only hotel in the city. The captain, on board was giving orders concerning the lading, passengers were bustling around collecting their baggage, porters were disputing in French and English, making the scene a very fair representation of ancient Babel.

A few weeks after our arrival at Detroit, we were comfortably settled in a house owned by B. F. H. Witherell, standing on a large common northeast of the fort.

Detroit in 1824, was a very small town, ancient and venerable in its appearance. Its principal street, Jefferson avenue, was lined on both sides with low, French houses whose unpainted fronts and moss covered roofs looked as if they had braved the storms of a century. Here and there, along the avenue, a newly painted shop showed that emigrants from "down east" were in town.

There were also two brick buildings on this street, one of which belonged to an English merchant, and the other was occupied by Gen. Hull during the war of 1812.

The jail, the arsenal and the French Catholic cathedral, were the only stone buildings in the city.

Not far from our house, the foundation of the court house was already laid, and the building, of brick, was completed the following summer.

Even then the bonds of the corporation were quite extensive, but the buildings, except along Jefferson Avenue, were very scattering. There were but two church edifices in the city—the French cathedral, a massive stone structure, with five spires; and a small wooden church standing on the corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street, occupied by the Presbyterians. The Episcopalians worshiped in the old "council house," and the Baptists and Methodists in rooms hired for that purpose.

The greatest inconvenience felt by the "down-easters" was the want of water; the only supply being from the river, and all the water used must be brought from the river in barrels by carmen, at an exorbitant price. Just think of drinking water, without ice, during the summer months, which had stood twenty-four hours in a barrel.

A poor, but enterprising man by the name of Wells originated the present extensive water-works. He raised the water from the river to a reservoir on the bank, by *one horse-power*, literally, and from thence it was carried in wooden logs over a small portion of the city. But his means were too limited for even the necessities of that time. He lost all, and others completed what his ingenuity and enterprise began.

About three hundred Indians, the remnants of two or three tribes, were constantly about the city during the day, trading away moccasins and baskets, and even their blankets for the white man's "fire water," and when hungry begging food at the houses of the inhabitants. Toward evening they would begin to return to their wigwams in the forest, or "bush," as it was termed, all more or less intoxicated, and

having to pass the scattered dwellings on the common, it was not unusual for us to be disturbed by their whoops and yells to a late hour of the night. My poor mother suffered much from fear of the Indians during the first year of our residence in Detroit.

I recollect one afternoon late in autumn, we saw a drunken Indian coming toward the house, mother dropped the window shades and fastened the doors. We soon heard him trying to open the kitchen door; after a while he seemed to give up the attempt, and we thought he had gone, but scarcely had mother begun to breathe more freely, when the door flew open, and the great, powerful Indian, who had evidently tried the cooling effect of the wayside ditches, lay full length on the clean floor. After lying some time, muttering to himself, he crawled along to the stove, leaving muddy marks of progress. Entreaties and threats were alike in vain to induce him to take leave. At last mother called to some French laborers who were passing, and begged their assistance. They listened to what she said, and then with a shrug of the shoulders and a muttered oath they passed on. Concluding the Frenchmen could not understand her, my mother sent for the sheriff who lived near us. He came immediately, and seizing the Indian by the collar, led him to the door, and very unceremoniously pitched him into the street.

Mr. Hunt laughed heartily when my mother told him the Frenchmen did not understand her "Yes, they did understand you," said he, "but you have not lived long enough in Detroit to know that there are two classes of our French inhabitants. We have a class of polished and refined French people here, but the 'black French' as they are called, are said to be the descendants of intermarriages between the original French and Indians, they will never molest an Indian whatever he may be doing, though they themselves are perfectly inoffensive."

This explanation did not of course, have a tendency to quiet my mother's fears; but a kind providence has so constituted the human mind that it will become accustomed to almost any situation, and after a time my mother only regarded the Indians with emotions of compassion.

Old fort Shelby was still occupied by a small detachment of troops, and the morning and evening guns, and the cheerful reveille were quite enough to invest the fort with peculiar charms in the mind of an imaginative child. Our house was but a short distance outside the picketed fields, and the view of the green banks of the fort, the white cantonment, and the parading soldiers, marching to strains of exhilerating music was perfectly enchanting. A number of deaths occurred at the fort before the removal of the troops; their funeral services

were very solemn. The departed was borne to his last resting place by his "companions in arms," marching to the mournful music of muffled drums, the coffin was lowered into the grave in oppressive silence, the solemn "burial service" committed "earth to earth and dust to dust," and then volleys of minute guns were fired—a soldier's farewell.

In the summer of 1825, I think the troops were removed to Green Bay, and the fort and its adjoining grounds speedily became a most delightful play-ground for the children in the neighborhood. Often have my companions and myself, climbed up the steps made in the embankment at one corner of the fort, and enjoyed a romp around the top, then descending a few feet on the inside, we would run in the path of the sentinels, stop at every stand of the now dismantled cannon and peep through the port holes.

There were two or three log houses within the fort, and we used to wonder how the people could breathe shut up between the high green walls of the fort.

The first Sunday school I attended was in the old "council house,' corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street. The rector was Rev Mr. Cadle. After the removal of the troops he was appointed their chaplain, and left the city; and my sister and I commenced attending the Presbyterian Sunday school.

Mrs. Cass, was a devoted christian, and a member of the Presbyterian church, and every Sunday Governor Cass would bring his wife and daughters to church in an old-fashioned cart, back the cart up to the church steps, unload his family, and drive away, coming for them at the close of the services. The governor like many another great man, seldom attended church. The calm sweet face of Mrs. Cass, and her gentle manner, gave me my first impressions of the refinining beauty of Christianity; for my parents, though strictly moral, did not become christians until some years later.

The "Savoyard," a small stream in summer, and in the spring and autumn large enough to float canoes, was spanned by a bridge, on Woodward avenue. I used to stop on the bridge on my way home from school and watch the minnows in the bright clear water. What an ignominious fate awaited that beautiful little stream; it is now the principal sewer of the city.

The market was a long shed-like building, in the center of Woodward avenue, extending from Jefferson avenue toward the river. Immense sturgeon were then caught in the river, below the city, and perhaps above, and were often landed on the sand at the foot of the avenue, below the market.

One day I saw a sturgeon so large that it was towed through the water, the boat would not hold it; and the strength of several men was needed to drag it on shore. I had never seen a sturgeon before, and was quite sure that this immense fish must be a *whale.*

When we had lived in Detroit two years we moved into a house on Jefferson avenue, two doors from the old Campau house, and from our back piazza we had a fine view of the river. I never wearied of watching the white winged vessels as they sailed up and down the beautiful stream; the canoes paddled by the Canadian women bringing loads of fruit and vegetables to market, and the little sail boats tossing on the water. I wanted no other pastime. Every pleasant evening in summer, all along the river, canoes were launched, and gay parties rowed up and down the stream, meeting and exchanging salutations, or side by side trying the strength and speed of their oarsmen.

The large birch canoe of Gov. Cass with its crimson canopy in the center, was always an object of special attraction to the spectators on shore.

Just as the sun disappeared below the horizon, from some canoe would arise the sweet notes of the vesper hymn one and another would catch the strain, till over the placid river floated waves of almost heavenly melody.

One song would succeed another, till the gathering shadows beckoned the happy hearted singers to their homes.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE JACKSON COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY, JUNE 12, 1891.

ADDRESS OF HON. EUGENE PRINGLE.

The Dutch republic and Cromwell had preceded the American revolution. Discussions of the natural rights of men, were from time immemorial, incidents of the develpment of the system of jurisprudence known as the common law. It was a great step from theory to practice, but the signers of the declaration of independence, represented a people, determined, if not fully prepared, to take that step. There was statesmanship in the leaders, perfect perhaps in its theories, but the

manner of the application of the new theories, was rather that of the old regime, than of the new.

There was a constant aspiration towards new and better practices, and modes of expression of the national will, and a disposition towards more independence of thought, and a more intense feeling of nationality. but these aspirations were not fully realized by the generation which had fought the battles of the revolution. When a half century had passed, statesmen developed by the new order of things came to power and influence, in all the departments of the government. The reign of avarice was yet in the future, politics if then a trade, was only so with a small portion of the people, but political questions then, even more than at any subsequent time, except during the war of the rebellion, agitated, so to speak, all the people.

Then, if ever, was the time to organize new states, which should be perfect exemplars of what was demanded by republican institutions. It was in the "twenties," and the "thirties" that the great tide of emigration flowed most freely from the eastern states to occupy southern Michigan. It reached this county about 1830, and by 1840, the rural townships contained about half their present population. The numbers were increased to nearly three-fourths by 1850, and to nearly the present population by 1860.

When I first saw the county in 1850, it contained about one-twentieth of the population of the State, and was, I think, in respect of intelligence and wealth, fairly a representative county of the new commonwealth. I may confess that I was not a little surprised, to find so many strong men leading in every department of business. Such farmers as Barnabas C. Hatch, Abraham VanderBogart, Richard J. Crego, Roswell B. Rexford, Abel F. Fitch, Anson H. Delemater, Alexander C. Bell, Ira C. Wyllis, Townsend E. Gidley, Caleb Chapel, Sherman Eastman, David D. Trumbull, Chester Wall, James Videto, John Belden, Harry Holcomb, Jerry Reynolds, Owen Ellison, Nicholas Townley and his sons Anson and Richard, William Berrien, P. L. Carter, Seymour B. Treadwell, Elisha S. Robinson, Aaron T. Gorton, Morgan Case; such ministers of the gospel as D. T. Grinnell, and G. L. Foster; such lawyers as Johnson, Higby, Blair, Bennett, Frink, Chapman, Foote, Gridley, Wood, Livermore, Kimball, Phineas and Fairchild Farrand; such doctors as Backus, Gorham, Lewis, McLean; such hotel keepers as Hayes, Bascom, Stanton, Tiffany; such merchants as Sumner, Allen and Alonzo Bennett, Whitwell, Loomis, Dwight, Penny, Vaughn, Merriman, Root, Reynolds, Billings, Jackson, Storey, Marvin, Ismon, Hale, Smith, Lord, Fargo, Cook, Sherman, Aldrich, Burr, Kas-

sick, Tomlinson; such men of other occupations as A. B. Gibson, Moses A. McNaughton, John T. Durand, Henry A. Hayden, George B. Cooper, William D. Thompson, Jerome B. Eaton, Samuel O. Knapp, Henry Tisdale, Michael Shoemaker, Oliver C. and B. G. Mosher, Joseph E. Thomas and Calvin T. Beebe, Daniel B. Hibbard, Francis W. Carr, Almon Patterson, Patton Morrison, William F. Goodwin and hundreds of others in the prime of their manhood, made an impression upon me which is still in my mind a bright picture of the results of the first twenty years of pioneer life in this county. I found at that time well established schools, churches and newspapers, and when I casually entered the dwellings of the well-to-do farmers of the county, I saw evidences of material comforts, far exceeding what might at that time be seen in the homes of those similarly situated, in the counties of western New York, with which I had been familiar.

It was as these western states were being filled with the enterprising and energetic young people of the eastern states, that Horace Greeley condensed much of wisdom in the curt piece of advice: "Young man, go west!" It was a noted thing that like the garden and field plants which get a sturdier growth from being several times transplanted, men who seek new homes, and carve out their own fortunes and standing among men, in what they convert from a wilderness to a pleasant land, or from a hamlet to a city, get a larger and stronger growth than those who stick to the old farm, or the established business, and are content to simply follow in their father's footsteps. The problem was in some sense solved for me when I saw such results as I found here, and when, forty years ago, I contemplated the time during which such new communities would continue to be forming, before our public area should be filled with new and prosperous states, I thought I saw a certain hope for such elements of virtue and strength, as in the future, whether in peace or war, would for a long time preserve the country from those causes, which according to history, have been destructive to the republics of the past.

There have been and are worthy sons of such pioneers as I have named, who were themselves pioneers, and have physically as well as morally "grown up with the country." There have been others, again whose transplanting to this region was later than my own, and who have gained worthy prominence among our citizens, but it would be injustice to the present generation of our Jackson county men to say, that they have not had the opportunities of developing what was best in them, which was possessed by those who came here within the first ten years of the organized existence of the county.

Twenty odd years ago, under a suspension of your rule as to residence, I was honored with an election as a member of this society, upon the somewhat specious plea, that if I was not entitled to be considered a pioneer of the county, I might at least be considered one of the city. In forty years the population of this business center, has increased about ten times; it has six additional railroads; it has become a respectable city, and it does not yet appear to be very nearly approaching the final stages of a prosperous growth; it furnishes employment to a good many thousands of busy producers of wealth; it has quite a number of rich, and very many well-to-do men, but it is doubtful whether upon the whole, the average condition of its people as to the comforts of life, is any better than the average in the years when Millard Fillmore was president of the United States.

City growth does in fact require much of the energy and breadth of effort and self sacrifices, which are necessary to settle reputably a rural neighborhood, and in some senses we have here in the city pioneers who have begun their operations since the last census was taken.

A farmer acquaintance of mine in western New York, was called by some of his friends a pioneer, although not born till more than thirty years after the original settlement of his county, for the reason that it was alleged that he had first introduced in his neighborhood the practice of raising lambs for market, and had hit upon the discovery that an ordinary sheep well kept until he was five months old, was worth more than he ever would be again. If the farmers of some township should discover that the culture of new crops like tobacco, hops, sugar beets or flax could be made more profitable than that of the crops now ordinarily raised, and should by combined effort or otherwise make themselves masters of the situation, by providing all the machinery and appliances needed for the curing, manufacture, or preparing of the product for market, their labors would be, if not like, at least akin to those of the men who were the pioneers of our present agriculture.

There is an old tradition of the worthiness of the man "who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before." I imagine there might be much profitable pioneer work, of the sort indicated by the old tradition in the orchards and fields of this county.

You will of course comprehend that I am by these hints, endeavoring to indicate some idea of the kinds of labor and effort needed from the early pioneers, and the painful steps they had to take, before their experiments in new soils and climates, proved entirely successful.

If the historians of the countries of the old world could have given accurate narrations to show the character and work of those who first

developed civilization in the wildernesses of those countries, we should have a key to understand much better than they can now tell us, why there are such marked differences in the physical appearance, moral character and mental capacities of the peoples inhabiting regions not very dissimilar in latitude or climate. Arguing from what all history goes to prove, I cannot imagine that the time will ever come when the rural districts of southern Michigan shall not be peopled with intelligent men and women, conversant with all the literary and political problems of the time in which they live, and with instincts towards virtuous and useful living. Nor can I anticipate the time when the debt they will owe to the pioneers who started civilization here in such directions, will be forgotten, or fully discharged.

Whatever can be reasonably done to perpetuate the memories of the work done in this county by the pioneers, will be valuable to a remote posterity. In one of the counties of western New York, settled about twenty-five years earlier than this, the pioneer society some twenty years ago had raised funds to employ a stenographer, who was going around the county with intelligent members of the society, to take down interviews with the then still surviving pioneers. A few days work of this kind here, would gain information in many quarter, which ten years hence, will be forever beyond our reach.

The wives and daughters of our early pioneers, while not so widely known in the public and political affairs of the county, are equally deserving of remembrance with their husbands, fathers and brothers. They contributed their full share to found communities, and if there should ever be a systematic effort to collect full information of our earliest county history, I anticipate that more than half of the information would come from the gentler sex, for the reason, that the wife or daughter's position in the family is such, that she more readily remembers the general facts, coming to her attention less mixed with the unimportant details which absorbed at the time the attention of those who were actually managing, either farms, trading places, or public affairs. This again is a reason why the systematic effort of which I have spoken ought to be made, inasmuch as with few exceptions, the ladies will not volunteer to send papers, or read them in such gatherings as this.

There were great hardships in the lives of pioneers fifty or sixty years ago, now hardly dreamed of in the settlement of new regions. It has become impossible to get very far away from the railroad, for if we get a day's journey away, it is not improbable that before the first

crop can be harvested, a part of the farm may be wanted for a right of way or perhaps for a village site.

One of the things taught by our pioneer history is the importance of individual efforts to the general prosperity. There has never been successful colonization, by any of the so-called coöperative plans, or by the powers exercised by a paternal government. Fourier, Bellamy and the rest, are not unwise enough often to attempt to apply their theories to the settlement of new townships, and whenever the lesser apostles of such or similar theories, have made their attempts in the wilderness, the failure has been even more dismal than in the cities. The case of free public schools may seem an exception, going to justify paternal government, but the fact that the average results are greatly better, in proportion to moneys expended, in the rural districts where the motive power is really the individual joining of efforts, of the parents of the children, furnishes a pertinent fact to prove the superiority of individual effort.

My view that government should never undertake to do at the expense of public taxation, those things which can be conveniently accomplished by private effort, finds its strong support in what happens in new communities, and the circumstance to my mind of greatest importance which accompanies such primative efforts, is the independence, and strong individuality of the men who unite in bringing about the desired results. Independence and individuality of character is much more certainly developed by a pioneer life than by any other surroundings, and if I were to wish what would be really best for the young men and women of this or any other county, it would be that they should have the advantage of becoming pioneers, under some such circumstances as their grandfathers and grandmothers encountered fifty or sixty years ago, on the rolling lands, or beside the charming lakes of our beautiful county of Jackson.

There is now a larger population in a single city of Michigan than the entire State contained fifty years ago, but however charming may be the city of Detroit, and however public spirited its inhabitants, it will never exercise the influence in shaping the destiny of millions, which the two hundred and twelve thousands of pioneers who were scattered through the State in 1840 have been, or will be able to accomplish. This is now one of the great States; its location among the Mediterranean seas of this continent, marks it as a place which, if its people shall do their duty by themselves (as the people of the similar location in Europe, in modern times do not), will be the seat of great power and influence; we have not yet begun to see the limits

which bound its resources. We have a just pride in what it is already, and a just hope for its future; and yet the very case which I have suggested of Italy, inculcates the lesson that it is possible that greatness shall vanish, and that pre-eminence shall cease, and that they are certain to do so if virtue and intelligence shall loose the power to control the common destinies of the people.

We may not calculate blindly what shall result from the mixed populations of cities; the rural localities are deprived of many of the active and ambitious elements of prosperity by the constant drift from the country to the city, but still, now, as in all the past of our national life, the hope of the country rests upon what shall be done in the rural communities to keep alive our national virtues, our national patriotism, and the spirit which, by land or sea, at home and abroad, shall support our nation's honor and our country's flag.

I bear willing witness to the pleasure given to all who hear such papers as are produced at these meetings, and regret that it is not in my power also, to present reminiscences of the early and foundation years of our county. My attempt has been in a somewhat different direction and I can only hope that it has not proved discordant to the purposes of your society.

1840 SEMI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS 1890

DELIVERED AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH OF PORTLAND, MICHIGAN, JUNE 6, 1890.

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

This day we occupy a position—an eminence never before attained—from which we are to look back through the vista of the past half century, and from its experience, draw lessons of instruction, of admonition, hope, and trust in God for the future. To me is intrusted the duty (and it is a pleasant one) of drawing aside for the time, the intervening curtain of the past, and truthfully and as vividly as I may, present the principal events in the history of this church, from its organization to the present time. God grant me a retentive memory, that I may do it in a manner acceptable to Him, and interesting to

you. This church is an offshoot of the Baptist church of Walled Lake, Oakland county in this State, since all its constituent members brought letters of dismission from that church. A meeting of Baptists, members of this denomination, was held May 2, 1840, in the log school-house below the railroad station near the stock yards, for the purpose of taking steps for the organization of a Baptist church. The meeting was opened by reading a portion of scripture, singing and prayer, after which Joseph Munn was chosen moderator and John Brown clerk. Dean M. Tyler, Sr., Washington Z. Blanchard, Isaac E. Tyler and John Brown were elected a committee to prepare a code of articles of faith to report at a subsequent meeting to be held June 6, 1840. The meeting on the adjourned day was opened with devotional services as before. The committee reported articles of faith and practice, and a covenant. Eleven letters from the Baptist church at Walled Lake, were read, dismissing Dean M. Tyler, Sr., and Phebe Tyler, his wife, John Brown, and Betsey A. Brown, his wife, Isaac E. Tyler, and Elizabeth Tyler, his wife, Sarah Tyler, Laura Tyler, Caroline Tyler, Joseph Munn, and Matilda Munn, his wife, to which should be added Dean M. Tyler, Jr., whose letter I have, dated March 3, 1839. Brother John Brown, the first church clerk, was usually very exact in recording the proceedings of the church, and it is a marvel that in the records there should be a total omission of Brother Tyler's name, with a single exception, until December 29, 1849 at which time letters of dismission were granted to him and Mary his wife. I am told that previous to the sixth of June Brother Tyler went to Detroit and returned as far as this village on that day, but not until the meeting had adjourned. Brother D. M. Tyler, Jr., was always considered a constituent member and so I have classed him, making *twelve* members in all. On motion of D. M. Tyler, Sr., it was unanimously resolved, "That we form ourselves into a church to be known as the Baptist church of Portland." The report of the committee on articles of faith and practice, with the covenant was adopted, and this church took a place among the family of christian and denominational churches. Let us now take a view of the field occupied by the new organization. The nearest Baptist church was at Ionia. A few years later we received members from the church at Wacousta, but of its date of organization I have no certain record. In Portland a Methodist Episcopal class was formed in 1838. The Congregational church was not organized until February 1843. No church edifice was erected in the village until 1852. The school-house, of which mention has been made, burned down in the fall of 1842 and there was no other school-house until the old red school-house was occupied in the fall of 1843. At that time, there

was no house east of Maple street—indeed no street was opened up the hill for several years afterward. The only access to the red school-house was by a ravine back of the present foundry, where the Methodists' sheds now are, and along the north line of the garden of Rev. D. E. Millard. The only mill for grinding grain was at the old saw-mill, near Grand river, where the power was derived from the water of the Looking-glass river, on an old-fashioned flutter wheel. The present flouring mill of Newman & Rice was not used until the fall of 1843, and then the hill in front of the mill came so close to the mill that two teams could hardly pass each other without danger of overturning. Kent street south of Bridge street had the forest trees yet growing, and when the house of Dr. Beers, now the residence of Mr. Gamage was built in 1843, there was then only a wagon track leading to it, and the bushes on each side, brushed the dirt from the wagon wheels as lumber was conveyed to the new building, from which we could hear the sound of the hammer and the saw but could see nothing of the house. During the summer of 1843 meetings were held in the Wadsworth grist-mill on the west side of Grand river; but the red school-house being finished that fall, it became the church home for the denominations holding services in the village. By common consent the Methodists used the house one-half of the time, and the remainder was equally divided between the Baptist and Congregational churches, though in addition to those named there was a class of Wesleyan Methodists, and another of the Protestant Methodists, each of which held meetings on the Sabbath afternoons.

In the record of those earlier years, I find such entries as this, "No covenant meeting held today, because of the quarterly meeting of our Methodist brethren," or "As the house is occupied by the Methodist church holding their quarterly meeting our services were dispensed with." This was not intentional with that church, but the district of the presiding elder was so large that it required six weeks to make the circuit, and that official would make his appointments and send them in advance, not knowing of any infringement on the rights of others. While no one was especially to blame, those interruptions became irksome, and services were either given up or held at private houses. On the 27th of December, 1851, a proposal was made by the Congregational church to unite with them in the erection of a house of worship, each church bearing an equal share of the expenses. A similar offer was also made by the Universalist society, except that with the latter we were only required to pay what we were able, of the expenses, and were to own one-half interest in the premises. The church however,

voted that under present circumstances, it was not advisable to accept either proposition. On the 21st of February, 1852, the above vote was reconsidered, and a resolution adopted to accept the offer of the Universalist society and unite with them in building a house of worship. The church edifice was built and dedicated, each denomination participating. The Rev. Caleb Rice, pastor of this church preaching, and taking for his subject, "Christ the head of all things to the church." On the 11th of July, 1854, at a special church meeting, it was voted, "that if the connection between this church and Universalist society can be amicably dissolved, such disposition be effected and the trustees were instructed to carry the resolution into effect and to donate to the Universalist society the amount paid by members of this church to the edifice fund. September 2, 1854, the trustees reported that the connection had been legally dissolved. April 28, 1855, the Universalist society tendered to this church the use of their house one-half of the time for the ensuing eighteen months on the sole condition that we pay our own expenses. A similar offer was also made at the same time by the Congregational church for the use of their house for one year. Both offers were gratefully accepted, and as for the first time in our history, we had a resident pastor, (Rev. S. P. Town) our services were held every week. This arrangement did not however bring with it all the satisfaction anticipated. On the day appointed the church would be present at the Universalist church, which would also be attended by their membership, but on the next sabbath the church as a body would hold services at the Congregational church, while the Universalist church would be attended by them alone and such Baptists as had lost their calculations as to arrangements. The Universalists were inclined to look on this matter as straining the comity of the mutual agreement. They thought that as they were present at our services, we ought to attend theirs. Another embarrassment arose from the casual absence from service of any of our members, and during the week following, meeting some other member would inquire if next Sunday was Universalist or Congregational Sunday, and they began after a time to ask if we were never to have a Baptist Sabbath. In April of this year the Messrs. Newmans had offered the donation of a building site on the south side of the public square, which was located east of the Universalist church, and on the seventh of July the trustees were instructed to execute a bond to the Messrs. Newmans binding the church to build a house of worship within three years, and the bond to be delivered on receipt of the deed. A committee was appointed to prepare a plan and specifications for a house thirty-eight by fifty-two feet in size and

of brick. The brick were engaged at $5 per thousand but owing to the difficulty of getting them, on December 15, 1855, the church voted to build with wood instead of brick. Nothing more was done until April 11, 1857, when a contract was made with T. J. Hitchcock to do the work of building a house of worship for $300, and he to furnish glass for the windows. January 14, 1860, the building committee reported that the house was finished and accepted. The house was not however paid for, and on February 16, 1861, the committee reported a debt of $526.02. January 4, 1862 the debt was reduced to $248.86. May 3, 1862, the church voted to deed one hundred feet square where this house stands for $200 of the debt and assess the remainder on the membership. I find no further record, but the land was never conveyed, and the $200 was paid to the erection of the parsonage which was built where this house now stands.

The first church edifice becoming too small to accommodate the congregation an addition to it was made on the west side which, though unsightly in appearance, for a time answered its purpose, but becoming convinced that it was a duty, the church took measures for the erection of this house we now occupy. I regret the almost total silence of the records on this important subject, but the fact remains that the basement walls of this edifice were built during the autumn of 1875. An examination of the work the following spring proved the necessity of rebuilding them, and the corner stone was laid with appropriate services June 16, 1876. That year the house was inclosed, and the year following was finished, and dedicated October 28, 1877, at a cost of $17,456.67. Though the house was occupied it was not paid for, and a troublesome debt of several thousand dollars with constantly accruing interest rested upon us, until December 18, 1887, the church celebrated the payment of the last dollar of debt incurred in the erection of this house. May no occasion hereafter arise, when it may be necessary to place another mortgage on the premises.

Now, let us contemplate another branch of our subject. The first pastor was Rev. Moses Clark, who with his wife, in April, 1842, joined the church from Wacousta, and he appears to have been licensed to preach, though not ordained, as I find on record a request to the church at DeWitt "that they as soon as possible attend to his ordination." February 6, 1841, the committee reported to the church that they had secured the services of Brother Clark, for one-fourth part of the ensuing year for one hundred dollars. One year later the committee reported the pastor's salary as paid for that year. In May, 1842, Elder Clark and D. M. Tyler, Sr., were appointed delegates to the Shiawassee

association, with which the church was then connected. Elder Clark appears to have imbibed the sentiments of the Millerites, and his connection with the church terminated April 29, 1843. During the summer of 1843, the church had the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Sangster of Ionia, as the records say, "for the present." When he discontinued his labors, the records do not inform us, but my recollection is that he preached for us one-fourth of the time for about a year. He was never a member of this church. Our next pastor was Rev. Alfred Cornell of Ionia, and the first record of him, was January 3, 1846. Elder Cornell did not then reside in Portland, and there is no record as to length of his pastorate, but I think we enjoyed his services once in every four weeks until the autumn of 1849. In February, 1850, Rev. Caleb Rice entered on his ministry with us. He was never a member of this church, nor did he reside here, but on his farm at Roxand, and he preached for us once in every fonr weeks until February 23, 1855, a ministry of just five years. His successor was Rev. Samuel P. Town, from Eaton Rapids. He had been licensed to preach but was not then ordained. He was, with his wife received into membership May 12, 1855, and was ordained February 6, 1856, the services being held in the Universalist church. In July, 1859 his pastorate terminated and letters of dismission were granted to him and Mrs. Town. The church remained without an under Shepherd until August 4, 1860, when Rev. James G. Portman, residing at Lyons, consented to preach for us one-fourth of the time at a salary of one hundred dollars per year. The following June he resigned. Then followed an interregnum and we had no pastor until April 15, 1863, Rev. David Osborn assumed the pastorate until May 6, 1865. The following month Rev. Harvey Pettit settled with us as pastor and labored acceptably until April 1, 1871, when he resigned. From September 2, 1871 to March 2, 1872 no record is preserved, beyond the fact that the covenant meetings were regularly held. During this period Rev. Alfred Cornell commenced his second pastorate, as I find on the last named date a committee was appointed to settle with the pastor as to his salary. Elder Cornell's pastorate continued until February 9, 1877, when he resigned. He was succeeded by Rev. Asher E. Mather, May 5, 1877, whose acceptable services will be so well remembered by every one present. He filled the pastoral office until April 25, 1882. The next incumbent was the stalwart Rev. Isaac N. Carman who labored in the ministry with us until September 30, 1886. Rev. Albert H. Jessup accepted the call of the church and entered into his pastoral office December 19, 1886. On the 30th day of September, 1888, he resigned and removed to his present

residence at Wooster, Ohio. We were without a pastor until February 9, 1889, when our present pastor, Rev. Samuel G. Anderson entered on his labors with us.

Now let us survey another feature in our history. The number of constituent members were twelve. The whole number received of which I have authentic information is four hundred and eighty-one. Of this number two hundred and twenty-four have been by baptism, and two hundred and fifty-seven by letter and by relation of experience. Our present number being one hundred and seventy-seven by actual count. Sixty-two have deceased, one hundred and sixty-seven have been dismissed to unite with sister churches. During the pastorate of Elder Clark seven were baptized and twelve were received by letter. By Elder Cornell's first pastorate one was baptized and fourteen received by letter. I have personal recollection that Elder Cornell also baptized others, but I think it was because of personal preference with the candidates, and the fact that his successor resided so far away in another county. During the pastorate of Elder Rice three were received by baptism and twelve by letter. During the ministry of Elder Town nineteen were baptized and thirty-two received by letter. While Elder Portman was with us three were received by baptism and six by letter. Under the care of Elder Osborn nineteen were baptized and eighteen received by letter. Rev. H. Pettit baptized thirty and received forty-eight by letter. Elder Cornell's second pastorate forty-nine were baptized and forty-two received by letter. By Rev. A. E. Mather forty-eight were baptized and twenty-four received by letter. By Elder Carman forty-two were baptized and fifteen were received by letter. During the pastorate of Rev. A. H. Jessup, which was quite brief, seven were received by letter, but none were baptized. The present pastor has baptized three and received five by letter.

The faithful labors of those several pastors are by no means to be estimated by the numbers converted under their ministry. For the first fifteen years, we had no resident pastor, and during those years the number received on profession, only doubled the number of constituent members. I do not in this include those received by letter. But residing elsewhere, and coming to us only once a month their advantages were of necessity very limited.

Residing here a portion of the time and in this vicinity nearly all the time, participating in, and enjoying the greater portion of those years of blessing, I wish I could reproduce and set before you, as vividly as they are impressed on my own memory the experience of those years. Beginning at the meetings held by Elder Town at the

Taylor school-house in 1856, when the house was filled every evening of the week, and when he was taken ill continued by Elder Cornell and then because of the increasing interest transferred to this village, and meetings were held every evening in the basement of the Universalist church under the pastorate of Elder Town, ably supported by Elder Cornell and William R. Connelly, and resulting as before stated in the conversion of nineteen souls during his pastorate. Nor was the presence of the holy spirit lost during the brief ministy of Elder Portman—inasmuch as three were converted in those few months—one of whom has become an able minister of the grace of God. Then came Elder Osborn with his impulsive preaching the living word. Who can forget those noonday and four o'clock prayer meetings, when the spirit brooded over them, touching every heart, and nineteen were the trophies of divine grace. Those precious experiences were continued under the services of Elder Pettit, who was accustomed to tell us that we had a higher interest than to be merely entertained, and so often claimed the promise, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end," and faith and repentance brought forth fruit in the gathering in of thirty believers. Then came the results of the second pastorate of Elder Cornell with his old time energy in advocating the claims of the gospel, with the forty-nine of the saved as results of his labors. Nor did the holy spirit leave us on the accession of Elder Mather with his cogent, incisive presentation of the truth, and forty-eight were baptised. To him succeeded the analytical I. N. Carman, whose labors were blessed with the conversion of forty-two. Nor are we yet without the witness of the holy spirit, since three have testified of their passing from death into life during the present pastorate. As I remember the past labors of those servants of God, I recall the fervent prayers, the solemn warnings, the affectionate entreaty, yes, and the faithful consecrations which hallowed and sanctified those labors. If we had no other proofs of the faithfulness of our God in the remembrance of his children, surely here is enough to drive away all unbelief.

The traveler visiting one of the palaces of the old world is taken by his guide to a gallery where are suspended the portraits of former sovereigns, painted by the most talented masters of those times. In his examination he comes to a portrait veiled and with the features to the wall. On inquiry he is informed that that sovereign was recreant to his trust, and a traitor to his country. We have sixty-one whose portraits are veiled. They went out from us because they were not of us, for had they been of us no doubt they would have continued. Do you ask if they were believers? I do not know. I only know that

they *said they believed.* We have also had other sorrows, for in our history the tombstones are more numerous than our milestones. I will mention two especially impressive. The first, I have once before spoken of in this place, and now refer to it again as being on that hot day July 13, 1848, when one came here with the declaration, "Deacon Tyler is dead." "What?" was the interrogative reply—"Deacon Tyler is dead," was repeated. It was true. While assisting in the removal of the effects of a sudden summer tempest on his farm, he was stricken to the earth by a falling stub. With a half uttered expression on his lips, his eyes closed forever on the scenes of time, to open on the bright effulgence of God's eternal rest. The news spread rapidly, and on the day of his burial it seemed as if all the residents of this part of the county were present to show their respect to his memory. All hearts were sad, and every eye was directed to the coffin, in which was laid prepared for burial, one universally respected for his integrity, the oldest constituent member of this church and its only deacon; and when oppressed with the sense of the uncertainty of all earthly interests, the young pastor, still in the providence of God spared, and with his head covered with the almond blossoms of age, with us today, when he arose and gave utterance to the plaintive cry of the Psalmist, "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men," every heart present responded a deep *amen.* Twenty-eight years later, former residents of our village, who for several years had been sojourning in the far west more than two thousand miles away, resolved to revisit their former home and the relatives and friends residing here. With quickened pulses every preparation was made, and when seated in the railroad car gave themselves up to pleasant anticipations of soon meeting the loved ones living here. Onward went the train, climbing the mountain side, descending to the valleys, crossing the level plains, pausing at the larger towns, passing through Chicago; every stroke of the piston rod, every revolution of the driving wheel bringing them nearer, until they breathed again the air of Michigan. Relatives and friends here, apprised of their coming, anticipated with equal pleasure the expected reunion. At an early hour one brother repaired to the railroad station. The other, engaged in his duties, heard the shriek of the coming engine, and hastily closing his books, left his place of business on the east side of Grand river, ran out to the railroad bridge and passed over its ties. Had he looked behind him he would have known that it was not the passenger train, but only the engine pilot, which that fall preceded by a few minutes the regular train, or had he remained on the bridge he would have been safe, but anxious to reach

the station he left the bridge and ran out on the trestle work which then existed at the west end of the bridge, and that act sealed his doom. He was overtaken by the engine, and in unconsciousness hurled outside the track, and when the expected friends arrived a few minutes later, their vision fell upon the mangled body of their brother. To say that the community was shocked does not describe the fact.

John J. Maynard was a brother beloved in this church. He had united with it June 1, 1872, and at once entered into the vineyard to work for the Master. His labors were unremitting and his love for Christ never chilled. When this church resolved to erect this edifice Brother Maynard was second to none in his subscriptions or his labors, and at the date of his death was treasurer of the board of trustees. As a christian, in our prayer meetings, who that ever heard his fervent prayers and exhortations will ever forget them, for they are hallowed in the memory of us all. The result in each of the cases cited was a tragedy. In the one, was an experience ripened by years of faith, of prayer and toil, and though the transition was in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, yet was Deacon Tyler, like the ripened grain, gathered in by the reaper to go no more out forever. But with Brother Maynard it was not so. In the warmth of his first consecration, with a zeal that could not do too much for his Lord, he gave all his powers to the work, and while in the rich fullness of a mature manhood, he was not, for God took him. May we not believe that during those few hours of unconsciousness, when earth with all its tinsel had receded in the distance, there came to him, as to Stephen of old, an open heaven, and a gleam of God's glory shining into the soul, and then our brother fell asleep. To human experience such losses are covered by a pall of sorrow deep and poignant, but while the heart is bleeding, the eye of faith looks upward, and the lips respond "even so Father for so it seemed good in thy sight." Other loved ones have also been taken whose memories are fragrant with the love they bore the Savior, and of whom I should be glad to speak but I am admonished by the time already taken that I must refrain.

God has blessed us by calling at least five of our former members to preach the gospel—Lewis C. Morehouse, Grover Osborn, Marshall Pettit, Dumont Pettit and William R. Connelly, all of whom at last accounts were doing efficient work for the Master. In the war of the rebellion, eight of our number enlisted in the Union army, and all, save one, returned to meet with us again. Brother Daniel K. Rich, whom I had regarded as one likely at some day to fill official position in the church, fell in the battle of Spottsylvania, in May, 1864, with his face to the

enemy. The church have elected at various times, in all, nine deacons, the present board, five in number, being full. The attention of the church was at an early date turned to the importance of the Sunday school, and cordially united with others in a union school, in which were several of our members as teachers. Since we have had a house of our own, we have maintained a Sabbath school which is as flourishing today, as at any time in the past, having an attractive library, and reaching out to the regions beyond, contributing to all the objects of church work, one of which has been for several years the education of a young Telagoo, named "Portland Peter," and who it is hoped may by divine grace, develop into an earnest worker for Christ, in his own nation. The church has also been largely interested in the support of missions—foreign, home and State, as well as all others of which we have any knowledge.

Of those who were component parts at our first organization, but two remain, and their slow and hesitating footsteps, all foreshadow the near close of life. Nor they alone, but others of our number. The bending form, the bedimmed vision, and the furrowed countenance, all tell that the frosts of death are gathering around our heads. The fathers, where are they? And the prophets, will they live forever? Let the conflict be maintained but a little longer, let it be mingled with the flame of an ardent consecration, that when we, like our fathers, are called away we may dwell in the presence of the Savior to go no more out forever.

It was this morning a fitting tribute to the memory of the past half century, that the tolling hammer should tell of its having passed away. It was equally appropriate that the tolling should be followed by the cheerful peal of the bell as it rang out its welcome and ushered in the new half century in notes like those calling worshipers to the house of God. Of this new half century I may not speak. In a review of the past how proper that we acknowledge our shortcomings, in the many instances of God's special blessings which have followed us for a full half century like a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. God has planted this church, when it was but an acorn in the forest, which watered by the dews of the Holy Spirit, and warmed by the rays of the Son of righteousness, has developed into what we this day see. Our dear ones, that we with grieving hearts committed to the tomb are not dead, they live. They are only gone before. They have gone to the mountains of myrrh, and the hill of frankincense, where the day breaks when the darkness has fled forever. Should the Bridegroom still delay his coming until the full centennial anniversary is

rounded out, I hope that some who hear me now, will then be present with the precious memories of this occasion, that in the years to come, this church, united in earnest work for Christ, may with greater zeal perpetuate and show forth to the world around it, the power of that grace which has saved us, and made ample provision for a world's redemption—And let all the people say—Amen.

POEM

READ AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT PORTLAND, MICHIGAN, JUNE 6, 1890.

COMPOSED AND READ BY MRS. S. M. WILLIAMS.

We oft have heard the story told,
That fifty years ago,
A small, but faithful praying band,
Asked, Lord what shall we do?

The place was then a wilderness,
To us it is described,
An Indian wigwam here and there,
And many a wandering tribe.

The white men's houses were very few,
And far apart were they,
While heavy forests tall and dark,
Between each neighbor lay.

No church bell sounded out the hour,
"Of all the week the best,"
And some amid the toils of life,
Forgot the day of rest.

And did these sons of christian sires,
Like Israel's sons of old,
Forget like them, their father's God
Of whom they had been told?

Not all forgot, for some who laid
Foundations strong and new,
To rear thereon, an earthly home,
Built there an altar too.

True sacrifice ascended there,
From hearts with love aglow,
Make us to hear thy voice O! Lord,
Give us thy will to know.

Then while they called, the God of grace,
Spake from the eternal throne,
Meet ye together in my name,
And make my glory known.

With one consent they now arose,
To obey the Master's call,
With earnest faith and fervent zeal,
There were twelve souls in all.

Under the Holy Spirit's power,
With reverent heads bowed low,
They organized this Baptist church,
Just fifty years ago.

'Twas in a school-house built of logs,
Hewn from a forest near,
They met in sweetest sympathy,
And in God's holy fear.

Next in a grist-mill standing near,
Upon Grand river's banks,
They met to seek the living God,
And offer heartfelt thanks.

From place to place, like those of old,
Led on by Moses' hand,
They had no sure abiding place,
No church-home in the land.

Then as the voice of one they said,
We'll build a house of prayer,
Where we may gather often times,
And take our children there.

And as the years came rolling on,
The church in members grew,
For many, saved by wondrous grace,
Were added thereunto.

Then did they find the place too strait,
No room to gather in
Sheaves from the Master's harvest field,
When they were saved from sin.

Then once again the cry went up,
On wings of faith and prayer,
And while they bowed with listening ear,
They knew the Lord was there.

And now God speaks in sovereign power,
Arise, and build for me
A temple for my holy name,
And with thee will I be.

Then with glad hearts they all agreed,
The commandment to fulfill,
The men then built these goodly walls,
The women wrought with skill.

Then from the school-house built with logs,
God led us all the way,
Through trials, and through conflicts too,
Full fifty years today.

Nor has this proved a fruitless vine,
But by God's power and grace,
Many from paths of sin have sought,
And found the Savior's face.

And from this church and Sabbath school,
And from among our youth,
For each ten years, stands one to preach
The very living truth.

The truth of God, firm as his throne,
Built on his wise decrees,
His justice, holiness and love,
They preach such truths as these.

From here the message has been sent,
Over the ocean's wave,
Of Jesus' blood and righteousness,
His mighty power to save.

Now may the streams flow ever on,
From God's own blessed word,
Till all the world shall stand and see,
The glory of the Lord.

Then glory, honor, praise be given,
To him who once was slain,
Who hath redeemed us by his blood,
And shall return to reign.

EARLY HISTORY OF MACOMB COUNTY.

BY HON. WARREN PARKER.

The time of the first settlements made by white people within the limits of Macomb county embraces that period commencing about the close of the revolutionary war down to the year 1800. Doubtless, settlements prior and subsequent to these dates were made in a few instances.

This class of settlers were nearly all French. The Moravians, the families of Connor, Tucker, and Judge Clemens settled here during the period referred to.

Another era of settlement began when the public lands were open for entry. Between the years 1820 and 1840 may be considered the time when Macomb county was settled by that enterprising class of people who developed its resources.

The Moravians were the first to locate a place of settlement. In 1781 all the Moravian missionaries stationed on the Muskingum river in Ohio were taken prisoners by the British, and taken before De Peyster the commandant at Detroit, and charged with acting in concert with the Americans at Pittsburgh. De Peyster having obtained permission of the Chippewas, advised them to settle on the Huron river (Clinton) and to bring their converts there. This permission granted by the Chippewas was to continue until peace was restored between England and the colonies. He furnished them a vessel, provisions, two milch cows and some horses. On the 20th of July, 1782, Zeisberger and Jungman, with their families, Edwards and Jung single, missionaries set out with nineteen Indians from Detroit and arrived at their new home the next evening. They named it New Gnadenhutten. It consisted of thirty log houses. Fifteen on each side of lane in the center of which was their house of worship. Their destiny here was short-lived. Peace was soon declared, and then the Chippewas became jealous and grew troublesome. On the 20th of April, 1786 the mission was abandoned. During their stay scattered remnants of followers had gathered here. Fourteen had died and were buried near the mission. An orchard was set, and thirty acres of land cleared. John Askin for himself and Wm. Ancram, the commandant at Detroit, purchased on the 28th of April,

1786, the improvements of the Moravian ministers for $200, and also of sixteen Indians for $200.

Some of the missionaries settled on the Thames river in Canada, others returned to the Muskingum. The land sold by the Moravians constitute private claim No. 668, granted to William Ancram in 1808. It is situated on the south bank of Clinton river about two miles west of Mt. Clemens. The Clinton and Kalamazoo canal left the river here and at the time of its construction, a village started there called Frederick. It was a beautiful spot to locate and apparently had been the site of an Indian village. It is now occupied by a man named Harrington. Mr. Harrington has preserved a piece of timber of which one of the homes was built.

The French were the early pioneers in Macomb county. Their settlements extended along the shore of Lake St. Clair and the banks of Clinton river. They settled upon lands without taking title save that of occupancy. These are known as private claims of which there were over one hundred in this county, all of which affidavits were made before the commission, that they were occupied and improved previous to July 1, 1796. These water-ways afforded them means of conveyance. They transported grain in canoes to be ground at the wind mills on Detroit river. They carried their dead in like manner thither to be buried in consecrated ground. As settlements grew apace a church, built of logs, was erected on the south bank of Clinton river about the year 1795, and a place of burial established there. In later years the French located on Salt river, a few miles further up the lake, buried their dead there. In 1783, twenty settlers located on Lake St. Clair near the mouth of the Clinton river. In 1788, twenty settlements were made on the Clinton river. In 1793, ten families more were added, and seven years later four families located on the river. In 1797, thirty families located on the lake below the Clinton river. During these years other settlements were made north of the river on the lake shore. Private claims Nos. 192, 193 and 342 granted to Meldrum & Parke were occupied, also private claim No. 343 granted to Pierre Yacques (Yax) the present site of New Baltimore, was settled during this period. A settlement was made at the Salt Springs on the La Saline river (Salt river) by Meldrum & Parke, who manufactured salt there, but not in paying quantities. Meldrum & Parke laid claim to these lands, but failed to establish title. They were located in town three north, range fourteen east (Chesterfield). Many years ago an old man, Louis Laforge by name, stated that he had seen fine crops of wheat growing in the vicinity of these springs, which thirty years

ago was covered with a dense growth of small timber, interspersed with a few large trees.

RICHARD CONNOR.

The exact date of the settlement of Mr. Connor in this county is not defined with certainty. He was living at a place in Ohio, now called Painesville, at the commencement of the revolutionary war. His business was fur trading. He married there a Miss Myers, who was captured by the Indians in Maryland, when she was four years old. He procured her release by paying them two hundred dollars. Several children were born to them there. Subsequently the entire family were taken prisoners by the Chippewas and conveyed to the home of the Indians on Clinton river. The children were separated from the family, and scattered among the various tribes, until the advent of the Moravians, through whose influence they were gathered together and made their home on the opposite bank of the river from the mission. Here their youngest child, Susanna, was born on the 16th of December, 1783, and was baptized on the 21st of the same month by the Moravian ministers. She became the wife of Elisha Harrington, who came in possession of the Moravian estate, where she died in 1848. Mr. Connor died here in 1808. The place is known as the Welts farm, and is a portion of private claim No. 693, granted to William Connor, son of Richard Connor. Harry Connor, a son of Richard was a member from Wayne county in the second and third legislative councils, convened at Detroit, 1827–8.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Perhaps no historical event in the entire northwest pertaining to the early pioneers of this section, furnishes a more interesting sketch than that of William Tucker. A volume might be written portraying in vivid colors the place of his birth, the capture and massacre of his father's family by the savages, their sparing the lives of the two boys, Joseph and William, their journey from thence to the far distant wilds of New France, the life he led there, the part he played to thwart the scheme of Pontiac to massacre the garrison at Detroit, his visit to the home of his childhood in Virginia, his marriage, return and settlement on Clinton river, where many of his descendants now live, and covering that period of time that brought forth events so vital in American history, the French and Indian war, the American revolution and the early settlement of the northwest.

During the French and Indian wars the Chippewas who inhabited

this section of the State made incursions upon the frontier settlements. In one of their raids they surprised a family by the name of Tucker near Stoverstown, in Virginia. They were engaged harvesting wheat. The father was shot off from a load of grain, and two boys, Joseph and William made captives and brought to the home of the savages on Clinton river. When grown to manhood they visited their Virginia home but soon returned and engaged in fur trading. On one of their trips Joseph and a companion was lost. Two skeletons were found afterwards by the Indians on an island in the northern part of lake Huron. These remains were believed to have been those of the unfortunate men. At the time of their capture William was eleven years old. Joseph was older. This occurred in 1753. Previous to siege of Detroit by Pontiac, the Indians had gathered there in large numbers and were encamped on the outskirts of the town, among which were the tribe and family to which William belonged. As they were on friendly terms with the garrison, William seeing an opportunity to earn some money, was employed by the commandant of the fort, Major Gladwyn. The day before the outbreak he was visiting the family to which he belonged, intending to go on a hunting trip. He asked a brother Indian to go but he refused. He told them that he was intending to cross the river where the general camp of the Indians was to get some moccasins being made for him by a squaw famous for her skill in that line; on the next morning, as he left to go to the fort his Indian sister followed him, beseeching him to go on his hunting trip giving him some moccasins she had made. His suspicions were aroused, and questioning her, she made known to him what she had learned of Pontiac's conspiracy. Mr. Tucker returned to the fort and made known to Major Gladwyn what he had learned. History relates the sequel. This is the foundation of the historical romance of the Indian maiden whose affection for the commandant prompted her to make known to him the impending plot.

Several years after this event Mr. Tucker returned to Virginia and married at Stoverstown, Catherine Heyel, August 8, 1773. He returned to Detroit and lived there, and in the vicinity, during the revolutionary war. He was employed by the English as an interpreter in their intercourse with the Indians. He could speak many Indian dialects and was a man of much influence with them. He was regarded as a particular friend of the red man, and was ever watchful of attempted frauds upon those with whom he had been associated in earlier years. The Chippewa chiefs on the part of their people, rewarded him for his kindness by executing to him a deed in the name of their tribe on

the 22d of September, 1780, of lands lying between Lake St. Clair, the Huron river and the River Väse. The deed is written upon parchment, and was drawn by T. Williams at Detroit. The chiefs signed it by drawing in ink their signatures represented one by a turtle, another a crow, and others in similar symbols. This deed was not signed by the British governor of Canada, and was not regarded as proof of title by the United States. Mr. Tucker obtained title to his lands by occupancy and settlement. This Indian deed is now in possession of one of Mr. Tucker's grandchildren, William Tucker, living on these lands. It is nicely framed and adorns a room at his residence near Mt. Clemens.

At the close of the war Mr. Tucker made preparation to settle upon his lands on the Huron river. He built a large double house of hewn logs one and a half stories in height, capable of containing his large increasing family, his grains, etc. Having prepared his home he brought his family thither from Detroit in the spring of 1784, and at once commenced the clearing up and the cultivation of a large farm. He raised tobacco in sufficient quantities for himself, neighbors and especially the Indians, who were ever fond of the weed. Mr. Tucker was conversant with its culture and modes of preparation, and made a superb article of plug tobacco much to the delight of his Indian friends with whom he freely shared the article.

At the time of Mr. Tucker's marriage in Virginia, on his return, he brought with him a family of slaves, consisting of father, mother and several children. These were brought to his farm on Clinton river, and doubtless aided much in clearing the land and tilling the soil. In course of time these negroes were enticed from Mr. Tucker's home by prominent citizens of Detroit. They made their escape, fording Clinton river where Messrs. Breitmeyers' flower gardens are located near the Grand Trunk railway bridge, thence to Detroit and into Canada. One of them eventually returned and settled near Pontiac in Oakland county.

Mr. Tucker planted a large orchard of apple trees, some French pears and an abundance of cherries and small fruits. This orchard was the only source of supply to any extent to the early settlers of Macomb county. The fruit grown there was celebrated for soundness and fine flavor. Twenty-five cents per bushel was the price ordinarily paid. Mr. Tucker reared a family of six boys and one daughter, who married Robert Little, a pioneer. The sons were named William, Henry, John, Jacob, Edward and Charles, who were all located near, Charles retaining the homestead. Jacob Tucker was a member from Macomb county

in the first constitutional convention convened at Detroit, May 11, 1835.

John Tucker was a member of the first convention of assent convened at Ann Arbor, September 26, 1836.

John Tucker was the first white male child born in Macomb county, which occurred in 1784. Susanna Connor being the first child born in the county, December 16, 1783.

CHRISTIAN CLEMENS.

Christian Clemens, the founder of the city of Mt. Clemens, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, January 30, 1768. He came to Detroit in 1795. In 1798 he removed to Clinton river, where he purchased a tract of land, built a dwelling house, and carried on a store. He laid out the village of Mt. Clemens in 1818. He was Colonel of militia, and held the offices of county judge and judge of probate. Immediately after the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, Mr. Clemens was made prisoner by the British, and confined there until the place was re-taken by the Americans. Judge Clemens was very influential in the promotion of the settlement in this county, and hospitably entertained many of the early pioneers. His death occurred August 25, 1844.

JOHN STOCKTON.

Among the first settlers of Mt. Clemens was John Stockton, coming there in 1817. He erected the first frame building in that town. Mr. Stockton was very generous, and frequently aided poor settlers who were without the common necessities of life. Provisions were frequently meted out—sometimes a cow was given to gladden the heart of a deserving settler. He was the first county clerk and register of deeds in this county. Mr. Stockton was also a member of the territorial councils in all the sessions but one, from 1824 to 1835. At the outbreak of the rebellion he raised the eighth cavalry regiment which he conducted to the seat of war. He also served as an officer in the war of 1812. He died in Mt. Clemens, November 21, 1878, aged eighty-eight years.

JOHN CONNOR.

John Connor settled on Clinton river previous to the war of 1812. He died at Romeo, aged ninety-two years. Mr. Connor was a native of Maryland. His son Henry was born on the homestead in 1818. Henry Connor is the proprietor of the Sherman house, Mt. Clemens, postoffice address, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

PRIVATE CLAIMS.

These are the first lands in possession of the whites in this county. The following is a list of the names of such lands in 1808, and were either actual settlers of such, or had acquired rights thereto by purchase. By the records given before the government commission (Peter Audrain, James Abbott and Stanley Griswold). Nicholas Patenaude was the first white settler in Macomb county, who claimed to having improved private claim No. 273, in 1758:

Private claim No. 129, to James Connor.
Private claim No. 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, to Joseph Campau.
Private claim No. 136, to James Connor.
Private claim No. 137, to widow and heirs of Richard Connor.
Private claim No. 139, to Henry Connor.
Private claim No. 140, to Joseph Robertjean.
Private claim No. 141, to Christian Clemens.
Private claim No. 144, to John Tucker.
Private claim No. 145, to Edward Tucker.
Private claim No. 146, to William Tucker.
Private claim No. 147, to Catherine Tucker in trust for Jacob and Charles Tucker, heirs of William Tucker, deceased.
Private claim No. 148, to Phillis Peltier.
Private claim No. 149, to Jean Baptiste Pare.
Private claim No. 150, to Francis St Aubin.
Private claim No. 151, to Francis St. Aubin.
Private claim No. 157, to Francis Ambroise.
Private claim No. 156, to Jean Baptiste Vernier.
Private claim No. 199, to Francis Tremble.
Private claim No. 162, to Jean Marsac.
Private claim No. 163, to Jean Baptiste Nantay.
Private claim No. 164, to Joseph Mitresse.
Private claim No. 165, to Joseph Dube.
Private claim No. 167, to Joseph Rowe.
Private claim No. 168, to Louis Campau.
Private claim No. 170, to Jean Baptiste Vernier.
Private claim No. 172, to John Askin.
Private claim No. 173, to James Abbott.
Private claim No. 174, to Jacob Thomas' widow and heirs.
Private claim No. 175, to Louis Petit.
Private claim No. 176, to Pierre Phenix.
Private claim No. 183, to Laurent Griffard.

Private claim No. 184, to Jacques Allard.
Private claim Nos. 192 and 193, to Meldrum & Parke.
Private claim Nos. 194 and 195, to Michael Tremble.
Private claim Nos. 196 and 197, to heirs of Jacob Hill.
Private claim No. 207, to Laurent Maure.
Private claim No. 213, to Nicholas Chapaton.
Private claim No 219, to Pierre Griffard.
Private claim No. 222, to Antoine Reneau.
Private claim No. 224, to Jacques Allard.
Private claim No. 225, to Michael Duchesne.
Private claim No. 220, to Joseph Robertjean.
Private claim No. 231, to Alexander Grant.
Private claim No. 338, to Louis Chapaton.
Private claim Nos. 239 and 240, to Jean Baptiste Marsac.
Private claim No. 242, to Robert Robertjean.
Private claim No. 243, to Jean Beaubien.
Private claim No. 249, to Francis Bonome.
Private claim No. 250, to Nicholas Patenaude, Jr.
Private claim No. 261, to heirs of Jean Baptiste Creque.
Private claim No. 262, to Meldrum & Parke.
Private claim No. 256, to William Connor.
Private claim No. 272, to heirs of Wm. Robertson.
Private claim No. 273, to Nicholas Patenaude, Sr.
Private claim No. 276, to Julian Furton.
Private claim No. 277, to Charles Chovin.
Private claim No. 316, to Louis Le Duc.
Private claim No. 389, to Joseph Campau.
Private claim No. 320, to Jean Baptiste St. Laurent.
Private claim No. 343, to Pierre Yacques.
Private claim No. 502, to Rene Marsac.
Private claim No. 505, to Jean Baptiste Petit.
Private claim No. 541, to James Connor and Christian Clemens.
Private claim No. 542, to Christian Clemens.
Private claim No. 545, to Joseph Campau.
Private claim No. 546, to Henry Connor.
Private claim No. 564, to Jean Baptiste Rivard.
Private claim No. 565, to Etienne Socier.
Private claim No. 585, to Joseph Socier.
Private claim No. 599, to heirs of James Abbott.
Private claim No. 603, to Cecille Campau.
Private claim No. 604, to Joseph Campau.

Private claim No. 605, to Pierre Mayet's heirs.
Private claim No. 610, to John Connor.
Private claim No. 613, to Francis Marsac.
Private claim No. 614, to Captain Marsac.
Private claim No. 616, to Nicholas Campau.
Private claim No. 626, to Christian Clemens.
Private claim No. 628, to Margaret Connor, widow of Richard Connor.
Private claim No. 630, to Baptiste Socier.
Private claim No. 633, to Joseph Campau.
Private claim No. 693, to William Connor.
Private claim No. 695, to Ambrose Tremble's heirs.
Private claim No. 668, to William Ancram.
Private claim No. 736, to Joseph Laurent.

PLACES OF SETTLEMENT.

The first settlers in Macomb county were located in town two north, range fourteen east (Harrison), and town one north, range thirteen east (Erin). These townships were settled between the dates 1758 and 1800 by the French and the Tucker family.

Town two north, range thirteen east (Clinton), follows closely in order of settlement, 1782 to 1800 by the Moravians and Judge Clemens, also the French. Towns three, four and five, range twelve east (Shelby, Washington and Bruce), were settled in 1820 to 1825 by people from New York state, Vermont and othern eastern states. This class also settled towns three, four and five, range thirteen east, in 1830 and 1835. A few had settled in town three, before this date, among whom were Harvey Cook, Charles Crittenden, Aaron Conklin and Benjamin Gamber.

Towns three, four and five, range fourteen east, were settled at this time and by like class of settlers, although town three, Chesterfield, had French settlers at an early date, 1796 and previous. Towns one and two, range twelve east, were settled by people from the east from 1825 to 1835, but largely by Germans in 1845.

NAMES OF FIRST SETTLERS.

Horace H. Cady born at Hadley, Windham county, Conn., 1801, died in 1887. Came to Mt. Clemens in 1821, removed to his farm in Macomb township in 1837 where he died. His wife was Susan E. Connor, daughter of Henry Connor born in Detroit in 1806.

Chauncey G. Cady, brother of Horace H. Cady, born in 1803. He is now living in Detroit. Mr. Cady came to Mt. Clemens, in 1820,

lived there a few years, then removed to a farm in Clinton and Sterling townships until recently selling his farm. Mr. Cady, next to Hiram Squiers, is the oldest living pioneer in this county.

Thomas Ashley came to Mt. Clemens in 1820, removing from Batavia, N. Y. He built the first hotel in Mt. Clemens.

Richard Butler is an old resident of Mt. Clemens coming there in 1827. He was born in Canada in 1797, is now living on the old homestead one mile south of the city.

Jesse O. Ferris, born in New York state in 1800, removed to Michigan in 1831, and located his farm on section one, town two north, range thirteen east, in 1833 where he now lives.

James C. Edgerly, born in Mass., in 1791, came to Michigan in 1822, first located eighty acres on section thirty, town three north, range fourteen east in this year, thence to section one in Clinton, where he died in 1851.

Robert P. Eldredge was born in Washington county, New York, 1808, and died several years ago. Mr. Eldredge was the first lawyer in this county, having established business here in 1827. He was Secretary of State four years, was State senator at the first session in Lansing in 1847-48. He married Louisa Crittenden in 1831.

Edward C. Gallup, born in Connecticut in 1814, came to Mt. Clemens in 1834, and died in 1878. Was married in 1838 to Eliza, daughter of Judge Clemens.

Lemuel Sackett, born in Massachusetts in 1808, removed to Clinton township in 1829, where he cleared up a fine farm, died in Mt. Clemens in 1882.

John A. Sanders, born in Washington county, Rhode Island, in 1806, moved to Macomb county in 1836, located and improved the east one-half of southwest quarter section thirty-three, town four north, range fourteen east (Lenox). He was a ship carpenter, and worked at his trade much of the time at Mt. Clemens. He was married in 1828 to Lavina Crandall.

Horace Stevens, born in 1799, in Connecticut, came to Macomb county in 1833, and settled in Clinton township, near the site of the Moravian mission. He died in 1849.

Emery Trufant, born in Massachusetts in 1814, came to Mt. Clemens in 1835, lived on a farm one mile below, where he died in 1874.

Asahel Bailey, born in 1789, in Connecticut, married Cynthia Freeman in 1819, moved to Macomb county in 1821, settled at Indian village, now called Romeo, where he died in 1862.

Chauncey Bailey, born in Connecticut in 1797, came to Macomb

county, settling at Romeo in 1821. His daughter, born February 27, 1822, was the first white child born in the township of Bruce. Mr. Bailey died in Minnesota in 1880.

Jesse Bishop, born in 1803 in New York, removed to Macomb county in 1831, locating one hundred and sixty acres of land in Bruce township.

Martin Buzzell was born in Lower Canada in 1811, came to Romeo, Macomb county in 1831, where he now resides.

Orsel Dudley was born in East Bloomfield, New York in 1800, came to Macomb county in 1830, and located in Washington township, dying there in 1880.

Stephen H. Fitch, born at Kinderhook, Columbia county, New York, 1807. He settled in Washington township, Macomb county, in 1831.

Daniel Miller was born in Madison county, New York, in 1798. He settled in Washington township, Macomb county in 1822, living there ten years, removing thence to Macomb township, where he lived thirty years, removing to Romeo in 1867, where he died in 1889.

Freedom Monroe was born in Dutchess county, New York in 1796. In 1824 he came to Macomb county, and located one hundred and sixty acres of land in Bruce township. He died in Livingston connty in 1889. Mr. Monroe's father was a soldier of the revolution, who died in Howell, Livingston county, Michigan, in 1853, aged ninety-six years.

Dexter Mussey, born in Massachusetts in 1811, and settled in Romeo in 1837, was a member of the legislature from 1854 to 1862, serving as speaker the sessions of 1861-62.

Aaron B. Rawles came to Romeo, Macomb county, in 1834. He was born in 1812 in New York. Mr. Rawles was a hardware merchant. He died in 1872.

James Starkweather, born in Connecticut in 1801, came to Macomb county in 1825, locating one hundred and sixty acres of land in Bruce, where he died in 1873.

James Thorington, a native of Rhode Island, settled in Shelby, Macomb county in 1818. The next year he moved to Washington township, where he died in 1836.

John R. Turrell, born in Pennsylvania in 1811, came to Michigan, locating eighty acres of land in Washington township in 1831.

Nathan Adams was born in New Hampshire in 1809, moved to Macomb in 1834, locating one hundred and sixty acres in Armada township, where he died in 1872.

Seth Aldrich, born in Massachusetts in 1804, removed to Macomb

county in 1833, locating one hundred and sixty acres, section nine, Armada township.

Ebenezer Brooks, born in 1809 in Vermont, located eighty acres of land on section seven, Lenox township, in 1834.

Elijah Burk, born in New York in 1807, moved to Macomb in 1833, settling the land where the village of Armada now stands. He died in 1848.

Norman Burk, a brother of Elijah, settled in the center of Armada township in 1831.

Nathaniel Carter, born in Massachusetts in 1806, came to Macomb county in 1831, locating eighty acres in section thirty-four, Armada township.

Philip C. Cudworth, born in New York in 1811, came to Macomb county in 1835, locating on section thirty-four, Richmond township.

Daniel Draper, born in Vermont in 1778, moved to Macomb county in 1831, locating land in Armada, where he died in 1860.

Charles Farrar, born in New Hampshire in 1796, locating land on section thirty, Armada, Macomb county, in 1832. He died in 1863.

James Flower, born in 1808, moved to Macomb county in 1834, kept store at Armada three years. In 1838 bought one hundred and twenty acres of land in Richmond township, which he occupied until 1874. Mr. Flower was a member of legislature in 1849.

Morey Harrington, born in Vermont in 1794, moved on section thirty, Armada township, Macomb county, in 1839. He died in 1859.

Smith Holmes, born in New York, 1811, came to Armada, Macomb county, in 1834. He died in 1876.

Oratus Hulett, born in Vermont in 1800, located government land on section twenty, Armada township, in 1836, where he died in 1876.

Norman Perry, born in New York in 1796, came to Macomb in 1824, located land on the branch in Armada, where he lived till his death in 1880. His wife was the daughter of Capt. David Scott, the first settler in Clinton county, Michigan.

Anson Pettibone, born in Vermont in 1794, located six hundred and twenty acres of land near the village of Armada, in 1831, at which place he died in 1864.

Ira Phillips, born in New York in 1802, located one hundred and sixty acres on section nineteen, Armada, Macomb county, in 1831, where he died in 1855.

John L. Proctor, born in New Hampshire in 1799, located lands on section thirty-one, Armada, Macomb county, in 1824, being the first land purchased from the government in that township.

Nathan Rowley, born in 1802, located land on sections seven and eight, Armada, in 1831. He died in 1881.

Alvah Sibley, born in Massachusetts in 1796, removed to Macomb county in 1835, locating land on section twenty-five, Armada. Mr. Sibley died in 1870.

Ira Spencer a native of Spencer township, New York, located in Armada in 1839, where he died in 1876, aged eighty-five years.

Iddo Warner, born in Vermont in 1796, came to Macomb county in 1824, settling first in Washington township where he lived three years, thence to section thirty-one, Armada, where he died in 1852.

Charles Wells settled in Washington township in 1828, thence to section eight, Armada, where he died in 1844.

Ira H. Butterfield, born in 1812 in New York, located land on section thirty-two, town of Shelby in 1838. In 1866 he removed to Lapeer.

Rev. John Cannon, born in Massachusetts in 1808, moved to Macomb county, in 1838. Mr. Cannon located near Ypsitanti, Washtenaw county, in 1831. He was a Christian minister. In 1834 he sold his home at Ypsilanti moving to Royal Oak. He traveled a circuit comprising Wayne, Lapeer, Macomb and part of Washtenaw counties. Mr. Cannon has experienced the trials and hardships incident to pioneer life, and is now enjoying serene old age at his home in Shelby.

Elam Chapin, a native of New York, born 1811, came to Macomb in 1832, purchased ninety acres of land. He died in 1866.

Sylvester Darling, native of New York, birth occurred 1785, came to Macomb in 1823, locating on section four, Shelby.

Jesse Gillett, born in New York, 1810, located 120 acres on section twenty-one, town fourteen, Shelby.

Orrin Goff, of New York, settled in Shelby, in 1837.

Lyman T. Jenney, physician, born in Vermont in 1798, located at Utica, Macomb county, in 1830, locating part at Washington in 1826, being the first regular practicing physician in Macomb county. He died in 1859.

Peter D. Lerich, born in New Jersey in 1810, removed to Macomb county in 1835.

Payne K. Leach, born in New York, 1809, came to Macomb in 1829, located lands in 1836.

Joel W. Manly, born in Vermont in 1810, came to Macomb in 1834, locating land on section eight, Macomb township. He died in 1878.

Orestus Millard, born in New York in 1808. Came to Macomb in 1823, locating land in Shelby in 1827.

Isaac Monfore, born in New York in 1803, came to Macomb in 1828, locating one hundred and sixty acres in Ray township. In 1831, located one hundred and sixty acres on sections ten and fifteen, Shelby.

Ira Preston, born in Connecticut in 1785, came to Macomb in 1826, locating three hundred and twenty acres in sections one, two and thirteen, Shelby. He died 1872.

Nathaniel Squier, born in Vermont, 1752, came to Macomb county from Canada in 1817. He located six hundred and forty acres, section twenty-eight, Shelby, where he died in 1832. His son Hiram was born in Canada in 1806. Hiram located one hundred and twenty acres in section thirty-four, Shelby in 1831. Mr. Squier attended the first town meeting held in Shelby in 1827, attended the first English school in 1819, and helped to build the first three houses in Shelby. He is the oldest pioneer in this county dating from 1817 to 1890.

Abel Warren, born in Washington county, New York, 1789, served in the war of 1812, severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Queenstown Heights, was paroled and sent home. Married Sarah Hooker of Vermont. Moved to Michigan in 1820, buying eighty acres near Pontiac, sold it and in 1824 moved to section four, Shelby township, Macomb county, where he lived and died. Mr. Warren was a M. E. minister, and was the first man licensed to preach in the territory of Michigan. He preached at more funerals and married more couples than any other minister in Macomb county. He died in 1862.

David Wilcox, born in Connecticut in 1789, came to Macomb in 1831, settling in Shelby on a farm of one hundred and seventy-eight acres. Mr. Wilcox is deceased.

James Williams, a pioneer of Mt. Clemens, a merchant tailor, located there in 1832, born in Canada in 1807.

William Cooley and Samuel Cooley, natives of Vermont, located in Bruce in 1832.

Albert Edgett and Peter Edgett of New York, came to Bruce in 1827, locating eighty acres on section thirty-six.

Thomas Eldred of New York, located in Bruce in 1836, purchasing his land of government. Cornelius Everett from Connecticut, located in Macomb county in 1834. Suel Hovey located in this county in 1826; William Miller, 1833; Abijah Owen, 1825; Heman Palmerlee, 1832; James Parker, 1832; Abram Powell, 1826; Hiram Sherman, 1836; Samuel B. Spencer, 1834; John Townsend, 1832; Ezra Wood, 1836; Elisha L. Atkins, 1831.

Calvin Davis, born 1793, in Massachusetts, came to Macomb county in 1824, in Shelby township, thence in 1832 to Macomb township,

where he died in 1870. He held many offices of public trust, was a man well known in eastern Michigan, and highly respected.

John Garvin, a native of Vermont, located the southwest quarter of section two, Macomb township.

Lester Giddings of New York, born 1792, settled in Washington township in 1823, thence to Macomb in 1825, dying in 1879.

John Norton, a native of New Jersey, born in 1776, located in Macomb in 1834, and died in 1861.

George Stroup of Pennsylvania, located in Macomb in 1834, and died in 1858. His sons, George, Jacob and Daniel, also were pioneers, locating land in this county.

John Whitney, Samuel Whitney and Jesse and Isaac Whitney located here in 1834.

Charles Crittenden, Aaron Conkling, and Benjamin Gamber located in Macomb about the year 1826.

Erastus M. Beebe and Alexander Beebe located in about 1832, being the site of the village of Richmond, Macomb county.

Hiram Burk located lands in 1833.

Chauncey Church of Vermont, located in Macomb in 1834.

Erastus Day of Massachusetts, in 1826.

William E. Fenner in 1836.

Daniel Flagler in 1836.

Daniel Hall of Connecticut, in 1835.

John Hicks of New York, in 1836.

John Keeler of New York, in 1826.

George Perkins of New York, in 1831.

Felix Randall of New York, in 1835.

Oel Rix of Vermont, in 1835.

David Stone of Massachusetts, in 1836.

Elon Andrus of Vermont, in 1822.

Thomas Brabb of England, in 1832.

Dr. Dennis Cooley, a pioneer physician of Macomb county, was born in Massachusetts in 1789, located in Washington township in 1827, where he died in 1860.

Benjamin Crissman of New Jersey, in 1833.

Jonas Crissman, of New Jersey, in 1836.

William Eaton of Connecticut, in 1837.

Ephraim Graves of Vermont, in 1827.

Benjamin Haines of New York, in 1832.

Elias Hall of New Hampshire, in 1832.

James Hazard of Massachusetts, in 1823.

Gurdon Hovey, born in 1779, located on section two, Washington township, in 1825.

John Inman of New York, in 1831.

Wm. Inwood of England, in 1837.

Henry Jersey of New York, in 1823.

Richard Jersey of New York, in 1824.

Nathan Keeler of New York, in 1833.

Otis Lamb of Massachusetts, in 1824.

Jeremiah Lockwood of New York, in 1822.

Henry Moyers of New York, in 1825.

Jefferson Nye of New York, in 1824.

James H. Rose, born in New York in 1797, came to Michigan in 1826, locating eighty acres on section twenty-six, Washington township. His death occurred in 1889. Silas Scott of Canada, in 1824. Marvil Shaw of New York, in 1833. Joseph Sykes of New York, in 1831. Elisha Smith of New Jersey, in 1836, Azariah W. Sterling of New York, born in 1797, an early pioneer. Ralph Bunyon, in 1834. Henry Shetterly in 1832. James B. St. John in 1830. David Stickney, in 1831. Almond D. Jenney of Vermont, in 1836. Enoch Crawford, in 1834. Joseph Chubb settled in section twenty-two, range seven, in 1825, and died in 1839.

The following are names of pioneers coming to this county at an early date, being first land buyers and improving the same. Benjamin Freeman, Moses Freeman, Andrew Still, Zebulon Hayden, John Coombs, Michael Bowerman, John Chapman, a celebrated mathematician, author of Ostrander's arithmetic. Wm. A. Burt, inventor of the solar compass. Aaron Stone, Aden Taft, John Gass, Sr., Duncan, John, William and Nelson Gass, Bissell Robinson, John Dicken, John Rose, Benjamin Miller, Zelotes Stone, Heman Nye, Josiah T. Robinson, Leonard Lee, Daniel Remington, Isaac Stone Robert Warner, William Warner, Reuben Warner, Major Webster, William Willey, John Teller, Russell Roberts, John Goodell, Austin Holdridge, Nelson Holdridge, Daniel Bennett, D. S. Priest, Ebenezer De Groff, Havilah Wade, John Hall, Isaac Hall, Zephaniah Campbell, Zephaniah Davison, Luther Fisher, John Church, Wesley Lewis, Wm. Maxwell, Eben Carl, Isaac Eustis, Benjamin Hockwell, Gabriel Case, Thomas F. Dryer, Benj. Haight, John Crawford, James Jones, Parley Howard, Elias H. Rice, Ebenezer Hilliard, George Patterson, C. C. Douglas, Hiram Atwood, John Crandall, Justus R. Crandall, Samuel P. Canfield, William Canfield, Josiah Richardson, Hiram Haskins, Aden Granger, Zara Granger, Amgrad Granger, Jacob A. Crawford, James Thomp-

son, Nathaniel Thompson, David Crawford, John Woodard, James P. Light, John Denison, Archibald Corey, Sterling Case, Alanson Flower, Ebenezer Brooks, Abner Stevens, Phineas D. Pelton, Richard D. Bailey, Silas Leonard, Mason Harris, Oliver Harris, Israel Dryer, Simon Miller, Jacob E. Hall, Carlos W. Brown, A. L. Rich, Leander Mellen, Sullivan Farrar, Robert S. Crawford, Silas Halsey, Thaddeus Hazelton, Edward Arnold, located two hundred and forty acres, section fifteen, town four north, range fourteen east.

The first entry of public land made in Macomb county was by Fabian Robertjean, being the west half of the southeast quarter of section eleven, township three north, range fourteen east, on August 28, 1820. James C. Edgerly made the second entry, in 1822, of land in section thirty, same township. This township (Chesterfield) was surveyed February 20, 1818. Private claims Nos. 192 and 193, granted to Meldrum & Parke, were granted October 25, 1808, and were surveyed July 24, 1810. Private claim No. 343, granted to Pierre Yax, November 8, 1808.

Chesterfield, originally a part of Macomb township, was detached therefrom in 1842. Some of the first settlers were: Pierre Yax, 1796, in private claim 343, tenants of Meldrum & Parke, on private claims Nos. 192, 193 and 342, also at the salt springs on section eleven. Antoine Rivard entered the southeast fractional quarter section twenty-two, September 24, 1824. Michael Rivard made entry of land November 8, 1824. David Meldrum, settled on Private claim 192, given by his father (three hundred acres) in 1825. James Meldrum and George Meldrum, Jr., occupied portions of these private claims. Fabian Robertjean, born on Clinton river in 1800, settled in 1820. James C. Edgerly was the first English speaking settler in 1822. Joshua C. Parker, a native of Putney, Vermont, born in 1806, located the east one-half of northeast quarter section eighteen, August 28, 1833. He died in 1860.

Richard Nelson, Samuel Shattuck, Daniel Shattuck, John Crittenden, Jesse Goodsell, Adolphus Richards, Ezekiel De Forest, Samuel De-Forest, James Hart, Charles D. Cooley, Cyrus B. Simmons, Aden Granger, Elihu White, Robert S. Crawford, Rensselaer Seaman, Benajah Maynard, Peter Hart, Samuel Farr, John Lusk, Benjamin T. Castle, Zalmon H. Gray, Samuel Richardson, Robert Kirkham, Charles B. Matthews, James W. Proper, Benjamin Avery, John Herriman, Joseph Herriman, Wm. O. Bement, Ezra Wood, Robert O. Milton, Joseph Milton, John Fairchild, Stephen Fairchild, James P. Deitz, Elisha Weller, John Hill, Robert W. Knight, William Keivley, German Burgess. Wm. T. Little, Cortez P. Hooker, Wm. W. Parker, Dennis

Furton, Louis La Forge, Dominique Furton, Leon C. Rivard, Abram Rivard, Leonard Delona, Isaac Delona, Richard Warwick, James Randall, Cornelius Baldwin, Robert Douglas, Peter L. Shook, Chester Hart, Roswell Green.

All these were men who began life here in the wilderness, developed the resources therein, contributed so largely the wealth and prosperity of Macomb county.

Milton, February, 19, 1890.

SHORT HISTORY OF BENZIE COUNTY.

BY CHARLES BURMEISTER, OF FRANKFORT.

Benzie county is bounded on the south by Manistee county, on the west by Lake Michigan, on the east by Grand Traverse county, and north by Leelanaw county and Lake Michigan. It is composed of townships twenty-five, twenty-six, and twenty-seven north, and ranges thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen west.

The soil is similar to all that in northern Michigan; sandy gravelly clay, and black loam, which varies in localities. Timber heavy, and mostly hardwood.

FIRST WHITE MEN.

The Jesuit Missionary, "Jacques Marquette" was perhaps the first white man who landed in Benzie county, at the mouth of the Aux-Becs Scies river, where Frankfort now stands.

It seems that Marquette arrived at the present site of Chicago in 1674, early in December. He was in poor health caused by exposure, and was suffering with a cough which later on terminated in consumption; he spent the winter in a hut on the south branch of Chicago river until March 30, when he left with some fellow voyagers and reached the present site of Frankfort, May 18, 1675, where he died the same day and was buried there, after a number of years his remains were taken to St. Ignace and are now at Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

It is possible that La Salle also camped here with his men in 1679. Charlevoix also came to the present site of Frankfort and visited Marquette's grave in 1744.

BENZIE'S PIONEERS.

The township in which Frankfort is situated is named Crystal Lake township, being town twenty-six north of range sixteen west. The United States government in 1838 sent Mr. Alvin Burt, a deputy surveyor to survey out this region. In his field notes are mentioned the following: "The small lake at the mouth of the river Aux Becs Scies (meaning river to the bill of the spoonbill) is deep and would make a commodious harbor for lake vessels, should the mouth of the river be improved. On the north side is a beautiful situation for a small town."

Joseph Olliver, born in Pennsylvania in 1820, removed to Manitou Island, Manistee and various points along the shore, is said to be the first settler in Benzie county. He followed trapping and fishing. He built the first house in Frankfort, close by the historical burial spot of Father Marquette, some time in the forties.

BENZIE'S BEGINNING.

The government in 1850 (or about that time), sent Mr. Orange Risdon to re-examine the surveys in this section; he came to this place, the locality known as Betsey river, and found Joseph Olliver living in his rude dwelling near the mouth of the river (directly south, opposite the street from where the Park House now stands). Olliver was then owner of fourteen acres of land (a fraction). He sold his land to Risdon, who it seems had great faith in the future as a good point for a village site.

The original land entries show Joseph Olliver fourteen acres on the north side. Sally Risdon located half of northwest quarter of section twenty-two. Orange Risdon also located land on south side of river.

In 1853, Sally Risdon located thirty-five acres on Betsey lake, and in 1856, John Robarge (a French-Canadian) purchased lots one and three of section thirty-four.

In 1859, Joseph Olliver located lot five. During this time fishermen and trappers were beginning to locate here. It seems that the Risdons never resided here, only held it for speculation.

THE FIRST SAIL CRAFT ENTERS FRANKFORT HARBOR.

A rather peculiar incident brought Frankfort to the notice of "out-

siders." Mr George W. Tifft a wealthy vessel owner of Buffalo, sent his vessel on a trip to Chicago, in the season of 1854. We cannot ascertain the name of the craft, but she was commanded by Captain Snow. This craft was caught in a terrible gale abreast of this place, in a west gale, and became nearly unmanageable, and was drifting towards the beach, which meant loss of vessel and passengers' lives. The mouth of the Betsey river was seen between the opening of green timber growing on both sides, and knowing that his craft was fated anyway, Captain Snow ordered all sails hoisted, and headed her for the mouth of the river, taking his chances of grounding on the bar. But fortunately the water was of sufficient depth to float his craft and she sailed safely into the river, and escaped the onslaught of the gale, and this was the first vessel to enter Frankfort harbor.

When the storm abated the vessel left for Chicago, thence to Buffalo. Mr. Tifft learning of the splendid location, determined to start a business opening there, and bought all of Mr. Risdon's land, and made other large purchases of government lands in 1857. Mr. George S. Frost of Detroit, Ransom Gardner and others purchased all of Mr. Tifft's land, and began

THE FIRST ACTUAL SETTLEMENT.

The place, as I have before stated, was then known as Betsey river, or Point Betsey, but was now named "Frankfort on the Lake."

Previous to this a man named Averill had a saw-mill at Herring creek at mouth of that river, and engaged in shipping lumber to Chicago. The schooner N. C. Walton was engaged to carry this lumber.

There was also a postoffice there, Herring Creek postoffice, the first in this section.

FRANKFORT, MICHIGAN.

Frankfort postoffice was established in 1860, Wm. H. Coggshall, postmaster. L. A. Danby was next postmaster until discontinued.

Reëstablished about 1867, with N. W. Nelson, postmaster. He carried the mail on foot from Benzonia. In May, 1869, John B. Collins, druggist, was appointed postmaster by republican party and held it uninterrupted until 1886. Chas. Burmeister was appointed postmaster by the democratic party in July, 1886, and held the position from August 12, 1886, until August 31, 1889, in the meantime the republicans were again in power, and on September 1, 1889, Aug. Schmidt took charge and is the present incumbent. On January 1, 1890, Frankfort received daily mail by railroad.

The lighthouse at Point Betsey, four miles north of Frankfort, was built in 1855, and one authority states that in 1858, three families were at the mouth of Betsey river, the light keeper at the point, and the Herring Creek settlement was all that comprised the present Benzie county.

BENZONIA.

An Ohio colony named "Christian colony an institution of learning in northern Michigan," organized by Chas. E. Bailey, John Bailey, James F. Bailey, Lorenzo Bailey, H. C. Bailey, H. A. Wolcott, R. A. Severance, A. D. Barber, C. T. Camis, J. B. Walker and Chas. Burr were the organizers. During the winter of 1857, John Bailey was sent to spy out lands for the new colony and came to Crystal lake. His report seemed to please and in the spring of 1858, Mr. Chas. E. Bailey and family and Chas. Burr and two sons came and located their new sites. In October, 1858, a party of about a dozen landed at the mouth of Betsey river, it being near midnight they found shelter with some French families, Wm. Robar, John Greenwood and Frank Martin, who had settled there. It took them three days to reach Benzonia. There being no roads they ascended the river with boats. Benzonia now 1890, is the county seat, has a college and a flourishing village of about three hundred inhabitants. Many of the old settlers are still living there.

The first wedding in Benzonia occurred in June, 1860, between H. Marsh and Emily Burr. The Herring Creek postoffice was removed to Benzonia, and name changed in 1859. John Bailey was the first postmaster; he was succeeded in 1875 by W. S. Hubbell who held it only a short time. The next was D. B. Spencer; next Mr. —— Smith; next Edson Packard; next Gilbert Hopkins, the present incumbent, 1890.

The Congregational church in Benzonia was organized June 8, 1860. The Methodist church there in 1881. The first store by Bailey & Metcalf in 1863. The college was dedicated September 19, 1869. The first paper in Benzonia, 1870, called Benzonia Citizen, by J. B. Walker. It lived two years, followed in 1872 by Benzie County Journal and ceased in 1883. The Benzie Banner, E. D. Foster editor, established in 1888. The first grist-mill in a log building with single run of stones was placed in operation at Benzonia in 1863. Roads to Bear Lake and Manistee were cut through the woods in the winter of 1862, and in the autumn of 1863, a road was opened between Benzonia and Traverse City. The Benzonia saw-mill (a water mill) was erected in 1864, by L. W. Case.

ORGANIZATION OF TOWNSHIPS.

Crystal Lake was organized October, 1859. J. H. Moore was first supervisor, first meeting in L. A. Danby's (or Company's) store.

Benzonia in October, 1861, the first meeting in school-house January 1, 1862.

Almira, January, 1864. H. Abby first supervisor.

Homestead, October, 1864. First meeting held at the farm house of C. E. Kirkland.

Platte, January, 1866. Valorous F. Thurston first supervisor, the first meeting in F. B. Van Platten's house.

Gilmore, October, 1866. John Hunt, supervisor, first meeting at M. Putney's house.

Inland, April, 1867. J. Downs, supervisor, first meeting at N. Barrin's house.

Lake, April, 1873. First meeting at house of Valorous F. Thurston.

Colfax township.

Weldon township.

Joyfield about 1865. A. Joy, supervisor.

OLD SETTLERS NOW LIVING IN FRANKFORT, AND DECEASED.

Joseph Olliver, about 1847.
Mrs. John Greenwood, about 1850.
Frank Martin, about 1850.
Richard Ball, 1860.
Richard Weston, 1860.
A. J. Slyfield, 1858.
Jacob Voorheis, 1866.
Chas. A. Voorheis, 1867.
Fred Kern, 1868.
A. G. Butler, 1868.
Isaac Voorheis, 1867.
A. E. Banks, 1871.
E. B. Frost, 1867.
Mrs. Mary Satterlee, 1865.
Chas. Collins, 1868.
H. Woodward (deceased), 1867.
L. W. Crane, 1868.
W. H. Chambers, 1867.
J. Penfield, 1867.
Geo. Wiltse, 1859.
Thos. Watson, 1869.
R. Evans, 1867.
Chas. Laraux, 1860.
Wm. H. Coggshall (deceased), '59.

SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF NORTHFIELD, WASHTENAW COUNTY.

BY GEORGE SUTTON.

Benjamin Sutton was the first settler in Northfield township, town one south of range six east in Washtenaw county.

Mr. Sutton was born in Sussex county, in the state of New Jersey January 10, 1792, he married Miss Elizabeth Roub of the same county and state. During his minority he evinced a desire for traveling. He was born and raised on a large farm and continued the practice of farming for a number of years; he soon got discouraged at that sort of business, and next tried making whisky from the juice of apples. This business was soon abandoned for a mercantile life.

About the year 1821 or 1822, Mr. Sutton abandoned all his old associations, started with his wife and six little children for the west. His mode of traveling was with a covered wagon, with hoops bent over the top, and covered with linen cloth, as was customary in those days of emigrant traveling. Mr. Sutton arrived at Black Rock, either late in the fall or early in the winter of the same year. His journey through Canada was attended with great hardships, deep snows and cold weather impeded his progress; at one time the snow was too deep for the wagon to move. A sled was made for the occasion sufficient to carry the wagon and family. They arrived in Detroit some time in the spring of 1822 or 1823 and lived for a short time on a farm belonging to John Farmer a few miles from Detroit on the river Rouge.

In the spring of 1824 he started out to find a more desirable location. He crossed the Rouge at a place which was afterward called Swarzeburg and struck an Indian trail leading west, which led him over a plain for about five miles to where the trail forked. Mr. Sutton took the north or right hand trail from where the main trail divided, and traveled a westerly course for about twelve miles where he discovered a beautiful spot of open country, covered with prairie grass and wild flowers. It was destitute of trees save the crab apples and wild plums that grew on the borders of the plains next to the outstanding timber. Here Mr. Sutton located the east half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-four, township one south of range six east. His certificate

of deposit in the Detroit land office is number six hundred and seventy-seven, dated May 17, 1824.

The same year Mr. Sutton with his family started for his new home in a lumber wagon following the old Indian trail. From Plymouth Corners west this road was known by the old settlers as the Sutton road, which was extended to Ann Arbor a distance of about five miles. In the year 1830 Mr. Sutton sold his homestead to his father, Nathan Sutton, who emigrated from Warren county, New Jersey, and purchased another tract of land near by. In 1831, Mr. Sutton brought from Ohio a large drove of cows and oxen to sell to the new comers who settled in this neighborhood. In 1832 and 1833 of each year, he drove herds of cattle from the Sangamon valley, in Illinois, for this market, and in 1834 sold all the property he had in Michigan, and started with his family for Illinois, and settled in the Sangamon valley. He purchased there about twenty-two hundred acres of beautiful prairie. Mr. Sutton and wife died within eight or ten years after they left Michigan.

This sketch of Mr. Sutton was furnished me by the Hon. John Renwick, who was an early settler of Northfield.

Hon. John Renwick was born in the state of New York of English parents. He received a common school education. He was married to Miss Eliza Pratt and emigrated to Northfield in 1827, and died in 1866, leaving a wife and children. His wife survived him two or three years. Mr. Renwick was too fond of reading and social enjoyment to be a very successful farmer, yet he acquired an ample fortune. His hospitality was liberal and generous, and no one went from his door wanting. He was fond of light reading—Cooper was his "ideal." Mr. Renwick was wholly imbued with American ideas. In politics he admired Henry Clay. His motto was "circumstances make the man." He held several positions in the township, as supervisor, town clerk, etc., and was elected once or twice to the legislature.

Hon. Michael Stubbs was a resident of the town previous to 1830. He was elected delegate to the territorial convention from Washtenaw county, which began in the city of Detroit, May 25, 1835. He was of Irish parentage.

In 1825 Moses Allen emigrated from the State of New York with his family, and purchased land of government adjoining Benjamin Sutton's. Mr. Allen brought with him apple trees and peach pits, also two or three bushels of apple seeds for Mr. Sutton. The seeds were planted and grew well, and many of the orchards in this part of the county were obtained from this nursery. In the year 1830 Mr. Allen sold his

farm to Nathan Sutton and moved to the town of Plymouth, Wayne county. He lived to acquire a large estate.

Peter Sears was born in Ashfield, Massachusetts, August 24, 1787, and married to a lady of the same town May 15, 1808; emigrated to Northfield, in November, 1826. Mr. Sears retained to his death the custom of his New England ancestors, and died January 18, 1867. Mrs. Sears died on the 22d day of February, 1875.

Mr. William Allen came from the state of New York, and settled in the Sutton neighborhood in 1826. He was a highly respected citizen.

Capt. John Moe emigrated with his family to the territory in the year 1827, and settled on lands near the Sutton neighborhood. His land laid partly in Ann Arbor and partly in Northfield. He died in 1855 aged fifty-four years, highly respected.

There are others that lived in Northfield before 1830 that I have but little history of. Isaac Secord, Joseph Lain, Christian Yook, Nicholas Schoonhoven, Aaron Rosenkrans, Levi Rosenkrans, Joseph Rosenkrans, John Rosenkrans, and the Brundage family.

Ann Arbor, January 24, 1890.

BATTLE OF THE BEE-TREE AT SUTTON'S CORNERS, NORTHFIELD, WASHTENAW COUNTY, IN 1826.

BY GEORGE SUTTON.

[From Ann Arbor Argus, December 30, 1887.]

The following circumstance is told as related by Mr. Almond Allen, who was an eye witness to the transaction, and at the time was about five years old:

In the fall of 1826 the Indians found a bee-tree about forty rods south of Mr. William Allen's house at Sutton's Corners, and came one fine day to cut it down and get the honey. On their way to the tree they stopped at the house to get the little five-year-old Almond to go with them. His mother objected, but the Indians induced the little fellow to follow them. Mrs. Allen, feeling anxious for the safety of her son, went partly down to where they were cutting the tree, and seeing him among the Indians, returned to the house satisfied that all was right. The chief held Almond between his knees to keep the little fellow from being stung, after the tree was cut down. Now, it

happened on the morning of that day, that one of the tribe had killed a deer, and brought the hide to the bee-tree, and the honey was inclosed in it, after which it was sewed up with strips of fine bark, ready to be taken to the camp, which was located on the bank of a lake near by.

The Indians, on returning, passed by Mr. Allen's house as their nearest way home. It happened, by accident or otherwise, that three of the Indians, who had been at the cutting of the bee-tree, stayed behind the others. One of them carried in his hand a piece of honey in the comb.

When they got to the Allen house he walked in and gave the honey-comb to Mrs. Allen and wanted to trade it for bread. Mrs. Allen, taking the honey-comb in her hand and turning it over, found no honey on the lower side. She said to the Indian, "Kow in nisheshin" (no good honey.)

Whether this remark of Mrs. Allen, or the objection that she made to her little son going with them to the bee-tree, aroused the Indians' hatred, is not known. At this time Mrs. Allen was alone in the house with her children. Moses Allen, her brother-in-law, was plowing near by, and she supposed that her husband was at Benjamin Sutton's, nearly one-half mile distant.

The Indians commenced striking Mrs. Allen with sticks, and as their anger and passion increased they took her up bodily and cast her on the fire which was burning on the hearth.

She screamed to her little son Almond to run for his father. Mr. Allen was returning from Mr. Sutton's, and met Almond at the corner of the house.

Learning of the awful condition that his wife was in, he rushed into the house, one of the Indians meeting him with a gun. A conflict ensued. The gun was wrested from the Indian and thrown out of doors. Another Indian threw a tomahawk and missed Allen. It stuck in a log of the house over the door and remained there for several days afterwards.

Moses Allen heard the screams from the house of his brother and came to his assistance. By this time Mrs. Allen had managed to get off from the fire, but little injured from its effects as happily her clothing was made of domestic woolen.

How long the battle lasted between the Allens and the Indians is not known, or what the weapons of warfare were. The narrator says that great clots of blood were left on the bed and carried out of the

house on the "coverlet." Two of the Indians retired from the conflict and carried off a dead companion.

For months after this horrible circumstance occurred, Mr. Allen was in constant dread of a return of the Indians and kept his house barricaded, from fear of an attack by some of the wily savages who were constantly encamping in the neighborhood. My informant says that the Indians did not give them any more trouble, but when approaching near the Allen house would keep a good distance from it.

Mr. William Allen and his wife, Phebe, the principal actors in the battle of the bee-tree, emigrated from Shelby county, N. Y., to Michigan, and settled in the Sutton neighborhood in the year 1826. Mrs. Allen died in 1845, and Mr. Allen in 1852. They had seven children, Almond, who lives at Battle Creek, Julia Ann, who died when about sixteen years old, Russell, who died at about thirty years of age, Sarah, who is married and lives in the State of New York, George, who is in business in Pittsburgh, Pa., and Carrie, who married William Bird, and lives in Northfield.

AN OLD TIME MURDER IN NORTHFIELD.

CONTRIBUTED BY GEORGE SUTTON.

(From Ann Arbor Argus, December 2, 1887.)

The various tribes of Indians, which were wont to make their rendezvous in this county are fading from the memory of man.

It is well to gather up, while we may, various incidents which occurred during their stay here. For the following account of the killing of a squaw in Northville, in 1825, the Argus in indebted to Hon. George Sutton.

The Pottawattamies were the most numerous tribe of Indians that hovered around the Sutton settlement. Their principal chiefs were Tongush (commonly called Togush), Chevas, Lacomas and Lone Arm.

In the year 1824 or 1825, three men were eating a lunch in Detroit, when chief Togush approached them with a request for bread, the men refused to give him any, which so angered Togush that he walked away a few steps turned and fired his gun and one of the men fell dead.

Togush tried to make his escape west, and crossed the river Rouge at Swartsburg. He got partly over the plains when he was overtaken by a

posse of white men from Detroit and shot. His remains were cared for by his tribe. Their burial consisted in making a chair of sticks, and sitting their dead chief thereon in an upright position near the trail. The Indians in passing by their dead chief, would put pipes and tobacco into his hands that he might enjoy comfort in the Indian hunting ground. The plains where this circumstance took place have ever since been known as Togush plains.

It was said that this tribe after losing their chief, chose in his place, a young warrior who was a relative of the old chief, and bore the same name. Soon after his accession, young Togush and his retainers came into the yard of Benjamin Sutton, and tied their ponies to the fence, the ponies standing close together. The Indians made themselves at home, as was their usual custom. Now, on this particular occasion, the Indians had procured some whisky, contrary to the good government of the neighborhood, and some of them drank too much. It is an awful thing for an Indian to drink whisky, a little makes him wild and savage as it did chief Togush on this occasion. The chief was displeased with some doings of his wife and flew at her with his knife. The squaw ran toward the horses. She first attempted to go under them, then jumped on their backs, and would go from one horse to the other. Her movements were like the wind, dear life was at stake, She knew what effect firewater had on the brain of her chief. She also knew he carried a hatchet in his wampum and a knife dangling by his side. Oh! what the poor creature saw in that agonizing moment of cruelty, when death would soon claim her. She made one more effort to escape the missile of death held by the chief by running to a big oak tree near by. The chief pursued her, they met each other on the opposite side of the tree, the chief's hand fell, and his hellish deed was accomplished. The victim of this diabolical act was buried near where it occurred, but the grave could not be found by the whites who were living in the settlement, until recently. Mr. A. Steffy, who now owns a farm near where this outrage was committed, in clearing the land found bones of a human being supposed to be those of the murdered squaw.

SOME OF THE BEGINNINGS OF ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY CALVIN H. STARR OF CENTREVILLE.

St Joseph county was first organized into a separate county under its present limits in 1829. The lands had been surveyed into sections in 1827. The lands came into market in 1828. The land office was then at Munroe.

In 1831 the land office was located at White Pigeon. In 1834 the land office was removed to Kalamazoo, which was then called Bronson.

The first entry of land in St. Joseph county was made June 14, 1828, by Ezekiel Metcalf of Cattaraugus county, New York. It was the east half of the northeast quarter section one, town eight south, of range ten west, which is today (1890) the town of Sturgis, and a portion of the village of Sturgis is located on this land.

Judge John Sturgis entered lands on which a portion of the village of Sturgis is located in 1828.

John Winchell, Leonard Cuttler and A. Heald opened up farms on White Pigeon prairie in 1827, which was probably the first in this county.

The county courts were first held at White Pigeon, at Asahel Severy's hotel in 1830, William Woodbridge of Detroit, judge.

The county seat was located at Centreville in 1831.

The first term of court held at Centreville was in 1833, and Epaphroditus Ransom was the first Judge after our admission as a State. He held from 1836 to 1845.

The first lawyer of the county was Neal McGaffey, now deceased. The second was Columbia Lancaster, now of Vancouver, State of Washington. I had a letter from him dated January 20, 1890, in which he stated he was eighty-six years old.

The first election ever held in the county, within its present borders, was held in White Pigeon in 1827, and just fourteen votes cast.

The first sheriff was Elias Taylor of Mottville, who was also the first merchant.

The first Judge of probate was Hubbell Loomis of White Pigeon. In 1830 he was followed by our late governor, John S. Barry.

The St. Joseph county pioneer society was organized in 1873.

The first cemetery laid out was at White Pigeon in 1830.

White Pigeon and Sturgis each had schools in 1830.

The first paper published in the county was the Michigan Statesman, published by John Defreese at White Pigeon in 1833.

Selinda Richart was probably the first white child born in St. Joseph county, in May, 1829.

The first marriage in the county was James Knapp to Martha Winchell in 1828.

The first will probated was J. Baumdees in 1830.

The first deed recorded was to lands on section five, town eight south, of range eleven west, was recorded liber A. page one, given February, 1830, by Allen Tibbits to Hubbell Loomis.

The first mortgage was given by A. Heald to Nehemiah Coldrin to lands on section five, town eight south, range eleven west, in 1830, recorded in liber A. page one.

The first divorce case was Catharine Hecox vs. Adney A. Hecox in 1834.

Elias Taylor was the first merchant in the county; his store was at Mottville, in 1828; his stock consisted of a codfish, a keg of tobacco and five barrels of whisky. Hart L. Stewart & Brother sold goods in 1830, and Niles F. Smith was a merchant in 1830, all at Mottville. Niles F. Smith was also the first merchant at Centreville.

The first hotel was kept by Asahel Savery (now deceased) in White Pigeon, and on the present plat of the village in 1828.

The first postoffice was kept where White Pigeon now stands in 1828. A. Savery was postmaster.

The first orchard was set out by a Mr. Murray in 1829 on White Pigeon prairie.

The first brick made was at Mottville, by Samuel Pratt in 1829.

The first fanning mill was made at White Pigeon in 1830.

The first wagon shop was at White Pigeon in 1830.

The first wood corded was by W. W. Bliss, just east of White Pigeon in 1831.

The first grist-mill to run by water was built in 1830 by Wm. Meek, near the present village af Constantine. A. Heald built a small rude affair for grinding wheat and corn on Pigeon prairie in 1828; it was worked by a crank, by two men and would grind about ten bushels in a day.

The first saw-mill was built by Luther Newton near White Pigeon in 1828.

The first bank was the bank of Constantine, opened in 1836; suspended 1841. In 1838 two "wildcat" banks were started at Centreville; they had a short existence and scratched all who had anything to do with them.

The first time lands were sold for delinquent taxes was in 1840. Rev. Wm. B. Brown, county treasurer.

The first death in the county was George Buck. He was killed by the caving in of a well he was digging on what is now the village of Sturgis, in 1829.

The first physician was Dr. Page, who located on White Pigeon prairie in 1827.

The cultivation of peppermint was commenced in 1836 by Mr. Sawyer on White Pigeon prairie. He sold out to Glover and Earl before he had extracted any oil, in 1837. Glover and Earl extracted a few pounds of oil in 1837. The process was by steeping the herb in a kettle, and from that small beginning, St. Joseph county today (1890) produces fully one-fifth of all the peppermint oil of the world, and it is mostly handled by Henry Hall of Three Rivers, George Keech of Centreville, A. M. Todd of Nottawa, A. P. Emory of Mendon and H. D. Cushman, Three Rivers.

The Indians from the Nottawa Seepe reservation, were removed west in 1840, having sold the reservation lands, which are among the best in this county, in 1833 to the United States. The Indians were escorted at the point of the bayonet by Gen. Brady.

Up to 1842, wheat, oats, etc., had been cut only with a cradle swung by man force. In that year a McCormick reaper was introduced in White Pigeon by C. C. Newkirk.

Up to 1834 grain had been tread out by horses or threshed with a flail; in that year, 1835, John M. Leeland of this county made for his own use a threshing machine which was worked by a crank turned by hand power (two men), and it would thresh about thirty bushels in a day.

The first jail was built of logs at Centreville in 1833, which was burned 1854. A Mr. DeForest, a prisoner, was burned to death in the jail. The present brick jail was built in 1857.

Our present court house was built by John Bryant, contractor, in 1842.

The first village laid out was Mottville in May, 1830.

The second was White Pigeon in May, 1830.

Centreville, the county seat, was laid out in 1831.

Columbia Lancaster now living (1890) at Vancouver, Washington,

eighty-six years old, built the first house in the village of Centreville, and he opened the second law office in the county, and was the first prosecuting attorney.

NOTTAWA TOWNSHIP.

Nottawa township was organized into its present geographical boundary in 1830; there were twenty-two presons present at the organization, who agreed to call it Nottawa. Only one of the twenty-two is now (1890) living; he is Wm. Connor, eighty-six years old, and settled in the township in 1829, his postoffice address is Wasepi, St. Joseph county, Michigan.

Wm. Connor entered the first land in the limits of the present township of Nottawa in 1829. John Sturgis, Henry Powers, Russell Post, Henry Post, all entered lands in Nottawa on the same day that Connor entered his, June, 1829, all are dead (1890) except Connor.

John Sturgis built the first house in the township in 1829, it was of logs and is now standing.

John W. Fletcher built the first frame house in the township outside of Centreville, in 1835.

John and Samuel Cuddey built the first frame barn in 1832.

Walter G. Stevens built the first brick house.

The first death was Asahel Sawyer who was killed by a falling tree he was chopping.

At the town meeting in 1834, twenty dollars was voted for the support of the poor, and fifty dollars for township purposes.

Wm. Hazard, Jr., was the first white male child born in Nottawa, born March, 1830.

The first white female child born was Miss Fletcher (now Mrs. Buel).

VILLAGE OF CENTREVILLE,

the county seat of St. Joseph county, was platted in 1831.

Columbia Lancaster built the first house in Centreville. Living at Vancouver, State of Washington.

Eldridge Brown built the first brick house in Centreville.

Harvey Cady kept the first livery and made the first barrel.

The first frame house in Centreville was the old court house, still standing.

Thomas W. Langley and family settled here in 1832.

The first hotel was of logs, kept by A. C. Stewart, 1832.

Thomas W. Langley first postmaster, 1833.

First church was erected in 1841.

Michigan Central Air Line Railroad was built in 1871.

The first physician was S. W. Truesdall, 1833, he also was the first druggist.

The first merchant was Niles F. Smith, about 1833. Philip R. Toll was an early merchant. Johnson & Stewart, T. W. Langley, A. E. Massey, Talbot & Co., Calvin H. Starr, C. Bronson were also early merchants.

STURGIS PRAIRIE.

John Sturgis and George Thurston were the first to settle on this beautiful prairie in 1828. It was then, and until 1845 called Sherman.

John Sturgis built the first house and broke up the first land on the prairie.

The first male child born in the township was David Sturgis in 1830.

The first death in the county was on Sturgis prairie in 1829,—George Buck.

The first frame house was built in 1831 by Oliver Raymond.

TOWN OF FLOWERFIELD.

Michael Beedle was its first settler in 1830.

BURR OAK

had the quiet of its lovely forest first disturbed by a white man in 1830,—Samuel Haslett.

LOCKPORT, FORMERLY BUCKS.

The present village of Three Rivers in the town of Lockport was laid out in 1836 by John H. Bowman,—First ward. There had been a settlement started in 1827, and called Moab. Mr. McEnterfer built the first house. Lucius Barns now of Racine helped build it. He is ninety-eight years old.

Of all the names mentioned in the foregoing history only eleven are now living, to my knowledge.

Centreville, February 10, 1890.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF STURGIS PRAIRIE.

[From Kalamazoo Telegraph, 1889, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren.]

We recently had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of George Thurston* a pioneer of the pioneers, who is now living with his daughter, Mrs. Bates, south Burdick street, Kalamazoo. He is now seventy-nine years old, yet his mind is clear and his memory very remarkable. His relation of incidents of early days in Michigan is simple, straightforward and vivid. He left his native town, Lima, N. Y., when nine years of age with his father and family for Brownstown, near Detroit, in the spring of 1818. A brother of his father was employed on the farm of Gen. Lewis Cass and hence the selection of that part of the then wild west.

On their way, while passing through Canada, they overtook Judge Sturgis, who, with his family, having become disgusted with Canada, were moving west. Mr. Thurston, the elder, when he saw the judge's team, got out and ran along till he came up with him, "Where are you going?" he asked. Then and there an acquaintance began and a companionship entered into that lasted through life. They all settled in Brownstown, nearly opposite Malden, on the Detroit river. In that place there were but four families after these two got there, viz.: Freeman Bass, J. Strickland, Judge Sturgis and the Thurstons. Judge Sturgis was originally from Philadelphia, but while young joined the army, and at the first fire of the British at Lundy's Lane he was struck by a spent ball on the crown of his head, which plowed a thin furrow across his scalp, causing a considerable loss of blood. He took shelter in a fence corner and relates that the splinters from the rail fence caused by the shower of bullets, nearly covered him, but he escaped further wounds. After the fight he was taken to a hospital till he recovered. He lived in Canada till met as before stated. He didn't like the Canadians.

A couple of years after the father of George settled in Brownstown he became insane so that he had to be chained up for five years; this insanity passed off after about five years. In the meantime the care of the father and four children devolved upon George and the mother. She died several years after reaching Brownstown.

* George Thurston died March 19, 1891.

Mr. Sturgis while at Brownstown had been with Gen. Cass on one of his expeditions in the southwestern Michigan and to Chicago, and when he came on his journey to Baldwin's prairie, he selected, in his mind, that locality for his future home. In May, 1827, Mr. Sturgis and young Thurston started for Baldwin's prairie with the view of settling there. They went first to Ypsilanti, taking the old Chicago Indian trail, then proceeded on their way. The only house they saw on their journey was Allen's tavern a log hut which had been erected but a short time before this journey. At Coldwater was an Indian trader.

They reached Baldwin's prairie, but on beyond young Thurston saw another prairie and this so charmed him that he persuaded Mr. Sturgis to proceed and view it. Mr. Sturgis had set his mind on Baldwin prairie, but the enthusiasm and persuasion of his youthful companion conquered and Mr. Sturgis yielded and located on what was afterwards Sturgis prairie, and he was the first white settler. Soon after he built a house, and his family and that of father Thurston moved there. The first expedition was made by two wagons and four yoke of oxen. Judge Winchell and a man named Cutler located soon after on Pigeon prairie. Mr. Savory located on Sturgis prairie and the settlement increased yearly.

In the latter part of December, 1828, young Thurston and Peter Klinger set out to visit Prairie Ronde. On their journey they overtook a covered wagon with a family going the same way. On inquiry they ascertained that this was the family of Bazel Harrison on their way to the prairie where Bazel Harrison had already gone and was preparing a place for them. It was on Christmas day and a heavy snow was falling, covering the trail. Thurston and Klinger said they would go ahead and keep the trail in sight, and thus piloted, the party reached Harrison's shanty before night. The next day Klinger and Thurston, Harrison and his son, who drove the team, put up a log house, Mr. Harrison having already prepared the logs for raising. Before night of the second day the house was finished all but the roof, Thurston and Klinger then returned home. The Thurstons located on Oxbow prairie, close by Sturgis prairie and there they lived and where Mr. Thurston still owns a nice farm. In returning Klinger and Thurston found the St. Jo river full of floating ice and difficult to cross. Going up the shore some fifty rods they found a good place to enter the river and swim their horses, the men standing on their backs and reached the other side in safety. With the exception of the

houses of Winchell, and Cutler, and Garver, there were no other habitations in that part of the country.

In 1833, Thurston and several other men of Sturgis set out with wagons loaded with provisions to sell to the people who had settled at the rapids of Grand river, the site of the present city. They went through this place, then across Gull prairie, and finally reached their destination. It did not prove a very profitable expedition. Some of the men sold out what they had, and one of them sold his horses and wagon, but Thurston had to take home most of his load. At that time there were but nine families at the Rapids, consisting of Campau, Moran and others.

A sister of Thurston was the first white girl married in St. Joseph county. She married a Mr. Olds in 1829. In 1832 Thurston was married. His wife died four years ago in September.

Mr. Thurston is a well preserved man for one of his age. His daughter says no man has done more or harder work. He is a smallish man and his language and narrative powers are excellent.

Mr. Thurston gives many interesting incidents of pioneer life. The Indians, he said, were always friendly and of great aid to the settlers. There was a village on the prairie of eighty-six cabins. They were Pottawattamies. They had extensive fields of corn, beans, potatoes, melons and other vegetables. The women did all the work in the fields. The Indians took good care of what they raised and kept them from freezing during the winter by securely burying them.

The Indians were very numerous, several large villages are mentioned. On one occasion he saw a congregation of, he estimated, five thousand Indians. They held a council and it was an orderly and decorous assemblage. Toward the close and after he had gone away two Indians came running to the settlement greatly excited. The grandson of one of the chiefs for the first time had been induced to drink liquor, and his cousin, a young Indian girl, was trying to restrain him, when he drew a knife and stabbed her and she died almost instantly. There was a great deal of excitement for a time. Finally the murderer expiated his crime with a gift of several ponies to the family of the poor girl and no more was done about it.

In spring, Mr. Thurston with others, made sugar in a bush near the prairie. When they got well at work, a number of Indians came and encamped at another bush not far from Thurston's camp. They had cabins in pieces which they brought together and put up admirably. They were close and warm, made of bark and lined inside with finer bark. They caught the sap in little troughs made of elm bark, which

would hold about eight quarts and served the purpose extremely well The two camps got along without any differences.

A young chief, described as a splendid fellow and a brave of unusual intelligence and promise, was one day chasing a deer, when he crossed a body of water, and much heated from his efforts, broke through ice to his neck nearly and took a violent cold. After a year's illness he died. The Indians came to Thurston to make him a coffin and to aid in burying the poor fellow like a white man. Mr. Thurston selected a fine basswood tree, which was white as snow and split very finely. From this he shaped a coffin in fine style and the dead chief was laid therein and buried with much formality. The orator of the tribe pronounced a splendid funeral discourse, an eloquent eulogy of the deceased, that would have done honor to any white orator. Then the handsome young fellow was laid away in the earth, his splendid rifle and a large number of valuable articles belonging to him were placed in the coffin with him. A number of kettles of venison were boiled and placed near him, the choicest cuts having been selected. Then the earth was covered over him, the last words said and the large concourse of Indians filed sadly away to their homes. The Pottawattamies were the Indians of his neighborhood. While Mr. Thurston lived at Brownstown he knew eleven different tribes of the red men, the Pottawattamies, the Ottawas, the Wyandots, Chippewas, Miamas, the Saukes, Shawnees and others. Formerly they came to Brownstown to cross the river to receive their payment from the British government. The Pottawattamies were generally the best dressed, the Saukes the most savage and troublesome, especially when in liquor.

EARLY ELECTIONS IN FARMINGTON, OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY P. D. WARNER.

The tenth annual township meeting was held on the 4th day of April, 1836, at the house of Isaac Wixom, who had recently opened a tavern, near the top of the hill in the village, which was afterwards owned and kept by Horace Swan until it was burned in 1850, at which election Edward Steele was for the eighth and last time chosen supervisor, and Geo. W. Collins, township clerk. John Thayer, John H.

Button and George Brownell, three new men, were chosen to make the assessment, Orange Culver took the place of Darius N. Cowles as commissioner of highways, Nathan S. Philbrick took the office of director of the poor, which was held the previous year by Seth A. L. Warner; Nathan Power, Benjamin P. Wixom and Geo. Culver, were made commissioners of schools; and John Thayer, John Hovey, John Stewart and Geo. Tibbits, were associated with Wm. E. Pier as school inspectors. Myra Gage was chosen constable and collector, and Harvey Cone, constable. The office of justice of the peace previous to this time had been filled by appointment of the territorial governors, but acting under the state constitution and laws, although not admitted as a state until nearly ten months after this election, four justices of the peace were chosen, to wit: Elijah F. Cook, Geo. Brownell, Edward Steele and Benjamin P. Wixom, all except Mr. Steele having previously acted under gubernatorial appointment. Mr. Steele did not qualify as justice of the peace, and in the following summer resigned, for the second time the office of supervisor. At a special election held September 7, 1836, the vacancies were filled by the election of Loring Doney, supervisor, and Nathan S. Philbrick, justice of the peace. By the constitution of 1835 "A line drawn east from the southern bend or extremity of Lake Michigan until it intersects Lake Erie," was made the southern boundary of the State, which was known as the "Fulton Line" and embraced a narrow strip of land about seven miles wide which was claimed by the state of Ohio, and included within its limits, Swan Creek, afterward Port Lawrence, then Vistula, but now the important city of Toledo. The claim of Michigan was not recognized by Ohio, neither was the claim of Ohio recognized by Michigan, and these antagonistic claims had led to that ludicrous military conflict know in history as the "Toledo War." In June 1836, Congress passed an act accepting the constitution of the state and providing for the admission of Michigan into the Union as a State, on condition that she by a convention of delegates elected for that purpose, would consent to accept the boundary line as claimed by Ohio, and receive as compensation for that loss, what is known as the Upper Peninsula, which was then regarded only as a barren waste, possessing neither present nor prospective value.

On July 11, a special session of the legislature was convened by which an act was passed authorizing the election of fifty delegates to a convention which was to consider the proposition of congress, and either accept or reject it, and for that purpose an election was held September 12, and under the exciting campaign battle cry of "Don't give up

the land," party lines were wholly ignored, the only issue being the acceptance or rejection of the congressional proposition. The candidates in favor of acceptance were N. S. Philbrick, Sherman Stevens, Jesse Decker, Wm. Poppleton, J. T. Raynor and Samuel Hungerford, who received from twenty-three to twenty-six votes each. Those in favor of rejection were Origen D. Richardson, William Draper, Samuel Satterlee, Ed W. Peck, Seth A. L. Warner and John L. Brownell, who received from one hundred and one to one hundred and seven votes each. The last six went to the convention, which was held at Ann Arbor, September 26, and decided with great unanimity not to become a State by such a sacrifice of honor and justice. The politicians however, were not satisfied with the decision of this convention, and without any authority of law, and in opposition to the expressed public sentiment of the State, another convention was proposed. The election was *ex parte*, only those in favor of giving up the land took part in it. The people of Farmington not recognizing the legality of the call, no election was held in the town, but the following gentlemen represented the county of Oakland in the proposed convention—Gideon O. Whitmore, Hiram Barret, Joseph Coats, Charles Grant, Parley W. O. Gates, John S. Livermore, Henry S. Babcock, William H. Crooks, James B. Hunt, David Chase and Benjamin B. Morris. The convention met at Ann Arbor, Dec 14. The next day a resolution giving the assent of the State to the terms of admission proposed by congress was adopted. Ten of the delegates only were either absent or dissented from the action of the convention, three of whom were from Oakland.

An election was held on the 6th and 7th of November, 1837, which was the second gubernatorial election under the constitution of 1835, at which, of the two hundred and eighty-seven votes cast for the office of governor, Charles C. Trowbridge received 199 and Stevens T. Mason 88. Elijah F. Cook and John Barton were elected State senators, and Samuel N. Gant, Jesse Decker, Daniel B. Wakefield, Isaac Adams, Isaac Wixom and Flavious J. B. Crane were chosen representatives.

We have now followed in our historic sketches the several elections which were held in the township, from its organization in 1827 until the full admission into the Union, of the State in 1837. These were years of toil, of privation and of hope, but during these years the foundation stones were being hewn and placed in position on which was to rest the mighty fabric of a sovereign state. Every man was a citizen and every citizen was a patriot, having only in view on the horizon of his political ambition the honor and

prosperity of the commonwealth, and their names are worthy of a record in the historic archives of the State, created by their wisdom and developed by their heroic labors. In repetition somewhat, of that which has already been written, we desire to refer again to the names and terms of service of those who accupied the most important official positions in the town for the first eleven years after its organization. For supervisor, Amos Mead was elected in 1827, and 1828 and again in 1833 to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Edward Steele. Edward Steele was elected eight years in succession, commencing in 1829. Only one other person in the town has been elected to that office so many times and no other person in the township has ever vacated the office by resignation. Loring Doney was elected in 1836 to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Steele's second resignation, and Mr. Doney having vacated the office by removal from the town, Daniel S. Lee was chosen to fill out the term. Mr. Lee was again elected in the spring of 1837. For township clerk, Robert Wixom, Sr., was chosen in 1827. Lyman Boughton was elected for six years in succession, commencing in 1828. Henry Miller in 1834, William E. Pier in 1835, George W. Collins in 1836 and Abram L. Power in 1837. The assessments being made by three assessors instead of by the supervisor, as at present, Leland Green was the most conspicuous member of the board, having been elected in 1830, '31, '34, '35 and '37. John Thayer, being a surveyor, his election as a member of the board of highway commissioners appeared to meet with public approval and he was chosen seven times in succession to fill that office, commencing in 1831. The office of justice of the peace was filled by executive appointments until 1836, and were made in about the following order: Seth A. L. Warner in 1825, Amos Mead in 1826, William Yerkes in 1827, George Brownell in 1833 and Elijah F. Cook and Nathan S. Philbrick in 1834. The result of the election in 1836 has already been given and need not be repeated here. Of all those who held official positions in the town previous to 1837 only three have survived the lapse of the intervening fifty years.

It may be of interest to the future residents of Farmington to know who have filled the most important official positions in the town for the first fifty years after the admission of the State into the union. The office of supervisor was filled by Benjamin P. Wixom, in 1838; Nathan Power in 1839; Leland Green in 1840 and 1841; (Mr. Green had been elected to the office of assessor seven times previous to his election as supervisor;) Eri Prince was chosen in 1842, '43 and '44; John H. Button for nine years in succession, commencing in 1845,

then Samuel T. Bryan filled the office for six years beginning in 1854; Henry P. Cobb was elected in 1860; Jesse P. Aldrich in 1861; P. Dean Warner for five years commencing in 1862; Henry R. Mason in 1867, '68 and' 69; Ahijah J. Wixom in 1870; Oscar S. Harger in 1871; James L. Wilber in 1872; Hix Horton in 1873, '74 and '75; Benjamin F. Grace was chosen seven times, beginning in 1876; Lewis D. Owen filled the office four years, commencing in 1883; Albert A. Murray was elected in 1887, but having died before the expiration of his official term, P. Dean Warner was appointed to fill the vacancy; James W. Hatton in 1888, and Charlie W. Button in 1889.

The office of township clerk was held by Geo. W. Collins in 1838, '39 and '40; John McCarthy in 1841; John Stewart in 1842; Ebenezer G. Stevens in 1843; John T. Little in 1844; Henry F. Walker in 1845; P. Dean Warner in 1846; Henry F. Walker again in 1847, '48, '49 and '50; Samuel S. Gale in 1851; Harley Ingersoll in 1852; Wm. H. Haze in 1853; M. Augustus White in 1854, '55, '56 and '57; P. Dean Warner again in 1858 and '59; M. Augustus White again for ten years commencing in 1860; Hiram G. Saxton in 1870 and '71; Preston C. Purdy was elected in 1872 but resigned the office on the 12th of October following and Frank D. Clark was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Clark was afterwards elected to the office five years in succession commencing in 1873; M. Augustus White for seven years beginning with 1878; James L. Hogle for four years commencing in 1885; and M. Augustus White again in 1889.

LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS.

WRITTEN BY MISS MARY FOREMAN OF DE WITT, AND READ AT THE PIONEER PICNIC, AUGUST 25, 1887.

[From the Clinton Independent St. Johns, Mich.]

Time has rolled on, in its cycle of years,
Full two score have passed, since the first pioneers,
Came to this county with strong hearts and strong arms,
To build up new homes, to clear up new farms.
They came where the forest for ages had stood,
In the grandeur nature, the primeval wood,
The high, towering treetops made arches of green
So dense scarce a glimpse of the sky could be seen;

All free through those aisles did the fallow deer bound,
Unmaimed by the sportsman, unchased by the hound;
Here stood the lodge of the red man, now moved far away,
On the ground DeWitt village is standing today,
Here the Indian mothers crooned their lullabys sweet,
To the little brown babies that lay at their feet,
And bright eyed, tawny maidens with their true lovers brave,
Sculled their dug-out canoes o'er the Lookingglass waves.
Here the fierce wolf howled in the woodland shades
And the black bear stalked through forest glades;
The spirits of nature, in nature's own heart,
Untrammeled by fashion, unfashioned by art;
In those wildwood cathedrals, with turrets so fair,
Through the four seasons, reigned over solitude there.
Ah! The sylvan scene changes, the camera true,
The lens now arranges, to take a new view;
The spirits of nature, in seeming have fled,
And the spirits of progress are reigning instead.
Hark! What are those sounds which are borne by the breeze?
What makes those strange echoes sent back from the trees?
Oh! It is the ax of the woodman, a brave pioneer
Has located a farm, is beginning to clear.
From the earliest dawn, while the light of day lasts,
He makes each stroke tell, with chips flying fast.
He works with a will, soon a small place is cleared,
Erelong a log house, in the space has been reared,
He splits shakes for roof and puncheon for floors,
Has windows set high and stout battened doors;
Then came the great open fireplace, with stone jams and back,
With stick chimney above, piled up in a stack.
Some furniture he makes with his primitive tools;
Funny cross-legged tables and three-legged stools;
He makes buckets for water, good splint brooms for sweeping,
Shelves to hold dishes, and bedsteads for sleeping.
A great rain trough is made, the cistern to be,
Hollowed out from the trunk of some great forest tree.
Soon the voices of children, and the cow's tinkling bell,
To the weary land-lookers the glad story tells
Of a white settler's dwelling, like some oasis fair,
In the desert, it seemed, to the poor, tired wanderer there.
Not long is the woodman left alone at his labor,

Other cabins are built, and soon there are neighbors.
With great covered wagons they came through the woods,
With axes and fire-arms and families and goods;
Oftentimes stopping to chop or clear out the roads,
Before they could drive to their chosen abodes.
O the smashing and crashing heard all around,
As those great wood-grown giants are felled to the ground,
The brushheaps and logheaps aglow and burning,
The sparks and the smoke go whirling and turning
As upward they fly, now fanned by the breeze,
Like some modern Yahama walled in by the trees.
Emigration was booming and settlements grew,
Progression was steady, though rugged and new.
They soon had a log tavern where travelers could stop
For refreshments and rest. Then a blacksmithing shop,
Where charcoal was burned, by the great bellows fanned,
With horse shoes and nails made by smithy's own hand.
Quite soon in the place did a small store appear,
Where the goods are all cheap and the paying price dear.
Still it was a place where the settlers might come,
For groceries and cloth, amunition and rum.
A small school-house was built, for scholars and teachers,
For meeting as well, when some pioneer preacher
Made his way through the woods, with blazed trees for his guide,
As the man sent from God through the wilderness cried.
Where the hand of affliction was heavily laid
All were ready and willing to lend kindly aid.
They were hospitable, sociable, jolly and good,
Helpful, and willing, to do what they could.
Quite often they made an exchange with their neighbors,
Helping each other in turn with their labors.
They had logging bees, quilting bees, and many a dance,
Sometimes a nest of wild honey bees taken by chance.
The mills were far distant, their luxuries few,
A little wild fruit, in the seasons there grew.
They gathered wild crab apples, pickled the wild berries,
Used the wild plums, wild grapes and also wild cherries.
From the bush in the spring they stored up their sweets,
From the game in the woods came most of their meats.
The mosquitoes were legion and troubled them sore,
Their only defense, build a smudge near the door.

The Indians went begging the whole country around,
Wherever a white's habitation was found.
They begged for Cocooch, Ossin, Nappinee,
Qushgum or whatever their eyes chanced to see.
The redmen drank rum, which the white traders sold,
Until they grew maudlin, savage and bold.
The firewater got them in numerous rows,
And their camps were the scenes of most fearful pow-wows.
They were not pleasant neighbors to have to be sure,
But what one cannot cure, one needs must endure.
So the white folks and red folks went on with their living,
The red people taking, the white people giving;
Until government agents to the great chieftain came,
And with white man's gold bought the poor Indians' claim,
To the haunts of their childhood, by the murmuring stream;
To their camps in the wildwood, where their watch fires gleam;
From the land of their birthright, the young and the old,
Were turned from their homes like sheep from the fold.
A sad-hearted people, poor sorrowing tribe,
They must go,
For their big chief has taken the bribe.
With their dogs and their ponies, with paniers and packs,
Some squaws with pappooses slung over their backs;
This strange cavalcade, this copper-hued nation,
Started in line for some far-away station,
For the land of their promise in the new reservation.
The white people were glad when the reds were not there;
Yet were there some things left most unpleasant to bear.
Poisonous gases arising, malaria took them,
Will they ever forget how the ague chills shook them?
How they shivered and quivered with every bone aching,
The terrible thirst, the while they were shaking.
Then the fierce burning fever, the torturing pains
Of limbs and of back, and the throbbing brains.
Oh the gaping and stretching, the first premonition,
That tells the poor wretch of his coming condition.
Perspiration that follows the fever and chills,
From each pore running down in miniature rills.
Men, women and children, not many were spared;
By the whole population the evil was shared,
Still they would not give up, they had come here to stay;

So they worked and they shook, on each alternate day.
Through privations and hardships like heroes they stuck,
And conquered at last through endurance and pluck.
They served well their time and their place in the nation,
Building up for the future a solid foundation.
Then the pioneer women, they bore their full share,
Of privations and hardships, of labor and care.
With conveniences few, they worked early and late
Made the garments they wore, cooked the food which they ate,
By the fire on the hearth where the crooked hooks hung,
From trammel or crane her kettles were swung,
More often the pot-hooks were hung upon poles.
They baked in flat-bottomed kettles covered over with coals.
A few had tin-bakers and baked in that way,
Some had out-door ovens plastered over with clay.
Meat-roasting was done on a primitive plan,
Hung in front of the fire over dipper or pan;
Tended with care, now basting and turning,
Cooking evenly brown, with no chance of burning.
Then the carding and spinning the wool that they had,
Making sheep-grey for fulling and Kersey and plaid,
With madder, red-color, and indigo blue;
Good blacks and browns of the butternut hue.
The homespun was made to do service for all,
In all kinds of garments for large and for small,
They made homespun shawls, with checked center and border,
And fringe all around in the most approved order.
Oh how could they weave them, not such a hard riddle,
They were woven in halves and seamed up in the middle.
Things were all made by hand, all the sewing and knitting,
The dresses they wore, did their cutting and fitting.
Sometimes mittens were hooked, and gloves made in that way,
Not one ever thought to call the crochet.
The good housewife made candles, first a bundle of wicks,
Which she straightened and twisted and hung upon sticks.
The rods with wicks dangling, were laid on the frame,
All ready for handling as each in turn came;
Then each bunch in hot tallow successively dipping,
Hanging back o'er the frame to be cooling and dripping.
The process kept going unceasingly on,
Until the dipping was finished, when tallow was gone.

They served well their purpose of light in the night.
These with lard and oil lamps, were ancestral.
Kitchen and parlor were all in one room,
Where were wheel, reel and beds, and ofttimes a loom,
Overhead was a loft, up under the peak,
Where the snow drifted in and rain found a leak;
These were bed-room and granary, and closet for stores,
Climbed up to on ladders through holes in the floors.
Such wonderful patterns, in patchwork were built
Mind never caught on a crazy work quilt.
The girls could all spin wool, and most all tow or flax,
Not one of them knew how to work up rick-rack.
Newspapers were scarce and postage immense,
For each letter received they paid twenty-five cents.
They gave little for pleasure and less for display,
Enjoyed what they had as we do today.
These old times are long passed with their joys and their fears;
Great changes have come with the stride of the years,
The red man has gone, with the dug-out canoe,
The wolf and the bear, and the fallow deer, too;
Even the stumps of the old trees are gone,
Replaced by the orchard, the garden and lawn.
The old pioneers too, are passing away,
But a few silvered heads are with us today;
Now their sons and their daughters inherit the soil,
Enjoying the blessings they bought with their toil.
Their names remain with us, in memory greeting,
Times and men that are past at each pioneer meeting.
Now a much larger canvas my easel shall hold,
A landscape of beauty my brush shall unfold,
Of hillside and valley, with village and farms,
Where orchards and meadows are lending their charms,
And picturesque homesteads, with floweret and vine,
Embowered in the shade of fir, maple and pine.
With modern convenience of wind-mill and tank,
Where all through the dry season the thirsty stock drank.
Where broad fields of grain wave, in the eddying breeze,
And bright luxurious fruit ripe on the trees,
Where luxuries for table and toilet are found,
And prosperity, peace and plenty abound;
With the beauties of nature, so blended with art,
Each forming in this lovely prospect its part.

The far stretching landscape as now it appears,
Would have seemed Arcadian views to the first pioneers.
If one could but take a comparative view
Of things that are old and things that are new;
Invention and science, its progress might prove
By pot-hook and trammel and gasoline stove,
Or the sputtering old candle, the snuffers and tray,
Would illy compare with the light of today,
The kerosene lamp with its flame burning bright,
Or the radiant glow of the electric light.
And the ring of the farm bell at noon, night or morn,
A contrast would be to the tooting tin horn.
If old Rip VanWinkle, that storied old sleeper,
Had slept with the sickle and awoke with the reaper;
From the little log cabin where he dozed off to sleep,
Time he would think, had been taking a leap
When he opened his eyes and looked all around,
He would think a new wonderful world he had found.
At our thrift and our progress he would look with surprise,
And wonder and stare with his sleepy old eyes
At the reapers, and mowers and threshing machines,
When the binders, the horse rakes and seed-drills he had seen.
And all the new fixings that farmers use now;
The hoe with the wheel, and the patent right plow;
The run-about saw-mill that in your timber park plies,
And saws up your trees, into wood, boards and ties,
And the steam-engine puffing and fizzing the while,
At the land underdraining, with round earthen tile;
At the comfortable dwellings, all furnished complete,
The nice barns and sheds and the broad dusty street;
At the thoroughbred horses, the pigs and the flocks,
The new strain of poultry and the horned cattle stock;
See all these new breeds that are taking the prize,
And say all old breeds are gone but skeeters and flies.
With new ways of making and spending your money;
There's the new style of bees with their sections for honey.
And the swarms that are living and working in these,
Are most all Italian or Holy Land bees.
There is a difference in thought, and a difference in laws,
And the world aint in no way like it once was.
He would gaze at the people, their fashion and style;

At the fabrics they wear, at the shape of their tile.
His thoughts would go back to those primitive people,
Whose heads were not made for the base of a steeple.
He would look from the ladies' intelligent faces,
To their draperies and trimmings of ribbons and laces;
At their chains and their bracelets, and feathers and more
At the frizzes and bangs and the hair pompadour.
If he looked through the crowd he would not find one
Gal with a gown on which her own hand had spun.
He would view our large towns with their smoke stacks and spires,
On the site he remembered with log heaps and fires.
He might walk through the factories, where all things are made
To work with or wear, at our commerce and trade.
At the great dry goods emporium, with doors open wide;
At the roller rink skating, the tobogganing slide.
View our imports and exports, drink tea from Japan;
Watch our silver ware plating and fruit canning plan;
Note the bucket shop margins on flour and pork,
The exchange speculations and see how they work;
At the many inventions he would look with amaze;
Perhaps at the railroad with fright he would gaze;
At the great locomotive there hauling its train,
With large freights of merchandise, lumber and grain;
At the passenger express, day coaches and sleepers,
Running fast time he would open his peepers;
And the telephone, telegraph and photographer's art,
The bicycle, tricycle and two wheeled cart.
Then those washers and wringers and sewing machines,
The spring beds and carpets and wire net screens;
The transmission of news, through the work of press.
The thousands of books in their different dress,
With newspapers plenty as leaves on the tree,
With items and paragraphs pleasant to see;
All incidents caught by reporters' pen-writing,
From conventions of nations to drunken men fighting;
Sabbath appointments and all week-day sports;
Your health and your company, and the market reports.
He would think all these secret societies strange;
The post and the lodge, the temple and grange.
Then our free graded schools, from primer to college;
All the new styles and ways of picking up knowledge;

With all the new schemes and reforms afloat,
I don't wonder at women folks wanting to vote.
The girls are all crazy with this æsthetic quirk
Of embroidery and painting and such fancy work;
Making cushions and rugs and other jim-cracks,
Playing music and making such sights of knickknacks:
A knitting or hooking up thread into lace,
Having house plants a growing in every place.
Wherever I go I see some new wrinkle,
I must have slept late says old Rip VanWinkle.
Their unions of labor and unions of trade,
And unions of art of every shade;
Agricultural fairs, all things there displaying.
Mass meetings and picnics with brass bands a playing;
And travel made easy and postage made low,
So they who have money may see the whole show.
All distance abridged by magnetics and steam,
Where you pass over space like the light of a dream.
Progress and science, o'er the State have been sweeping,
Turning everything over while I have been sleeping,
Here I lay down my brush, it has brought to your view
The next painting must be evolved from the years
By the pencil of time as each tracery appears.
Oh may the next view, to posterity come,
Unstained by intemperance, untarnished by rum.
The past now is past, the present we see,
'Tis for us to forecast what the future shall be.
There's no time to stand idle, the harvest is white,
Let us up and be doing good work for the right.
Those evils repressing, so baleful to man,
All sad wrongs redressing, wherever we can;
Bearing each our own burdens the way it seems best;
Let no rust dim our armour, after labor comes rest.

PIONEER PICNIC AT LONG LAKE, KALAMAZOO COUNTY, AUGUST 15, 1889.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

Everyone was a pioneer or an "early settling" and the people of Kalamazoo county had a holiday and attended the annual picnic and reunion of the Kalamazoo county pioneer society at Long lake. A brighter or more pleasant day could not have been. It was perfect from sunrise to the close of the dancing pastime late that night. It is doubtful if there has been a larger attendance at any pioneer gathering ever held in the State. As early as seven o'clock farmers began to arrive on the grounds with carriages, and on every road leading in that direction there were processions which packed the road running to the lake from Mr. Spicer's from eight o'clock to two o'clock in the afternoon. Between ten and eleven o'clock not less than seven hundred carriages were driven into the Spicer lane, and fully twenty-five hundred carriages and wagons were on the grounds in the woods and fields adjacent to the picnic grove. The G. R. & I. railroad ran five train loads of nine cars each to the lake besides many who went out with the trains which were run out to bring the people back. The woods were full of people, the grove merry with their laughter, the lake dotted with all the boats at the resort, while the steamer Kalamazoo made trips around the lake with large loads in rapid succession. Hundreds of hammocks suspended from the trees were ladened with pretty girls, weary pioneers who came here before the "forties," and sleeping babes. All these sights were noticeable, while the greater portion of the fifteen thousand people in attendance made it a day for visiting. It was an occasion when old acquaintances was ne'er forgot, and a most pleasant day for all with naught to mar the pleasures.

THE MORNING EXERCISES.

About eleven o'clock, president Bradley Williams took a seat on the platform erected especially for the occasion, surrounded by gray-haired men and women and before him a large audience of old and young pioneers. He called the visiting assemblage to order and invocation was offered by Rev. Milton Bradley of Richland.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

by Mr. Lewis Starkey was next given and was as follows:

Mr. President, Pioneers and Friends:

Once again it is my happy fortune in behalf of the resorters to welcome you to this resort and to wish you a most pleasant meeting. The little company of cottagers who have selected this beautiful place to pass the summer months, in rest and healthful recreation find all they seek for and when the time comes to return to our city homes the season seems to us all too short and we turn with reluctant steps to renew the active duties of life and take up the burdens we have temporarily laid aside greatly refreshed and strengthened for the labors before us, and one of the most delightful incidents in our sojourn here, especially in the past three years are the annual reunions of the Kalamazoo county pioneer association held here and which makes us feel that we are peculiarly favored.

This lovely lake and the shady groves seem especially adapted to the great gatherings which your meetings occasion, and we all feel desirous of doing what we can to add to your enjoyment while with us and after the reunion is over the pleasures of the event are a constant theme of recollection and favorable comment.

The history of this resort is not perhaps generally interesting, but a brief outline of the same may serve a purpose and add an item to the records of your society. In 1860 Nate Elsworth, late of Kalamazoo, frequently made up parties for the purpose of fishing and hunting and made their headquarters in these groves the same year Mr. Nathan Spicer commenced making improvements. In 1874, Mrs. M. B. Shaw located a summer home here, and others followed from time to time. In February, 1886, the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Company run a spur track from their main line to the lake and have continued to make improvements since in the way of buildings, etc. Mr. Spicer, who owned the lands, leased them to the railroad company, and special locations to citizens of Kalamazoo for cottages. Mr. Spicer has provided row boats, which he rents at reasonable prices, affording a needed and much enjoyable accommodation. During the summer months excursion trains on stated days during the week run to the grounds and thousands of people old and young, enjoy the pleasant ride and picnic on this point of the lake. Parties from other states have come here for a stay of weeks and always seem glad to come again so great is the enjoyment of the place, and this is only the beginning of what the future promises, and we look forward to the time not far distant

when the lake will be dotted with handsome cottages, a large hotel and adequate facilities and appointments of a first class and widely popular summer resort, though we doubt if there will ever be residents who will participate in the pleasant surroundings more happily than we have.

In conclusion I again bid you welcome, and express the pleasure of the resorters that you have come to the lake for this the third time; may this be the most successful meeting of the long series which you have held. Long may the aged pioneer, the small but fast fading band of early settlers of this county, yet live and often meet at these gatherings, and their children and children's children over and over again hear the praise of their sires from the lips of the orators and poets of the great and beneficial work which they so grandly began.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

was next given by Mr. Bradley Williams and was as follows:

Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the pioneers of Kalamazoo county, permit me to tender our warm and earnest thanks to those of our Long lake friends who have so kindly and courteously extended to us the hand of fellowship and welcome, in once more inviting us to hold our annual reunion on these beautiful grounds, and participate with them in the grand scenery under our own natural shade trees, and beside still waters, where the finny tribes amuse themselves at the other end of the hook and line. All nature would seem to invite everyone to pitch their tents for the time being, their physical strength to renew, and to take a respite from life's busy cares and toils, by indulging in the pleasures and enjoyments of social camp life. May success crown their commendable efforts, while we all join in saying, "Joy and peace be with them."

And now I come to the pioneer theme and question of the day. I will endeavor to be brief. To the aged and those in manhood's prime, young men and women, all are cordially welcomed to join us in this our grand annual jubilee, to make glad our hearts by the renewal of old acquaintances and perfect freedom to form new ones.

In passing the friendly grip we recognize in each other the early associatons connected with our history, and with an earnest look at each other we meditate on the changes that the wheel of time brings to one and all.

I beg indulgence for a moment, while I, in my feeble way make a few hasty and brief remarks to old pioneers, those who are standing with me on the platform of three score years and ten or more, whose

sands of life are nearly run, for I see around me here today, venerable fathers and mothers far over and down the other side of the ridge of their measured time, with wrinkled brows and silver locks indicating the frosts of many winters, whose faces shown bright with the bloom and vigor of youth, hope beaming in your countenances as I viewed them more than half a century ago. Friends, I have seen many of you standing on the highway of life, in the prime and pride of your manhood, battling the wrong and vindicating the ways of God to man, acting well your part in the great absorbing themes and questions of the day, whilst the sunshine of prosperity and the clouds of adversity have in turn passed over your heads.

With dangers besetting your pathway on the right and left, yet the arrows of dissolution have been averted and warded off by Him who guides the destiny of men, and we by reason of strength, or under the common law that time and chance happen to all, are permitted to stand on the uppermost round in the ladder of man's alloted time, and when, from our present standpoint, we take a retrospective view of the past, from childhood's early dawn to the present time, o'er all the scenes of our meandering lives, what is the final conclusion of life's problem? Many may say it seems like an idle fleeting dream, woven with pains in all its plans, burdened with toil and care, amidst summer's heat and winter's cold. Let me say, cast no reflections on the past, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Life's work with us is nearly done, our record made up, and the chances are we would not better it if possible to try again, let the past suffice to have filled up the measure of our days as they have glided along one by one like the waves of the sea midst sunshine and storm.

Let us look now for a moment on the other side of the picture and in a broader sense conclude life is real and very much what we make it. Conditions and circumstances may vary our portions of ill and good as measured out to us. We must remember that all along our pathway we laugh much more than we weep. Our experiences have been very much like unto our fathers and mothers in Israel who lived and died before us simply because they were subject to the same great law that governs our being, executed in love, truth and mercy to all.

Thus it is through all ages, ranks and conditions: One generation goeth and another cometh, and this great field of life is by turns vacated and again replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims. In turn we breathe the vital air and step aside.

Do you remember when we were children we acted as such? When in middle life we assumed to play and act our part incidental to the

times and occasions, and now let our ambitions and highest aspirations be centered in this one desire and prayer for a tranquil old age with health of body, peace of mind, and quietness by day, as we journey on to the close and sunset of our earthly pilgrimage, and when the final summons comes to cross the river may we all look up with a living faith, without doubt or fear, to that higher life and exclaim, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

AFTERNOON MEETING.

The first part of the program in the afternoon was the annual report of the secretary, Geo. Torrey. After alluding to the great meeting of last year he said:

It is well in a year so busy, we can find one day we joyfully give up to these delightful reunions. It is well for one day to leave the work-day world and come together in these pleasant groves and by the side of clear waters, and together feel the spell of old time memories, renew the recollections of long ago, of past incidents and scenes, kindness recalled and far-back associations lived over again—when all differences of opinion on general topics give place to warmer and more elevated sentiments.

This may as well be called our county lovefeast, and if we rise from it with hearts larger, beating fuller, with feelings warmer and purer for our county, state and common country, what signifies how richly or how frugally it was spread, or whether it was the utterance of song, the eloquent words of the orator, the prayer of the good man, the sympathy of the hour, or what it is that contributes to our happiness?

Truly this anniversary is a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratitude to men, living or dead, for tears, and thoughts too deep for tears, for eulogy, for exultation, for all the memories, and for all the contrasts, which soften and uplift the general mind, for that reverent wiping away of the dust from the urn, and all the results of that marvelous progress which we behold around us, and which we contemplate with wonder as well as with pride and admiration. Such is our history, that picture so grand, so dazzling, so constant, that small beginning by a handful of men who braved the dangers of an unknown country, who suffered incredible hardships, that little band and their struggles, to these tons of thousands whose harvests might load the boards of famishing nations. The series of causes which connected them in contrasted conditions, in one brotherhood, the providence which ordained and guided a growth so stupendous teach and widen the lessons of the day. These as subjects of thought, as motives of pride, as

teachers of wisdom, as agencies for good, stimulate and are meet subjects of discourse at this time.

It is the duty of the secretary to give at each reunion the names of those pioneers who have died during the year. Below is the list as perfect as I could make it:

Elizabeth Fanckboner, Philo Vradenberg, Mrs. Jesse Earl, Margaret Harrison, Olive S. Chamberlain, Luther H. Trask, Sumner Hemenway, Mrs. Eli Douglas, Joseph Flanders, Geo. Patterson, M. M. Stimson, Amos D. Allen, Henry Starkey, Mrs. Louise Ann Gifford, George Colt, Willis Judson, Eliza Seymour, Lewis Edmunds, John Finley, Columbus Capell, J. Newton Shafter, Edmund Rice, Edward Anderson, Harvey S. Booth, Joseph B. Daniels, Mrs. J. L. Walker, A. H. Scott, Silas Carney, Wm. Campbell.

The grave has closed over these pioneers. Most of the names are those who settled in this county at a very early day. They have been spared by a gracious providence to see the development of this land from a condition of absolute wilderness to its present greatness and perfection, and out of the thorns of danger and privation to gather the rose of safety and the bloom of prosperity. They have lived through more than half a century of the grandest progress in the practical arts and sciences, and the ameliorating influences, such as the world has never before experienced, an era that has no parallel in its advancement and civilization. Steam, electricity, the telephone and the countless inventions which mark the period of their latter days, all the vast improvements which contrast the present with the past which they experienced, they have beheld and enjoyed.

It is our duty as it is our pleasure, to gratefully remember the devoted band who began the great work of converting the state of nature to the uses of the people who came after them. These pioneer fathers and mothers are nearly all gone, but we cherish their memories, and pious hands and fond hearts should guard and deck their last resting places, and keep green and fresh the recollection of their lives. And when, all too soon, the last one shall have departed, when in our love and grief we stand around the fresh grave of the last one, hallowed be the spot where they lie. Let the feet of happy children tread lightly there, and let those who inherit the fruit of their great work pause to invoke a blessing for their souls, and breathe a prayer for the land they loved so well.

The address of Hon. Geo. Willard of Battle Creek was brim full of historical matter pertaining to the making of Michigan, and the most valuable contribution to our county history. It was admirably con-

ceived, graphically and eloquently given, abounding in incident personal and general, tracing the causes which contributed to the development of the county and State, making a record which every resident of the county now and in the past might well be proud of. Mr. Van Buren, who never puts his pen to paper but he presents the most excellent and valuable matter, fairly outdid himself in his paper on "The Log School-house era in Michigan."

The oral exercises began at eleven o'clock. President Williams called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Milton Bradley of Richland who gave the invocation. Mr. Lewis C. Starkey gave the address of welcome in behalf of the cottagers. The president responded and gave his annual address. Owing to the lateness of the train in returning to the city the Telegraph is unable to give these excellent addresses in full. They will be published tomorrow.

A nominating committee was appointed and the following names were reported back as officers for the ensuing year:

President, Alexander Cameron; secretary, Geo. Torrey; treasurer, Wm. Bair; executive committee, J. T. Cobb, Stebbins Whitney. Aaron Tallman, Henry Marhoff and Jacob Lemon; historical committee, A. D. P. Van Buren, E. Lakin Brown, Frank Little. The report was adopted.

PIONEER PICNIC AT LONG LAKE, KALAMAZOO COUNTY, AUGUST 14, 1890.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph, 1890, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren.]

From early morning until early noon the roads leading to the picnic at Long lake were lined with vehicles of all descriptions en route to the long anticipated picnic of the pioneers of Kalamazoo county.

The G. R. & I. ran two excursion trains exery hour, and every train during the forenoon was crowded.

The day was beautiful and everybody was happy in spite of the dust. By eleven o'clock the grove at the lake was crowded with men, women and children, with horses and wagons sandwiched in between the trees and bushes.

Family reunions were held in and around the grove, made enjoyable by all the good things to eat the ladies could provide.

On the platform stood President Cameron with an improvised gavel made out of a rough chunk of wood, while around him sat many of the distinguished pioneers who have attended these annual picnics without interruption. In front of the platform on rough seats made of two-inch planks sat two or three hundred who were fortunate enough to get near the speakers.

Among those on the platform were the following: Edwin Mason, John Harrison, Julius Hackley, J. N. and A. N. Lefevre, Edwin Clark, William Bair, M. Everett, Albert Judson, Stephen F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Hubbard, Henry Gilbert, Mrs. John Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Burdick, Mrs. J. B. Daniels, Mrs. E. L. Smith, Jerome T. Cobb, Arad C. Balch, E. C. Hinsdale, H. D. Adams, Merritt D. Cobb and others.

At 11:15 President Cameron called the meeting to order, and in a few words welcomed the pioneers once more assembled.

Rev. Milton Bradley then offered prayer in a very feeling manner.

Mr. E. T. Mills then delivered the following

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In behalf of the sojourners of this sequestered spot on the margin of these fair waters, I take great pleasure in extending to you all a most cordial welcome and wish you a happy and profitable meeting. For the third time you have come hither to enjoy these grand reunions. Old-timers, their children and grandchildren and those who have more recently made their homes in this county, come together and meet friends from whom they have been separated for a long period and enjoy these most delightful of reunions. Of all the many picnics and meetings which are held in these groves during the year, the gathering of the pioneers and their friends is most enjoyed by us who have made this place our favorite summer resort.

The purpose of your meetings is a high and noble one, to perpetuate the memory and to extol the rugged virtues of those men and women who opened a pathway through the wilderness for the vast multitude, that only the census enumerators can number, and sometimes they don't get them all, at least to the satisfaction of such cities as our own county seat, the pioneers who began under great privations and interminable struggles, the opening up of the primeval forests for all the grand results which have followed and which we see today. It has been my privilege to have lived through nearly the entire historic period of Kalamazoo county, having come with my father's family

from Ann Arbor to Richland in July, 1831. So that I have seen the county grow from its wild state of nature to its present high condition of prosperity, from the log house and scant settlement days, to the splendid homes, farms, cities, the full and magnificent flower of modern life and improvement, the most wonderful era in the history of the human race. I have lived to personally know nearly all the pioneers and also to have noticed how one by one they have passed away to the shadowy land, only seen by the eye of faith while in this mortal state, but few now remaining amid the scenes of which they were the central objects. It is a privilege, indeed, to have lived through all this time, so fraught with interest and grand results. In conclusion we wish you a happy meeting, a season of the highest, social enjoyment, and a safe return to your pleasant homes, of which no county in our beloved State has better or more happy ones.

RESPONSE.

The secretary responded to the above as follows:

MR. MILLS—In response to the beautiful and cordial welcome, in which you have expressed the sentiments of the cottagers, I would say in behalf of the society, that we fully appreciate your kindness, now as heretofore, and thank you most heartily. We know of no more appropriate or convenient place in our county for holding our reunions or one more enjoyed by the crowds of people who have attended than this. The cottagers have always done all they could to render these occasions successful. We can truthfully say that our meetings here have been the most successful, and satisfactory in every respect, of all that the society has held. And not the least of the pleasures we have enjoyed here has been the cordial reception and the generous manner in which you have contributed to our entertainment.

Hon. Alexander Cameron then delivered the following very excellent

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen—Custom has imposed upon me, who by your generous confidence has been elected president of the pioneer society of Kalamazoo county, the pleasant task of briefly addressing you on the occasion of this annual reunion. It seems hardly possible that a year has elapsed since the vast throng assembled in this lovely grove and listened to the eloquent address of our friend Willard of Battle Creek; as but yesterday, since from this platform was uttered the address of wisdom from the chief executive of this commonwealth. But with pioneers, as years multiply, time grows

short. I congratulate you, my fellow pioneers, that, while so many of our associates, as the report of our secretary will show, have been stricken down, you are blessed with health and strength to be present and enjoy and make enjoyable this reunion of 1890. I congratulate you that so many of the middle aged and youth have assembled here today to renew their acquaintance, and evince their respect and regard for the pioneers. I heartily thank them for it. But to you pioneers, you who have borne the burden and heat of the day, you who have planted better than you knew, who endured the hardships incidental to the settlement of new countries, dwelt in log huts, reaped your first grain with the sickle, felled the first trees, grubbed and plowed the first furrow with a team of six yoke of oxen; had your most fruitful imagination led you to anticipate that you might live to behold the numerous palatial residences scattered all over this county; the golden fields of grain without grub or stump to obstruct the machine, being reaped at the rate of twenty acres per day, with a team driven by a little girl, as you may have already seen. When you built the first log school-honse, did any of you anticipate that, out of that plant, would grow our present school system, including the high school, colleges and University whose doors are open to the humblest citizen? Our University has produced men who are a credit to the world. From the law and medical departments, have emanated works which have become standard throughout christendom; the literary department is not excelled by any of its age. Our Agricultural College has produced men of marked ability, whose talents have been sought far and near for teachers. Do I put it then too strong when I say, that you planted better than you knew? But to the men and women of today, you on whom the responsibility of perpetuating and nourishing and enlarging the plant of the fathers, I congratulate you, that inspired by the precepts and examples of the fathers and mothers you are keeping pace with, if not in advance of the most enlightened countries of the age; so that today Kalamazoo county produces more of that which is desirable for man to have, than almost any country in christendom. Thanks to the men and women of today; may your lights never grow dim nor your shadows ever grow shorter. But what shall I say to these youths? These bright eyes, these rosy cheeks, these happy looking faces inspire me to say a word to you, you upon whom the responsibility for the well being of the country must soon depend. Time and seasons go by us like a panorama; but a few short years will elapse ere the duties of the fathers and mothers and the grandparents will be shifted to your shoulders. Your opportunities have been far in advance

of theirs, better results ought to be expected. Don't be satisfied with present attainments. Place your standard high, men seldom get above their own estimate of themselves; think well of yourselves; while you have faith in God, have faith in yourselves; don't take too much advice; act upon your convictions; don't smoke, don't drink; whatever you undertake to do, do well; keep a pencil and a memorandum book convenient; if in your reading you find a choice sentence, a worthy expression, make a note of it, repeat it, work it into your daily lives and conversations, have your dictionary convenient and consult it frequently for the meaning of the words you use; read good books. Don't wait for somebody to die, that you may enjoy what they, by their thrift, have left, but show to the world that you appreciate the superior advantages you have inherited and that the world is better for your having lived in it. Daniel Webster said to his father, when he was endeavoring to persuade him that the professions were all full, and that he had better remain a clerk: "Father, there is always room at the top." When Henry Wilson, once vice president of the United States, was taunted by a member of congress, who said, "I thank God that I never was a shoemaker," he replied: "The gentleman may well thank his God, for if he had been he probably would have ever remained such. I thank my God that, when I was a shoemaker he put it into my head to be something else." In conclusion, let me say to you, that in whatever you undertake, go to the top; there will be room there.

Dinner was then served to the hungry crowd. As many as could, filled the hotel dining room and partook of the good things provided by Mrs. Thackery, who was obliged to set two or three tables, so great was the crowd. Scattered about the seats and under the trees were picknickers young and old, enjoying themselves thoroughly.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

By one o'clock it was estimated that over three thousand people were on the grounds. Some placed the number even higher. At all events there were more teams on the ground than there were last year.

At 1:15 President Cameron called the meeting to order. A committee of three, consisting of Arad Balch of Kalamazoo, E. R. Miller of Richland and Jerome T. Cobb of Schoolcraft, was appointed by the chair to nominate officers for the coming year. The committee was instructed to report at the close of the meeting.

THE SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mr. George Torrey, secretary of the society read the following report:

Mr. President, Pioneers and Friends:

Another year has been added to the past and again we meet to hold our annual reunion, and to repeat the old yet ever new story of the early settlement of this county. Our last meeting, held at this place, was the greatest of any since the society was organized. The weather, though threatening in the morning, doubtless deterred many people who would otherwise have come from remote parts of the county, cleared up before 11 o'clock and became all that could be wished for. When the exercises at the stand began there was an immense assemblage of people. The invocation by the venerable Rev. Milton Bradley was impressive and beautiful; brief addresses followed, and at 12 o'clock adjournment was had for dinner. At 1:30 the exercises were resumed with the reading of the secretary's report followed by other addresses.

The address of Hon. George Willard, of Battle Creek on "The Making of Michigan,"* was a paper replete with most valuable matter regarding the development of our good and grand State, and eloquent in its masterly presentation of the subject. No address ever given before our society has surpassed it in tone or high character. It was in every way worthy of the orator and of the occasion. Mr. Van Buren's talk on the "Log School-house Period of our Early history"† was thoroughly excellent and was greatly enjoyed. No man in this county has contributed so much and so well to the history of Kalamazoo county as has Mr. Van Buren, to whom we all owe so much for the work he has done. And we shall owe him still more for the work he is doing. Unfortunately, the press of the county, owing to the crowd of other matter, were unwilling to publish these papers in full, but they will appear in the forthcoming volume of the Michigan Pioneer Collection, a work which is of the greatest value to the people of our State. As you all know, the especial object of our pioneer reunion is to gather and publish all matters of interest regarding the history of our county and thus far the contributions have been of the greatest value, and I believe have been highly appreciated.

Here in this seclusion, amid the sunshine and the music of birds and waters; in this summer home, in the presence of the few remaining first settlers of the county, and their thousands of descendants and

* See Vol. 17, p. 295, Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections.
† See Vol. 14, p. 283, Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections.

followers, surrounded by fruitful fields, by the side of the iron roadway that has taken the place of the Indian trail over which our fathers slowly and wearily made their way, in a land that they have redeemed and made glorious in so many ways—we meet today to again tell the story of the adventurous few who began the perilous and arduous work which has produced the splendid results we see on every side, to hand its record down to the long procession of generations to come after us, that they may know the kind of men and women our pioneers were "who walked undismayed the solitary heights of duty and of everlasting service to mankind—the builders of a free state" and the promoters of the grandest civilization the world has ever known. Their charaacter, their steadfastness, their determination, their moral worth and their devotion to the cause of freedom and true manliness should chide our weakness, their character exalt our littleness and help us on to the greatest efforts to still carry out the great work they so well began.

Since our last meeting death has been busy with his visitations, and a number of those who met here then, and others who were not present with us at that time, have exchanged this transitory life for that which is eternal. Among these is Hon. John F. Oliver. The secretary pleasantly remembers the conversation he held with him then and the interest he felt in pioneers. Little did we think then that within a few weeks he would be called from his sphere of usefulness and the companionship of his many friends. But soon the bow was bent and the fatal arrow sped to its mark and our friend fell by the wayside.

Sabin M. Nichols of Grand Prairie, one of the best of men and citizens, also with us at the last reunion, died in October, universally mourned. Hon. Peyton Ranney, although not, strictly speaking, a pioneer, yet an old citizen of the county, and one who always manifested a warm interest in our society and its objects, was called home October 13. Henry Little, whose life has been full of good works, and whose days had been prolonged to nearly a century, sixty years of which had been passed in this county, he coming to Richland with his family in 1831, passed the bounds of mortality in May last. Mrs. Celestia E. Underwood, wife of Dea. Rockwell May, one of our prominent pioneer women, born in Sandisfield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, November 10, 1800, a pioneer of Richland, in June, 1834, died in Kalamazoo, December 2, 1889. She was a person of great energy, and of the strictest integrety of character.

Below we give the list of those belonging to the pioneer class who have died since our last meeting. I have taken pains to gather all the names I could to make the necrological record complete. Nearly

all of these have been announced in the press of the county with appropriate notes upon their lives and I must content myself with the simple announcement of their demise. The number is large and embraces some of the best known and oldest citizens of the county, men and women, many of them coming here at an early day with their families and beginning their clearings and homes in the wilderness courageously amid hardships and privations, bringing order out of difficulties great and persistent—from first to last our best citizens and affording an example to be followed by all who come or shall come after them. There are still others who count almost a century to their lives, who may pass hence during the year to come and be seen no more this side the grave, but whose memory will be ever held in grateful remembrance for the great and beneficent work they have done:

Aug. 14, Josiah Mead, aged 70.
Sept. 24, Abial Fellows, aged 69.
Sept 24, Henry T. Smith, Sr.
Sept. 29, Benjamin Cooley, aged 70.
Oct. 27, Sabin M. Nichols, aged 74.
Nov. 8, John F. Oliver, aged 69.
Nov. 26, Mrs. Sabina McCullum, died in Nebraska.
Nov. 12, Lewis R. Davis, aged 80.
Nov. 12, Samuel White, aged 74.
Nov. 17, Amos Lilly, aged 74.
Dec. 2, Mrs. Rockwell May, aged 89.
Dec. 4, Mrs. R. French, aged 62.
Dec. 5, Mrs. Azro Healey, aged 70.
Dec. 5, Ira Smith, aged 78.
Jan. 7, Mrs. Cyrus Taylor.
Jan. 16, George Sager, aged 82.
Jan. 19, Conrad Eberstein, aged 82.
Jan. 21, William Farwell, aged 76.
Feb. 11, Hiram Moon, aged 74.
Feb. 14, Stephen W. Frank, aged 77.
Feb. 19, Jerome P. Stevens, aged 59.
Feb. 20, Abner D. Nash, aged 89.
Feb. 20, Mrs. Peter Alexander, aged 77.
Feb. 20, Pamelia Guilford Edmunds, aged 77.
March 7, Mary E. Barber, aged 67.
March 16, Mrs. Maria Douglass Towers, aged 84.
March 31, Lydia Howard, aged 87.

April 9, Reuben R. Hooker, aged 87.
April 11, Rev. Isaac B. Abbott, aged 71.
April 16, Maria L. Colt, aged 78.
April 2, Alexander Smith, aged 75.
May 3, Aaron H. Freeman.
May 16, Mrs. Wm. Campbell, aged 62.
May 25, Samuel True, aged 73.
May 25, Henry Little, aged 93.
June 1, H. D. Toby.
June 10, Alexander Beals, aged 80.
June 10, Mrs. Elizabeth Buckout, aged 71.
June 12, Mrs. Dr. Hawley.
June 12, Charles Gibson.
June 24, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Stuart, aged 81.
June 29, Mrs. Elizabeth Cope, aged 71.
June 29, Elizabeth Oliver.
June 30, Mrs. Julius Hackly, aged 82.
June 3, Thomas R. Russell, aged 78.
July 28, Mrs. O. C. Hill, aged 80.
Aug. 2, Samuel R. Balch, aged 76.

There are several names of pioneers who died in 1889 before our last meeting and I think omitted from the list read at that time: Albertus A. Bissell, died March 1, 1889; Mrs. Frith, April 16; Richard T. French and Jeremiah Bontour, April 27. The names of Mary B. Colman and J. B. Millard, pioneers of Michigan but not of this county, died here, Mr. Millard, March 31, and Mrs. Colman in June, and Mr. Francis Colman, Aug. 8.

Secretary Torrey then read letters of regret from Hon. T. W. Palmer of Detroit, Rev. E. H. Day of Lawton, A. D. P. Van Buren, Henry Bishop and others.

Hon. Jerome T. Cobb then addressed the meeting extemporaneously, giving many reminiscenses of early pioneer life gathered from his sixty years' residence in the county.

FORMATION OF KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

One of the most valuable contributions of the day was the history of the formation of Kalamazoo county by townships, given by Hon. Theron F. Giddings. It was a paper that is well worth preserving and was as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: Through the courtesy of the State department of this State, I have secured a history of the formations of the townships

of Kalamazoo county. This history shows the date that they became legal corporations, and the territory from which they came. The work of preparing this record was done under the supervision of James W. Hopkins, formerly clerk of this county, and now one of the corps of the State department.

The general government in making the original surveys of this State, for the purpose of convenience, constituted two imaginary lines, one running north and south, termed the range or meridian line, and the other running east and west, termed the base line. The range line commences at a point on the east line of the county of Hillsdale and runs due north. The base line commences on the north line of the county of Wayne and runs due west to Lake Michigan. The several townships in this State are numbered from these two lines, those lying in this county being known as towns No. blank, south (that is south of the base line), and No. blank, west (that is west of the meridian line), by these numbers the towns were known previous to being named and still retain their number for legal purposes. With this explanation I will proceed with the history:

Kalamazoo county—Laid out by the legislative council on October 29, 1829, to consist of territory as follows: "So much of the county as lies south of the base line and north of the line between towns four (4) and (5) south of the base line and west of the line between ranges eight (8) and nine (9) west, and east of the line between ranges twelve (12) and thirteen (13) west."—Ter. laws, vol. 2, p. 736. On November 4, 1829, the county was attached to St. Joseph county.—Ter. laws, vol. 2, p. 745. On July 30, 1830, the county was organized, and Calhoun, Barry and Eaton, and an indefinite amount of territory attached to for judicial purposes.—Ter. laws, vol. 3, p. 856. On March 6, 1833, Calhoun county was set off and organized.—Ter. laws, vol. 3, p. 984. On March 29, 1833, Allegan county was attached to for all legal purposes.—Ter. laws, vol. 3, p. 997.

Alamo township was organized by the legislature on March 6, 1838, to consist of territory from Cooper, as follows: Town one (1) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L., 1838, p. 78.

Arcadia township—Organized by the legislative council on July 30, 1830, to consist of territory as follows: Towns one (1) and two (2) south in ranges (9), ten (10), eleven (11), and twelve (12) west.—Ter. laws, vol. 3, p. 839. On January 29, 1832, the town was reduced by the organization of Richland, as follows: Towns one (1) and two (2) south, in ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west.—Ter. laws, vol 3, p. 972. On March 2, 1836, name of the town was changed from Arcadia

to Kalamazoo.—S. L., 1836, p. 84. On March 11, 1837 the town was reduced by the organization of Cooper as follows: Town one (1) south of ranges eleven (11) and twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1837, p. 35. On March 22, 1839 the town was reduced by the organization of Oshtemo, as follows: Town two (2) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1839, p. 24. Leaving the town to consist of town two (2) south of range (11) west.

Brady township—Organized by the legislative council on November 5, 1829, to consist of territory as follows: The counties of Kalamazoo and Barry and all of the country lying north of the same, which are attached to and compose a part of the county of St. Joseph.—Ter. Laws, Vol. 2, p. 787. On July 30, 1830, the township was again organized as follows: Towns three (3) and four (4), south of ranges nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12) west.—Ter. Laws, Vol. 3, p. 840. On March 7, 1834, the town was reduced by part of Comstock as follows: Town three (3) south of range nine (9) west.—Ter. Laws, Vol. 3, p. 1277. On March 23, 1836, the town was reduced by the organization of Pavilion as follows: Town three (3) south of ranges ten (10) and eleven (11) west.—S. L., 1836, p. 75. On March 23, 1836, the town was reduced by the organization of Prairie Ronde as follows: Town four (4) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1836, p. 75. On March 6, 1838, the town was reduced by the organization of of Texas as follows: Town three (3) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 76, leaving Brady to consist of (on March 6, 1838) town four (4) south of ranges nine (9), ten (10) and eleven (11) west. On Feb. 16, 1842, the name of the town of Brady as then organized—consisting of town four (4) south of ranges nine (9), ten (10) and eleven (11) west—was changed to Schoolcraft, and a new town of Brady was organized, to consist of town four (4) south of ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west.—S. L. 1842, p. 82. On March 25, 1845, the town was reduced by the organization of Wakeshma, as follows: Town four (4) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1846, p. 29, leaving the present town of Brady to consist of town four (4) south of range ten (10) west.

Charleston township—Organized by the legislature on March 6, 1838, to consist of territory from Comstock as follows: Town two (2) south of range (9) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 84. On March 16, 1840, the town was enlarged by territory from Ross as follows: all that portion of the town of Ross that lies south of the Kalamazoo river, is hereby annexed to Charleston.—S. L. 1840, p. 55. On March 16, 1840, the town was reduced by territory to Ross as follows: All that portion of Charleston

as lies north of the Kalamazoo river.—S. L. 1840, p. 55. On March 15, 1841, the above act of March 16, 1840, making the Kalamazoo river the boundary line between the towns of Charleston and Ross was repealed and the line between towns one (1) and two (2) south of range nine (9) west, was re-established as the boundary line between said townships.—S. L. 1841, p. 22, leaving the town to consist of town two (2) south of range nine (9) west.

Climax township—Organized by the legislature on December 30, 1837, to consist of territory from Comstock as follows: Town three (3) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1837 p. 16.

Comstock township—Organized by the legislative council on March 7, 1834, to consist of territory from Richland and Brady townships to wit: Town two (2) south of ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west from Richland and town three (3) south of range nine (9) west from Brady.—Ter. laws, Vol. 3, p. 1277. On December 30, 1837, the town was reduced by Climax as follows: Town three (3) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1837, p. 14. On March 6, 1838, the town was reduced by the organization of Charleston township as follows: Town two (2) south of range (9) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 84, leaving the town to contain town two (2)south of range ten (10) west.

Cooper township—Organized by the legislature on March 11, 1837, to consist of territory from Kalamazoo county, as follows: Town one (1) south, of ranges eleven (11) and twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1837, p. 35. On March 6, 1848, the town was reduced by Alamo as follows: Town one (1) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 78, leaving the town to consist of town one (1) south of rage eleven (11) west.

Kalamazoo township—Organized by the legislative council on July 30, 1830, under the name of Arcadia. [For description and history see Arcadia.] On March 2, 1836, the name was changed from Arcadia to Kalamazoo.—S. L. 1836, p. 81. On March 11, 1837, the town was reduced by Cooper as follows: Town one (1) south of ranges eleven (11) and twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1837, p. 35. On March 22, 1839, the town was reduced by Oshtemo as follows: Town two (2) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1839, p. 24, leaving the town to consist of town two (2) south of range eleven (11) west.

Oshtemo township—Organized by the legislature on March 22, 1839, to consist of territory from Kalamazoo: Town two, (2) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1839 p. 24.

Pavilion township—Organized by the legislature on March 23, 1836, to consist of territory from Brady as follows: Town three (3) south of

ranges ten (10) and eleven (11) west.—S. L. 1836, p. 75. On March 6, 1838, the town was reduced by Portage township as follows: Three (3) south of range eleven (11) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 83, leaving the town to consist of town three (3) south of range ten (10) west.

Portage township—Organized by the legislature on March 6, 1838 to consist of territory from Pavilion as follows: Town three (3) south of range eleven (11) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 83.

Prairie Ronde township—Organized by the legislature on March 23, 1836, to consist of territory from Brady as follows: Town four (4) south of range twelve west.—S. L. 1836, p. 76.

Richland township—Organized by the legislative council on January 29, 1832, to consist of territory from Arcadia as follows: Towns one (1) and two (2) south of ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west.—Ter. laws, Vol. 3, p. 972. On March 7, 1834, the town was reduced by a part of Comstock township as follows: Town two (2) south of ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west.—Ter. laws Vol. 3, p. 1277. On March 21, 1839, the town was reduced by Ross as follows: Town one (1) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1839, p. 21. On March 22, 1869, the town was reduced by detaching territory as follows: So much of the township of Richland as lies east of Gull lake and attaching the same to Ross.—S. L. 1869, Vol. 2, p. 628, leaving the town to contain town one (1) south of range ten (10) west, except that part east of Gull lake.

Ross township—Organized by the legislature on March 21, 1839, to consist of the territory from Richland as follows: Town one (1) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1839, p. 21. On March 22, 1869, the town was enlarged by territory from Richland as follows: So much of the town of Richland as lies east of Gull lake.—S. L. 1869, Vol. 2, p. 628, leaving the town to consist of town one (1) south of range nine (9) west and that part of town one (1) south of range ten (10) west lying east of Gull lake.

Schoolcraft township—Organized by the legislative council on July 30, 1830, under the name of Brady, that is the town now called Schoolcraft was on February 16, 1842, changed from Brady to Schoolcraft.—S. L. 1842, p, 82. For history and description to this date see Brady. On February 16, 1842 the town consisted of town four (4) south of ranges nine (9), ten (10) and eleven (11) west, and on the same day and by the same act it was reduced by the organization of the new township of Brady as follows: Town four (4) south of ranges nine (9) and ten (10) west.—S. L. 1842, p. 82. Leaving the town to consist of town four (4) south of range eleven (11) west.

Texas township—organized by the legislature on March 6, 1838, to

consist of territory from Brady as follows: Town three (3) south of range twelve (12) west.—S. L. 1838, p. 76.

Wakeshma township—Organized by the legislature on March 25, 1846, to consist of territory from last organization of Brady township as follows: Town four (4) south of range nine (9) west.—S. L. 1846, p. 29.

ADDRESS OF HON. E. LAKIN BROWN.

One of the best addresses of the day was a paper prepared by the Hon. E. Lakin Brown and read by his son Addison M. Brown. This was as follows:

Mr. President, Pioneers of Kalamazoo County, and all who come to make glad this day of remembrance:

Although because of the infirmities of age I am constrained to be absent from this reunion, yet I yield to the urgent request of your secretary that I would write a few words to be read in your hearing. I, who have attended so many of these pleasant meetings, and have so frequently done what I could to add to their interest by recounting the incidents of pioneer days, have little to say but to cast a hasty glance over the success and prosperity of the settlement of which we were the pioneers, to note some of the wonderful things that have happened since we came here, in which we and all the world are interested, and to greet you, and to say farewell. To any one who has shared in the settlement of a new country there are three series of events which present themselves as he looks backward over the intervening years: Those which relate to himself, the incidents and difficulties of his journey to the new home; the toils and privations he endured, his successes and his failures; in short, a retrospect of his fortunes, good and bad, to the present time. Then, what relates to the settlement in general, to the county and to the State, their prosperity and growth and the leading incidents in these; and this review extends finally to the whole country, the nation; and he notes the prominent incidents in its history, the conflict and the changes of parties and politics, the wars and their consequences, and the nation's growth, greatness and power. And, finally, there pass in vision before him the inventions and the discoveries in art and science, which are the common heritage of mankind, of which he and all the race are beneficiaries. In all these things the pioneer dates from the time of his arrival in the new country. The date of his settlement is the era of his reckoning. And to the pioneer of Kalamazoo county what a wonderful history it is.

It is not fitting that I should occupy your attention, in the few brief

remarks that it is proper for me to make, with any details of matters in these several lines of review. The incidents and difficulties of my own journey from my native Vermont till I arrived at my destination, Big Prairie Ronde, are of little interest to you, and equally unimportant is the history of my personal fortunes since. It may be of interest to say that on my arrival at Bronson, November 5, 1831, I found my old friend and fellow townsman from Vermont, and subsequently my business partner, H. B. Huston, occupying a little store nearly opposite where the court house now is, the only framed building in what is now Kalamazoo; and that there were not more than four or five log cabins in the same bounds, and that on reaching Schoolcraft, just then surveyed and platted, I found my friends Thaddeus Smith and family and Addison Smith occupying as store and dwelling, the only building in the place, a rather large log cabin.

A circle of forty or fifty settlers between timber and prairie were the sole occupants of that beautiful prairie. Settlements had just begun to be made on all the prairies in the county, but I think not a single settler had built his cabin in the timbered land or openings. Of course the breaking plow had been started, and crops began to be grown; but the facilities for cutting, threshing and cleaning grain were of a very primitive character. A threshing floor was prepared by removing the prairie turf, and horses were driven around on the wheat till it was shelled out, and advantage was taken of a breezy day to clean it by raising it and letting it fall in the wind. The first framed barn built in the county is still standing in good repair and condition upon my farm at Schoolcraft, in which the floor was made wider than usual, to make convenient room for the horses as they were driven round and round to tread out the grain. At the same barn the first horse power thresher on the prairie, and probably in the county, made its advent and first experiment in threshing wheat. The separator had not been invented, and the wheat fell in the chaff just behind the cylinder. Mr. Richard Patten soon began to manufacture fanning mills, one of which I still have in use, and, with all the modern improvements, I doubt whether a better mill has ever been made than was made by Richard Patten at Harrison's corners, Prairie Ronde.

The wonderful improvements that have been made in the methods of harvesting grain since the pioneers first came to Kalamazoo county will justify me in devoting part of the brief remarks I have to make to that subject. It is but a few years since the world's harvests were cut entirely with the hand sickle. While I lived in my native state I never saw but one grain cradle, though I think the cradle had begun

to be used in sections more devoted to grain growing. I remember that my father, having a few acres of rye to cut, and which the exigencies of hay-making did not leave him time to cut with a sickle, hearing that a man in a neighboring town had a grain cradle, sent me to engage him to come and cut the rye. He came, and being liberally braced up with New England rum, he cradled the rye; and I remember the awkward, clumsy, right-angled instrument with which it was done. But the cradle was in common use here and in all the great grain lands of the country when I came, and it did not seem likely that a better instrument for the purpose would be invented. But in the first decade of the settlement a new invention appeared, originating in this county, a machine which for magnitude, ingenuity and efficiency and perfection of its work as a harvester of grain, I think I risk nothing in saying was never equalled on earth. I think it was in 1837, that Hiram Moore of Climax, a farmer and not a mechanic, conceived the idea of cutting and threshing at one operation, the abundant wheat fields of the prairies by horse-power. Having somewhat matured his plan, he went to Rochester, N. Y., to have his castings made, and build his first machine. In 1839 he appeared on Prairie Ronde, with a machine which cut and threshed the wheat, delivering it uncleaned from the chaff, in large boxes, which were alternately filled and replaced by others, the farmer following with wagons, carrying the boxes and hauling the wheat to the barn. More machines were built at Schoolcraft and many farmers had their wheat cut by them. In the meantime Moore was busily at work to improve his machine so that it would cut, thresh, clean and deliver the wheat in bags. This was accomplished in a few years, and the perfected machine was extensively employed on the farms of Prairie Ronde and Climax. The machine cut a breadth of fourteen feet and was drawn by sixteen horses, having four drivers, or rather riders, a man to operate the machine and another to tie the bags as they were filled, and no cleaner or more perfect harvesting was ever done.

And what became of the machine, and why was its use discontinued? I was riding with the inventor on the prairie one day in harvest time, and we passed by a field where a reaper was at work. The reaper had just been invented and was being introduced. Neither Moore nor myself had seen one operate. We stopped, went into the field and watched the work of the reaper. Suddenly Moore turned to me and with a sad look, said, "That will kill my machine." "How so?" said I. "You see," said he, "that cuts the wheat well by horse power, and that's the great point. The farmer can cut his wheat with his own

team, and without the great number of horses and men that my machine requires, and he will save his straw, and the fact is, my machine is done for." The prediction was fulfilled, at least in so far as this country was concerned. The machine continued to be operated a few years longer, gradually being less used as the use of the reapers increased, until about the year 1852. Some of the machines were left to rot down where they stood. One, however, was taken to California by George Leland, shipped around the horn, and was successfully operated there; others were subsequently built there, and now, after forty years, and notwithstanding all the various improvements in the modes of harvesting, I notice, even while writing this, an article in the New York Tribune, in which it is said that the great grain fields of California are being harvested "by the great machine that cuts, threshes, cleans and bags the grain at one operation." In California it finds the conditions exactly suited to it. Great fields of grain and a rainless harvest time, so that the grain becomes dry for the thresher without risk or injury. It is likely that it will always be used there. Such is the history of a great and original invention, anti-dating all but the primitive manual modes of harvesting grain.

You all know how, within a few years, the reaper has developed into the harvester and binder, that with no more than his ordinary help harvests the farmer's broad acres, which he fears not to sow lest he should not be able to harvest. The traction engine and the thresher and separator have superseded the treading out of the grain, the flail and the horse-power thresher.

About the year 1852, Hiram Moore, the inventor of the great harvester, sold his beautiful farm on Climax prairie to one D. C. Reed, and removed to Green Lake county, Wisconsin, where after a residence there of several years he died. And this D. C. Reed afterwards became the inventor of the famous spring tooth drag, in which a bent, flat bar of spring steel is substituted for the old and time honored spike tooth; and which has had so many imitators and caused so many legal contests in which the inventor has uniformly been successful, and which has proved so great a benefit to agriculture, and has rendered the names of Kalamazoo and D. C. Reed famous throughout the world wherever the soil is cultivated by civilized man.

Why have I taken so much of your time in the detail and description of the great revolution in the modes of harvesting and threshing, and especially in describing the great harvester, the facts about which are so well known to the pioneers of the county? Because the inventions and improvements in that regard are among the great marvels of the age,

and they especially concern your interests; and because the great harvester led them all in point of time, and led them all as the most noble and perfect invention; and because it was invented and perfected in our own county and by one of our own citizens; a farmer, almost on the threshold of the settlement of the county; and I take occasion to say all this now, because the old pioneers are few and are passing away, and to their successors these things will soon be as vague dreams, and it will seem that they always were as they are now. I wish that what I say were not vain words in the empty air; but that it would be made durable as history, for the preservation of the truth, and for the glory of Kalamazoo county and her early pioneers.

Mr. President and friends, I had in mind other wonderful and marvelous things that have come into the world since we settled upon the lone but beautiful prairies of Kalamazoo county, and that have influenced all our interests and habits of living and thinking, and upon which I intended to say something. I intended to speak of the wonders that science and wealth have wrought in our country and in the world, that have given this world of ours a new luster, and its inhabitants a new glory. And I would have dwelt upon the wonderful and unexpected political changes that through a long agony of blood and tears have been brought about in this nation of ours, solving the question of the alternative, whether it should be all slave or all free; and the decision was final for freedom, now and forever.

But the things of which I have spoken have already exceeded the bounds of time and space which I had allotted to myself and perhaps of your patience. To address you these words is at once rightful and pleasant. My pioneer friends, whom I knew in the early days, are nearly all gone to the land of forgetfulness. But the growth and prosperity of the beautiful land they did so much to redeem from the wilderness and to make it a land of wealth, culture and refinement; and the generation of intelligent and enterprising citizens they have left behind them are ample testimony to their worth and to their title to grateful and affectionate remembrance.

And now, my friends, I at once salute you and say farewell.

Mr. E. C. Hinsdale of Detroit, then spoke briefly in relating incidents of pioneer life on the prairie and he was followed by Mr. Jerome T. Cobb of Schoolcraft, who gave several interesting reminiscences of his residenee in Kalamazoo county which extends over sixty years.

Hon. Thomas R. Sherwood next addressed the audience in a happy mood and entertained them for a few moments greatly. The purport of his remarks was the eminent men and women which Kalamazoo

county produced and the high positions of trust and honor which they had attained.

HON. GEORGE L. YAPLE.

Many in the large assemblage before and around the speaker's stand became anxious to hear the Hon. George L. Yaple, and when it was announced that the exercises were to be interspersed by music there were repeated calls for the distinguished speaker. After a selection from the band he was introduced and spoke for nearly an hour and held the closest attention of his audience. He spoke in substance as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I tried to get excused, but as I failed you must blame the committee for inflicting another speech today. It is impossible after the eloquent addressess of Judge Sherwood and others to interest you any longer. It is a hardship on you and also on me. I care more for myself, however, than for you. I am not a pioneer, although I was born here. I love Michigan for her acres of rich soil, for her rich mines, for her trickling rivulets, for her wending rivers, her undulating woodlands, her silvery lakes which reflect the beauty of their surroundings and mingle with the skies. I love her for her industries, schools and churches, and more than all, for the men and women she produces. They are the true test. I come with no stories to tell, but to pay a tribute to the pioneers who in all ways laid the foundation of the State. They led the way, took the first step and paved the way for the future greatness of the State. They were brave, thoughtful men and women, who brought about the change from forest and swamp. They were idealists and saw in this land a most beautiful landscape. They saw in the land what there was to be developed and changed it. They saw the wealth, the homes, wheat and corn, and knew the reward of thinking and working. The pioneers are the world's heroes. It is only a little while ago that the war was between freedom and slavery, barbarism and civilization. Who were the heroes? Not only those who offered their lives on the field of battle, but those who first spoke the words that all men are equal before the law. The pioneer abolitionists, John Brown, Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln, who were the authors of the emancipation, are heroes. Battles are only the explosion of ideas. The terrors of the battle field are the ending of the conquests of ideas.

The work of the settlers in a new country is a beneficent work and is too often underestimated. The successful politician is measured by his ability to get some one a postoffice and not by the laws that are enacted. The real law makers are the lobbyists on the outside. Poli-

ticians are not builders, are not pioneers. All work is just as exalted as the worker and every honest worker is a public benefactor no matter how lowly. Labor has pioneered every step of human progress. You must remove the prejudice against work before you can secure true manhood. The old classifications are passing away. It is not so much what he does as how he does it. Honor is not in the occupation but in the man. God has made a division of the work and ordained that men shall do that for which they have a talent. The shoemaker and the farmer have as honorable occupations as those of other avocations. The inventor's mission is to lead in marriage the forces of nature for the benefit of mankind. Work is worship, the home of honest toil. Building farms and raising families are acts divine. The sickle and sythe tell the story of harvest in olden times and the reaper today walks about like a man cutting the grain and doing men's work. The winds are made to pump the water and churn the butter, and steam threshes and carries to market the products of the harvest, while electricity is the never tiring messenger for all. The horse and the ox are no longer beasts of burden and the mule is now kept only for ornament. The pioneers did not have these advantages. The mechanical genius was the last to be developed, while agricultural pursuits were the first. Think of the miles of travel and the suffering of the pioneers, and the log cabins which were their humble abodes. I often wish that they would not all be destroyed. I love them as a symbol of the older times. I don't know but a political party once won by preserving the log cabin. True hearts and fertile brains, which are riches, were the products of these old cabin homes. The value of a farm depends upon its productiveness. Fruits and grains are the results of men's care and cultivation. The trophy tomato is the result of twenty years cultivation, while the russet apple traveled by man's cultivation from a sour crab apple. Cultivation must be added to nature. Rich are the workers. Men may live in palaces and commanded millions yet be the poorest paupers. Michigan was fortunate in the class of people who settled it. The pioneer is a radical. The west is the young man and the east the old man. The empire is declining in the east and building in the west. I don't think any more of a man because he comes from Boston or New York, but less. We grow larger pumpkins and potatoes and larger men and women in the west. The men of the west are broad gauge and of the east a little narrow gauged. The hub of the universe follows the pioneer westward and is no longer at Boston but nearer, Chicago. The west makes the history and the east is a last year's almanac. We don't care in the west who

was your father, but what you are. In the east it is a question of pedigree. They don't want to know about the boy. In the east society is a masquerade, the boy wearing the old man's clothes. The west is a democracy, the east an aristocracy. In the west the father was the aristocracy of the log cabin, in the east it is pedigree. Humanity has made labor a vocation. It used to be a disgrace to work, but now it is a disgrace not to work. Bread always tastes better sweetened by the sweat of honest toil. Every man should know the value of a dollar by earning one. When he knows this he learns to respect the rights of others. When he recognizes this he becomes a peaceful, law abiding citizen.

True wealth is necessary to progress. The wealth commanded by monopoly is the wealth of robbery. The man who has a home of his own and a family is wealthy. Show me such a man and I'll show you one who is cured of communism. I do not mean communism which is maddened by the wave of a red flag, but that communism which steals away the loaf of bread from the table of him engaged in the pursuits of honest industry, by class legislation. Those who are thus the plunderers of honest toil would have it that the government was for them and not by them. The government has no existence of itself but by the will of the people. The people have a right to live, but they must earn their own living. The pioneers, and I thank you for it, taught their children self reliance. The worst education, if it teaches self reliance, is better than the best if it does not teach self reliance. There were no parasites among the pioneers. They worked out their own welfare. The human parasite is the meanest thing on God's earth. The pioneers of today have grander opportunities than those of olden times, and the fruits of their toil should be better. A man's first duty is to get a wife. He don't get his growth until married. An old bachelor is a case of arrested development, is a scrub of the human forest. Love is riches and is happiness. Home is the saving power to industry and to morality. Young men make yourselves worthy of the love of some good woman. The advantages of a fortune belong to those who earn it. It is better to be a fortune to yourself than to inherit one. It is better not to wait for dead men's shoes but to build them for yourselves. While you are young begin by joining the work host. Every new thought is a pioneer. Be workers and thinkers. Youth is better for conquest than is old age. Youth is the spring season, it is fancy, it is hope, courage, eager for the battle. To you whose days are nearly done I say may the evening

of your lives be a golden sunset; to the young I say may this be the morning of a peaceful day.

At the close of Mr. Yaple's able and elevating address he was greeted with hearty applause and a vote of thanks was tendered him by the audience on motion of Judge Sherwood.

Mr. Arad C. Balch, chairman of the nominating committee, reported the following officers, who were elected:

President—Frank Little, Kalamazoo.

Vice president—Jerome T. Cobb, Schoolcraft.

Secretary—George Torrey, Kalamazoo.

Executive committee—A. Cameron, Kalamazoo; H. Dale Adams, Galesburg; Julius Hackley, Alamo.

The historical committee, consisting of A. D. P. Van Buren, E. Lakin Brown and Frank Little was continued.

OUR UNION SCHOOL—THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE—THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR SECOND PIONEER DECADE.

BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

[Written for the Kalamazoo County Pioneer Picnic of August 14, 1890.]

Mr. President, Pioneers and Friends:

I gave you, a year ago, something of the early story of our common school, closing with the establishment of the union school in 1843. This was in our second pioneer decade. After over ten years of experiment, as to its success, the union school in 1859, was fully equipped as a graded school, and its place allotted as an intermediate, or secondary school, between the common school and the University. At first the branches of the University occupied this place as the gymnasia or secondary school. And when they were cut off from the University a large number of private seminaries sprang into existence. Then came the proposition to make them auxiliaries to the public schools by means of annual appropriations from the State fund. As late as 1854 the propriety of returning to the branch system was seriously proposed, but nothing came of it.

The union school of today is the people's gymnasia, or high school.

It has grown, not as the result of any legislation or endowment fund, but as a development of the primary school; and thus the original ideal of our complete system of education with the three divisions—the primary, secondary, and university grade, has been realized far more satisfactorily than it could have been in any other way. Thus we see that our State has made ample provision for the education of all children alike. This was just and generous—affording the youth of the State the best capital to insure success in life. This is not only a direct benefit to its recipients, but it is an element of strength and safety to organized society. Teaching the children of our land to read is but the first step in the scheme of creating good citizens. For here the character of the people is impressed upon the government. As your schools are so will the people be. Our public life cannot be higher and purer than the life of the people, any more than the stream can rise above its fountain. Today our graded or union schools are educating nearly two-thirds of the children of this State, and furnish a secondary education, of a more or less extended character, to over five hundred communities. The union school is now the people's college. For we have outgrown, or left behind with many other good things of the past, the old academy and seminary and, in their place has sprung up the union school. I know there are denominational colleges, and excellent schools of their kind located in different parts of the State. And that there are also in various parts of the country seminaries and academies, delightful seats of learning, situated in pleasant places near our large towns and cities, a kind of educational resort for the children of wealthy families, like the Saratogas, Newports, Long Branches and Charlevoix, beautiful and interesting resorts for the wealthy ones of the land, but for the great toiling masses, they are beyond their reach, they can receive no pleasure and benefit from them. Yes, with all our fond memory of, and love for those old classic seats of learning, the academy and the seminary, the union school, the popular institution of the masses, has crowded them out—it is cheaper, and comes within the reach of all. The increasing population in our villages and large towns, has made it necessary to gather the children of what was before several school districts into one *larger*, and properly called, union school. And, it has with its advanced curriculum, as we have said, absorbed, as far as the common people are concerned, all those of the higher or intermediate schools between the district school and the University. Consequently it is the only school in which the larger class of our youth, can get any high school training, graduate or prepare for the University. Now, as the object of its founders was to

make this school the people's school, it can only be their school so long as it subserves their wants and purposes. Said Lincoln to a rising young lawyer "Keep close to the people Dick, they are always right, and will never mislead you." This advice was followed and the young lawyer became the celebrated Illinoisian, Richard Oglesby. Now as long as the union school in its management is kept close to the people it will not only flourish and be popular, but it will afford an opportunity for the young Lincolns, Greeleys, Douglases, as well as Oglesbys, to get a start in the world. The original design was to make it a preparatory school, a stepping stone to the University, affording the children of every community an opportunity to secure a University course. And there are many families in every town who rely solely upon the union school to prepare their children for a full collegiate course. And another and larger class who rely upon it for the entire education of their children, which, if not got at home, cannot be got at all.

Again, the more education our children get at home, the better for them. For home after all, is the best college, the best training school, in morals, religion and manliness. If these can be taught along with Greek and science in college, as well as at home, so much the better for the college. As a general thing it is doubtful whether they can. For home influence cannot be transferred. Says a distinguished American orator and statesman, years after he had left the home of his boyhood, and settled in his profession far away from it "home has been everything to me, there is no place like it, the memory of that loved home, and the sweet council of my mother, come over my heart at times, like the music of David over the dark spirit of Saul." How many of our eminent men can say, I owe all I am to home training. Yes the young are best educated when under the corrective influence of home. And the State recognizing this, has fixed the period for this home schooling, from the age of five to twenty. For the period of childhood she has established the common school, for the period of youth the union school, for that of manhood, the University. The State, I say, has recognized that this is the formative period in life, the one in which is given the highest value to scholarship by the imprint of virtue and manliness upon the character of the young. Our law-makers were wise in making provision so that the youth of the State could sit at the feet of learning at their own homes amid their social and business environments. If I had as many sons as old Priam, and he had seventy, I should want them all educated through childhood and youth at home, for the same reason that the wise mother

keeps her daughters under the restraining influence of home till they are of suitable age to go into society. This is the important period of life because it is the one in which conduct is regulated, character formed, and principles established, as a guide in after life.

Edward Everett Hale says on this theme—"So it is better for a boy of ours to be pitched into a public school, to take pot-luck with all sorts and conditions of boys, and to learn, in the earliest life, that some of the best fellows in the world, not to say the brightest, never had a French nurse and always blacked their shoes, when they were blacked at all. I do not know of any other discipline in life which 'takes the nonsense' out of a boy or young man as does a public school. The contact with one's equals which public school compels, with the give and take which belongs to it, teaches lessons all its own, not learned so well, as far as I have seen, in most other lines of life."

The province of the union school is to afford this home education including the fitting of the student for the University. Thus I have given the position the union school occupies with the people. And, as we have said, it will only be successful as long as it is kept close to the people. And here is the point I wish to emphasize—to call your special attention to: There are those in every community who would "cut off" the high department of the union school, and thus reduce it to the status of the common district school. It would then no more be the people's school, in the sense for which it was created, than that a knowledge of the "three r's" constitutes a liberal education. The union school today equipped with its generous curriculum, and admirably graded, is the most perfect school of its kind, in all its parts and appointments, known to the educational world. The school, with its scheme is perfect. Could Benjamin Abbott, Dr. Arnold, Horace Mann, or any of the great teachers of the past, revisit us once more, they would pronounce our union school plan complete. Its grades, primary, intermediate, grammar and high school, are stepping stones for the young in their educational course. The example of a class of bright girls and boys moving on in their studies, just ahead of a younger and less experienced class, acts as an inspiration to the younger and an incentive to the older class, to push on in their school course. Thus they advance from study on to higher study—from grade to grade, into the high school and, through that, into the Univerity.

We have always had an abiding faith in our union school, and have always believed that it came to stay—because the wants of the people created it. But he would be no true friend to it who would overlook the defects apparent in its management. Here, it seems, lies the greatest

difficulty to the success of the school. Hereby hangs all the good or ill that may betide it in the future. Remedy the defects in this direction, make the management as complete as its plan and you will have secured the permanent establishment of the union school. Put thoroughly competent teachers in the primary department, for to start right, is to end well. Do the same in each of the other departments; equip the school with a curriculum ample for the needs of the community, which, in large communities, means fitting the home student for admission to the University. Do this and the idea of the founders of our educational system is carried out, a common school, a gymnasia or secondary school, now called the union school, and a University. Then we will have a united school system, sustained by a united people. Education does not consist in merely getting a text-book knowledge. It is a growth—intellectual, physical, moral, of the whole child. And you cannot hurry the growth of the child in one of these directions, any more than in the other. But that idea does not hold in the school room. There the idea is to stow away in the child's mind as much text-book knowledge as can be done in the fifteen or twenty minutes allotted to his recitation. This is not educating—it is not teaching. Time, the most important factor in both imparting and digesting knowledge, is almost entirely ignored. Leisure to impart knowledge, to receive it, and mentally digest it, as food is digested by the stomach, has been eliminated from the school room calendar, crowded out of school room life, and can only be found in the dictionary. The word "hurry" has taken its place in the school calendar, and produces as unsatisfactory results there as it does everywhere else. Carlyle said that Emerson had learned the art of sitting still. And by that art he learned how to become great. He got the best thought on every subject that he studied, because he patiently and diligently searched for it till he found it. The ancient classic writers had learned this art and have embodied its sentiment in the first Latin the school boy meets—"*Patientia passe science*"—patience surpasses knowledge. *Labor omnia vincit*—labor conquers everything. But the American people have lost this art. The spirit of unrest that moves this business, work-a-day world, has got into the school room and we see the bad results of its hasty, immature, and often ruinous work there. He who takes leisure to think, to read, or to teach in the school room now-a-days, is called an old fogy. We mean leisure in its best sense—suitableness of time. It will not do, I say, to take leisure to get the best thought, or do the best work. This is too slow. No, the prevailing motive, today, is not to get the best thought, but to "get on" in the

world. To get there is the be all, and end all, of human exertions. And the man who does not have the "get there stroke" in whatever he does, in these "go ahead" times, be it in the school room or anywhere else, is considered of no particular account in this world, and too slow for the next.

That very pertinent, and most important question often arises—"What shall we teach?" First, we would answer, that which we shall be called upon to practice when we leave school. Second, that which will tend to develop all the intellectual and moral faculties of the pupil. Says one of the keenest observers of modern life, "The most important part of an education is that which comes after our school days." The curriculum then should include those studies which will give our boys and girls that education which they will need after their school days. But where the boy leaves the elementary school at twelve or thirteen, and goes to his trade, he is likely to forget what he has learned, and in his new surroundings, to lose both education and character. If he could be kept at school two or three years longer, preparing for his trade while carrying his general studies further, it would be immeasurably to his advantage.

But the girl is now sent to school as well as the boy. In the older times it was thought that there was nothing of particular importance that the daughter could do. The son was the one who was to attend to business, add to the home acres, and general family wealth, not the daughter. Many of my hearers will remember the old fashioned arithmetic, where very correct indications of the popular esteem in which the female child was held, could be found, for instance, in such problems as this: "If a farmer gives to his oldest son one-half of his estate, and to his second son one-third, how much will his five daughters receive?" Arithmetics are not made in that way now-a-days. The estimate of the daughter's education and portion have changed The father now finds when his girls have graduated they begin to look about them for something to do. And this popular sentiment in regard to the girl's education gives a double value to our union school, for it now graduates the boys and girls of the community; and usually more of the latter than the former class.

The ancient universities were hostile to the spirit of democracy. The medieval spirit of caste has until lately, always found its ablest spokesmen in the old universities. They would gather up their garments carefully for fear of being contaminated by contact with the unlearned herd, the "*ignoble vulgus*." But when the idea had once found lodgment, that it was a desirable thing to "make learning common," to

arouse the interest of the public at large in the work of the faculties, they joined in the democratization of the higher knowledge. "This was a good thing for the young scholar, who is prone to ossify in his learning, and to lose touch with humanity and all practical concerns, to come in contact with people whose sphere of thought and action is widely different from his own; and to be compelled to put himself *en rapport* with them and communicate with them, not in the learned jargon of the specialist, but in common human language, intelligible to all. College education, says Dr. Thwing, takes self-conceit out of a man. Yes, replies a learned critic, but it sometimes puts college conceit in its place. Business life often finds that the Harvard or Yale man needs a second education before he can work with non-collegians." Now it is such a seat of learning as the union school, the people's college, that is making learning common, keeping the student in touch with humanity about him, that will so train him in all the practical concerns of life, that he can go through the University, bear away his diploma, unaffected by the college conceit. It is the thorough training and fitting of the home school, the starting right, that will steady him through the higher college.

A word as to the usefulness, in a particular sense of the union school. A little, or smattering of knowledge, to use an unpopular word, is not really so bad a thing after all, and especially, when it is all one can get. To the vast majority of the human race, to whom the mere rudiments of knowledge are only accessible, it is not a question between superficiality and thoroughness, but between superficiality and no learning at all, and, again, many a young man has caught from a "smattering" knowledge the very spirit for learning, which, as with Hugh Miller, has made a learned man of him. Many a young man has found a term or a part of one in the high department of the union school, the incentive that has made a scholar of him. The learned Thomas Campbell, rector of Glasgow university says: "In comparing small learned acquisitons with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous. To abjure any degree of information because we cannot grasp the whole circle of science, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of the telescope."

Don't let me be misunderstood on this point. I am not saying one

word in disparagement of thorough academic and collegiate training. I believe in them, in a full, all round university course for every young man and young lady who can take it; it is always the best to educate fully when you can. I am only insisting upon the fact that those who are compelled to forego such collegiate training, to take advantage of the opportunities that they have; that the union school or people's college is open to all—get what you can from it. There are some of the best thinkers, and ablest men of our times who got their start in life from bits of knowledge gathered here and there.

"The man who looks around him as he walks,
Sees objects often wonderful and new;
And he who thinks while his companion talks,
In time may grow the wiser of the two.

"An open eye, a quick, attentive ear,
Will lead the mind into the ways of knowledge,
For all the world's a universal college,
And everyone can learn a lesson here."

One of our old pioneers*, told me years ago, that he got his start in public life in the school-house debating club. He has made a successful legislator, and today is better educated than many collegians, from the fact that he learned how to use his knowledge as he got it, it became power, intellectual strength, as it does with every self educated man. Daniel Webster, a graduate of Dartmouth college, was as really a self made man as Henry Clay, who never went to college. Knowledge and learning he turned into intellectual power, as every man must in college or out who is thoroughly educated.

There is a little school-house near South Bend, Indiana, to which Schuyler Colfax owed all his greatness. For there he was first trained in the art of debate. "Uncle Billy" Green, Lincoln's partner in the grocery business, says "At night when the customers were few, I held the grammar while Lincoln recited his lesson, and when he got through with that grammar he used to study, he knowed more grammar than the man who wrote the book." At Lincoln's first inaugural banquet "Billy" Green sat at the table on Lincoln's left, with the dignified Secretary Seward, on his right. Lincoln presented the two men to each other, saying, "Secretary Seward, this is Mr. Green of Illinois." Seward bowed stiffly, when Lincoln exclaimed—"Oh! get up, Seward, and shake hands with Green. He's the man that taught me my grammar." Here humble means were turned to great account. How many a young man who had only spent a term at the union school can say, "this

* Hon. Alexander Cameron, of Kalamazoo.

is the school which taught me my grammar." There I got an incentive for learning, to which I owe all my attainments in knowledge. As before stated, we have dwelt on this one phase of the union school's usefulness, because so important to every community where it exists. That the school is to thousands of the youth of the land, an awakener, inciter or promoter to learning and science. Who can estimate its value in this direction alone, to any community. Of the other, and more general usefulness of the school we have spoken.

An intellectual interest of any kind dignifies life, makes it better worth living. And to the vast multitude scattered in the hamlets, large towns and cities of this commonwealth, absorbed in the hard toil of earning a livelihood, the imparting of knowledge, the making it common to them, is a popular and beneficial thing. This is the office of the union school. Said Gen. Cass before the alumni of Hamilton College in 1832, "But as the great mass of mankind is instructed, and public opinion enlightened, a moral force is exerted, which governments dare not resist. The school-master is a more powerful antagonist than the soldier, and the alphabet a more effective weapon than the bayonet. The nations of christendom are members of the same great family; such is the diffusion of knowledge, the intercourse of commerce and science, that the proceedings of every government are obtained, discussed and judged throughout the world. If a hostile gun is fired on the Ganges, the echo is heard on the banks of the Mississippi."

The great University is absorbing the small colleges of the land. They are getting too large and unwieldly for the direct and effectual education of the individual student. The hardest thing in the world is to instruct a multitude as such. The highest and best teaching is by personality. But, be this as it may, the fact is clear that the University is absorbing the small college. They are fast disappearing, and in their place we must build up the union school, "the people's college," stronger than ever. Prof. James Brice, says of this class of schools, the small colleges "The European observer conceives that his American friends may not duly realize the services which these small colleges perform in the rural districts of the country. They get hold of a multitude of poor men, who might never resort to a distant place of education. They set learning in a visible form, plain, indeed, and humble, but dignified even in her humility, before the eyes of rustic people, in whom the love of knowledge, naturally strong, might never break from the bud into the flower but for the care of some zealous gardener. They give the chance of rising in some intellectual walk of life to many a strong and earnest nature who might otherwise have

remained an artizan or store keeper, and perhaps failed in those vocations." This is as true as it is well said. Every friend of education should read Prof. Brice's American Commonwealth, especially the part on education. It is an unanswerable argument for the value of the small college to our country. Take them away and the educated class would be but a fraction of what it is today. They have kindled the spark that has induced thousands of ambitious young men all over the land to become educated. The University to thousands is too far away. They have not the means to pay expenses, while they can live near home and walk daily to college, in their own union school. This seat of learning is a perpetual inspiration to the part of the country where it is located. The example of the elder son who attends it, is the model for the younger son " Thus the ability to live at home and save his board brings education which the college has to offer within the means of any boy who has the stuff in him of which the real man is made." Thus thousands of our boys have worked their way through this home college, when otherwise they would have remained at the same home, uneducated, undeveloped.

REMINISCENCES OF KALAMAZOO.

BY JESSE TURNER OF KALAMAZOO.

[Written by W. H. Woodhams and published in the Kalamazoo Telegraph in 1883, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren.]

Mr Jesse Turner, who has now attained the venerable age of 84 years, has given some of his recollections of early days in Kalamazoo to Mr. W. H. Woodhams, who has written them out for the Telegraph:

In August, 1832, I arrived at the settlement of Bronson, having come via Buffalo, the lake and Detroit. The inhabitants here were Titus Bronson, Hosea B. Huston, Anthony Cooley, Marcus B. Hounsom, Cyren Burdick, Stephen Vickery, and Nathan Harrison, who worked the ferry across the Kalamazoo where upper bridge now stands. I surveyed the Arcadia Creek for Anthony Cooley, who put up a shop where the factory stands so long occupied by Amos Knerr. The flats along the Arcadia creek were all covered by tall hazel brush, and the

Indian trail was along what is now Main street, passing off to the north beyond the U. S. land office, so as to cross the river at the ford near the old trading post, the site now occupied by the Riverside cemetery.

One day some of us were standing in front of the clerk's office and heard a whooping down the trail; looking that way we saw an Indian coming like a buck up the trail running and every few rods giving a bound high above the hazel brush with a whoop at every jump. He stopped when he reached us and asked for whisky, said he was poking round a stump when a massasauga sprang up and bit another Indian's bare breast. He wanted whisky to make him strong to run to Grand prairie to get weeds to cure the snake bite. Vickery got him a big drink of whisky, telling him to stop on his way back for more, for we wanted to see the weed. He ran off toward Grand prairie and in a wonderfully short time came back with a handful of weeds—which I knew very well and think I should know today—got another drink of whisky and ran off to his wigwam to pound up the weeds into a poultice to apply to the snake bite. The bitten Indian got well.

The old Indian known here as the Indian doctor had died just before I got here, and his corpse was sitting up against a tree with a three cornered pen around it, a few rods from the trading post, his gun lay in the pen with him, and it was often borrowed from its owner for a day's hunt, and payment made for the loan by leaving a little tobacco with the corpse. The squaw of this Indian doctor afterward married a white man who had lived with the Indians every since he was four years old and was as perfect an Indian in all but color as any of them. His name was Johnson and he was said to be a cousin of Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. The chief of the Pottawattamies was called "Kopmosee." He was a youngish, smart, bright Indian. Rix Robinson used to let him have goods to trade to the Indians for furs.

Quite a number of Indians looked on when we raised the Hill tavern at Comstock, but only one of them dared to take hold and help us raise for fear of the timbers falling on them, but one called Chippewa took hold like a good fellow.

While I was building a mill for Lyman Earl, some Indians came up the river in a birch bark canoe that was really elegant, an Indian at each end could carry it anywhere, 'twas so light, and it would carry seven or eight of them. They speared a large sturgeon in the river there with a wooden spear, hung it up by the tail whole, and roasted it, and soon ate it up. They would get dreadfully mad and their eyes would snap when anything was said about their going west.

I bought a fraction on the river south of Toland prairie, near Hugh

Shafter's. 'Twas a great camping ground for the Indians, and they had a pack of dogs that seemed like half wolves, and would catch hogs or chickens, or anything they came across. We used to think they might tackle a man if they met him alone. These dogs were always led by a big white one. I told Mr. Earl I'd shoot that white dog the first chance I got, for he was the leader in all their mischief. He said, "Don't do it, 'twill make the Indians awful mad, they think a heap of that dog." I said I'll shoot him the first chance I get. One night they had a wedding and lots of whisky; they were yelling like all possessed, but I heard a hog squeal in the woods, took my gun and went out, "let strip," and the white dog went down; I was a little scared, but broke a hole in the ice on the river, poked dog under; that night it snowed and put out all tracks so the Indians never knew what became of the white dog.

They used bow and arrows very commonly, their arrows were made with hardened points greased and burnt, generally of hickory. They had a very pretty game for practicing their bow and arrows; they would make a smooth bed of clay three rods long and about four feet wide tramped as smooth as a billiard table, they had a hoop or section of a cylinder made of willow basket work wound very hard, about five inches across with a three inch hole in the center: One took the hoop and stood at one end of the bed, the other would form a line along the side of the bed, the boys graded according to size, the smallest nearest the roller and standing eight to ten feet off, the men would stand back thirty feet or more, and when the hoop rolled up the smooth bed the arrows would fly clip, clip, all along the line. I've seen them shoot at this rolling hoop many a Sunday all day long; they had a bed on the other side of the river, just above Winslow's island.

In the spring of 1833, there was about one hundred Indians on the bottom land by Winslow's island; they got whisky enough for a big spree; two or three kept sober to hide the weapons, and then I saw for the first time Indians laying on their backs too drunk to raise a cup to their lips. The squaws would fill their mouth with the whisky and squirt it into the mouth of the drunken Indian.

In June 1833, the Indians went off on a trip across the State to Malden, in Canada, to get their last payment from the British government for help in the war of 1812. I started with an ox team some days after to get goods for myself and Burnet. I passed where they had got into a fight among themselves and buried one of their number in a bank. But they did not bury him so deep but that the wolves

had got him by the heels and dragged him out, and left nothing but bones scattered around the deserted camp.

Working near Battle Creek, I had John McAllister, Roswell Aldrich Ira McAllister, Zekiel Lee and two colored men, one a big fellow known as Black John, at work for me. The Indians were to have a big dance after their return from Malden one evening, and the boys said they would go and see the fun. The Indians didn't want the boys around at their powwow. I had stayed back to do some writing, and I heard a gun crack, and in a few minutes the white boys came back on the run, saying they had been shot at. Presently Black John and his mate came in and said that Koppayah, son to old chief Tuckaman, the same who fired to scare the others off, had attacked them. John grabbed a stake that held up a wigwam and with one crack broke Koppayah's arm and got away. The next morning the darkeys had gone after the cattle, when Tuckaman with 70 Indians, all rigged up in their war paint came up to our place and Tuckaman, asking for "Chi-mo-ki-mon chief" the boys pointed me out. He said "Kutaweoss (the darkey) break um arm Koppay-ah, Chimocamon give 'um Mishwapetuck mo-quay ($20 in silver) before sun so high (about noon.)" By this time Black John and the other had come back with the cattle "By zucks," said Black John, "I kin kill the hull of 'em." It looked a little squally, seven of us, not another white man near for miles, but we had a rifle apiece, and I told Tuckaman "We won't go away, and we won't pay twenty dollars, and if you say fight, fight it is!" The Indians consulted awhile and then the chief made another proposition, "Chimocamon bring netass (whisky) plenty" and they would go off on a big hunt and in the evening we would have a feast and a big peace dance. So I promised to furnish the whisky and away they went on their hunt. Towards night they came back with a fox, a hedgehog, and a hawk, and they built a fire and hung their soup kettle under a big tree that stood where Carpenter's store stood years after. We had to taste that soup, but I couldn't swallow it so I would slily spit it out again. Then we joined hands, Indians, whites and darkeys and danced round the fire and tree, and of all the whooping and yelling, I must say 'twas the d—dest row I ever heard. I'd give a dollar today to stand by and see such another peace dance.

We were a wild set in those days. One day Recollet, the trader, had just received some whisky from a batteau that had made the long voyage round the lakes and been poled up the river. He came over and invited the boys to come down in the evening and try it. So M. B. Hounsom, Nate Harrison, a man named Eaton, and a little

shoemaker, Whittet, went to the trading house and I was in the party. The whisky was tried pretty thoroughly, and after an hour or two 'twas solemnly concluded the whisky wasn't strong enough, and must be boiled down, and the dipper leaked, so one of the boy's boots was pulled off and the whisky cooked in that. This game went on until the whole party except myself, were barefoot and bare headed, and Recollet was blind drunk on a bench. Whittet proposed to climb the inside of the chimney, to look out at the top and see if the old Indian doctor was all right in his log pen, he was a lively little fellow, so up he went, and bidding the dead Indian good morning, discovered that 'twas getting daylight. Just then Nate Harrison took a dipper of whisky and flung it on the hot coals, and down came Whittet and would have been terribly burned if he had not been jerked out. As it was, his hair and eyebrows were all singed off.

When I was building a barn for Uncle Mather there was a band of Indians near by; among them was an old Indian with a slit nose that we called Snip; now, one day, Snip got drunk and went to abusing his son; finally, when the boy could stand it no longer he shot his father. The band had three big drunks in order to get up steam enough to execute the boy for his parricide, but finally banished him beyond the Grand river.

Going out to Bellevue with Sands McCamly and I. E. Crary to survey a mill site for them we noticed bands of Indians from Nottawasippee and Grand river and all around going to the burial of a squaw near Bellevue. When the job was done (that is the surveying) Messrs. McCamly and Crary started back on the trail, as they were on horseback, but I was on foot and had my compass, so I struck out on a bee line through the woods for Kalamazoo. On my way I fell in with fully three hundred Indians, all drunk; they had just buried the squaw and then I learned a curious thing about Indian notions; they put their braves in pens above ground, but the squaws they buried, and the direction of the squaw's grave gave a clue to the time of year in which it was made; this squaw, for instance, buried in June was buried on a line north of east twenty degrees, as I proved by my instruments, and so the feet being always buried exactly toward the rising sun, in some measure, told the time of year of the burial. I came out to the river near Augusta and there discovered a group of Indians about a bee-tree. They were in high glee and were chewing down the contents with great enjoyment. One squaw to do the civil thing to the white man, took up a corner of her blanket, filled it with wax honey and

strained the honey through for my benefit. But that blanket was too much! I told them honey made me sick, and I got off that way.

In speaking of the grand powwow at the burial of that squaw, who must have been a person of some consequence, I forgot to mention my amusement at the appearance of the chief, Tuckaman; he was painted black and then striped, and was too drunk to stand; so he was leaning against a tree. He was not so far gone but that he knew he was laughed at, and he clawed out to get hold of me, but I easily kept out of his way.

Indians would steal pork. Once I was passing south of the Burdick settlement, where an old gentlemen known as Uncle Gunn had started a home. He had set up some posts and made a flat roof of rails, covering the whole with hay. I was invited to dinner and we had a very good one of pork and potatoes, and the old gentleman asked a long and reverent grace before the meal, but in the course of the dinner he said his pork was most gone for the d—d Indians had stolen it, and in those days to lose one's supply of pork was a serious thing enough to make even a good man swear.

The Ottawas seemed to claim some sort of superiority over the Pottawattamies, but I never could see much difference, they were so much intermarried, and there were a good many French among them; one we used to call Mossau was a perfect Indian in all but color, and he hadn't much the advantage in that respect, for he was nearly as dark as any of them. He had for his squaw the daughter of the white man Johnson that I spoke of before. This woman was deaf and dumb, but Mossau used to say, "Not much talk, but mighty good squaw." But though she couldn't talk much, she was the most persistent beggar among the Indians. She had several children and if she caught sight of a child's dress we would almost have to quarrel with her to get rid of her.

When they got pretty well acquainted they would talk to us about one another. To one of them I often lent my rifle, and he used to warn me against lending it to others, who were not to be trusted; Chippewa, he said, was roguish.

DEVOTIONAL DANCE.

The Indians wandered about so much that it was almost impossible to guess at their numbers. The most I ever saw together was about three hundred, and I think that was the majority of those that lived within twenty miles of here. They used to visit one another consider-

ably, and the visitors would be dressed up in their best finery, so could always tell them.

The first Indian dance I saw was in the Burdick settlement. I struck the wigwam of Kopmosee, which was larger than any of the rest. There were a number of Indians seated round on the ground on skins and Kopmosee and wife a little apart. They all seemed to be the heads of families, and Snip, the Indian with the slit ear, was making a speech or invocation to the Manitou for "majosh succee" (much deer) "majosh daumin" (much corn), "majosh pokamin" (cranberry), and "cutawmin" (blackberry), and many other things that made up their ideas of plenty. Snip was so earnest in his prayer that the sweat rolled down his face, and the rest gave their most reverent attention to all he said. When he had finished his address they all got up and formed a circle, and with the shout of "Yah! ha! ha!" danced round and round the wigwam a few times with short steps and in single file; then Snip gave a loud grunt that seemed to be equivalant to our "amen," and they quietly passed out of the wigwam and each pair picked up their kettles which were standing outside full of prepared food. Then they were joined by the young folks who had been shooting at the hoop, running and jumping, and other games, and then they had their feast. Kopmosee and wife took no part and when he saw me looking on he quietly brought me something to sit upon so I could see it through. This was not their corn dance, because it was about the time of corn planting.

RECOLLET, THE TRADER.

Recollet was the first trader I knew at the old trading post, and he had a partner whose name I didn't know, but he dressed in Indian fashion, and one day as I was watching them rolling goods into the cache he said with the politeness of a Frenchman, "We got no shair mine friend, but take a seat and ve disturb you not."

After Recollet went away Lephart came and sold goods. He told me he was selling goods for Rix Robinson. Time was said he, "when Robinson worked for me, now I work for him." Lephart stayed here some time, and we used to trade a good deal with him for tea and ammunition.

There were men who wanted to make "corners" in those days. Recollet brought quite a lot of salt up the river in his boat, and some fellows tried to buy the lot of him and so control the price; but he would not let them have it, and sold it out to the settlers.

TITUS AND SALLY BRONSON.

I suppose Titus Bronson had been here a year or more. His house stood on the south side of what is now Water street, just about south of the west end of Lawrence and Chapin's foundry.

Titus was a nervous and excitable chap, and his oddities made others treat him with undue familiarity, which he very much disliked. But I became very well acquainted with him, and by treating him with decent respect gained his good will. He appointed me as his choice for arbitrator in a matter of dispute between him and Marcus B. Hounsom, and we had quite a time with him. He would sit and whittle a while, then he would start and run off up the trail, leaving Cyrus Lovell swearing "like all possessed," saying that we should never get through. After the arbitration we went down to the house, for it was the only place there was to stop at, and we used to sleep about on the floor as best we could. The hired girl was very busy frying fritters for our supper, and these with cheese made us a good meal. Erastus Jackson was lying on the hearth. He was pretty full, and as the hired girl (whose name I forget, but she was a stout Hoosier girl) passed him he made some insulting gesture or said some insulting word, up went the frying pan and came down batter and all on Erastus' head and to the time of his death which was about two years after, he never heard the last of being "crowned with pancakes."

Aunt Sally Bronson was a smartish sort of woman, and perhaps a little inclined to dictate. One day when she had been more than usually vigorous, Titus handed her his pantaloons, jerking out the words, "take 'em, take 'em!"

But I can't help thinking that Bronson was not well used by the people of Kalamazoo in an early day.

BERTRAM'S PLAIN.

I remember a place that used to attract my attention; 'twas called Bertram plain on the north side the river, about two miles this side of Marshall; 'twas a burr oak plain grown up thick with pea vines and blue joint grass, and columbo root. Bertram's house was a curiosity; there was no sawed lumber scarcely about it, the eaves of the house and barn which projected all around, were supported by small tree trunks with the bark on, and to the best of my remembrance the roof was of thatch, and the fences were all of hurdle work, and the whole was a very pretty show of what could be done by the native productions of the woods. I didn't know Bertram; he was an Englishman, and I

believe a bachelor; but I knew another Englishman named Holmes that lived with him; he was a capital wing shot and would pop two prairie hens right and left, as quick as I can tell it.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY—WOLVES.

The first settler in Battle Creek was a man named Guernsey; his home was near where Nichols & Shepherd's factory stands. We used to have to wade the river there to get to Goguac prairie and wade back to get to Toland prairie, then wade across at the trading post to get to this place.

I went out to Gull prairie in the spring of '33 with J. F. Gilkey: the prairie had been burnt over in the fall and the fresh green grass and the thousand wild flowers made it seem like a great garden. 'Twas said that a man could turn a furrow then on Prairie Ronde for eleven miles in a straight line without striking a stick or stone. Coming from White Pigeon, one day, toward Schoolcraft, I saw a man on horseback coming some distance off so he looked like a speck. When he got nearer to me he threw down some of his things on the prairie and started off as hard as his horse could run at an angle from the trail. I hustled along to see what he was after; he had seen a wolf and run him down and his horse stamped him to death. One time I was at White Pigeon, the boys came in halloing, "Wolf on the prairie." The men all tumbled out of the house and on to their horses, some of them not waiting to bridle them, they were in such a hurry. The ground was full of badger holes, and ever so many of them went heels over head in them, but they got the wolf. Horses were mad at wolves and would stamp them to death; but they used to get their legs cut up some; the wolves are sharp biting fellows. Horses would stamp a dog, too, that bothered them.

GRABBING A BEAR.

Going through the woods from Toland prairie to Gull prairie with Gilbert Higgins, both on horseback, we saw a young bear about sixty or seventy pounds weight ahead of us, we put after him and when he found we were gaining on him too fast he scrabbled for a tree. I went one side of the tree and Gilbert the other, the bear came around to Gilbert's side and he grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and went on ten or twelve rods before he could stop his horse, but we saved that bear.

When I had a shop at the south end of the old bridge, on Toland

prairie, there used to be an old doe come every day and look all around and her eyes would stick out, then she would bleat and two fawns would start up in the grass and run to her, and get their fill; then they would go off and circle about in the grass a while and drop down and the old doe would go away. She did this every day for some time, and I was mad enough when somebody shot the pretty thing.

A NIGHT WALK TO PINE CREEK.

I wonder now at the risks we used to take from the wolves, and not even think about it. I wanted some lumber pretty bad and I heard that Heber Sherwood, down at Pine creek, had some partly seasoned. I had a note of his payable in lumber at his mill, but I had never been there, so I got a couple of men and ox teams and started; 'twas in December and very cold, with some snow. We had quite a time crossing the mouth of Portage down here; had to break the ice on each side to get the old scow across, and I was pretty anxious and got in the water above my waist but we got over at last and the sun was getting low, and I was pretty cold in my frozen clothes, we headed across Grand prairie towards Fitz Flats, who lived in a little house on what was afterward the Taintor place. I went ahead of the teams and engaged a chance to put up, but while I was watching the oxen coming slowly across the prairie, two horse teams drove up from the south and I found from their talk they were going to Sherwood's for the same lumber that I was after. I went and met the teams, told the men to stay all night with Taft, and move on in the morning, and I put out through the woods for Otsego—sixteen miles through the woods—I'd never been there but I was pretty well used to traveling in the woods and knew the general lay of the country. Well that was a rough walk, my clothes frozen, a cloudy sky, and the wolves followed me howling all the way there, and I didn't even get a club; but a little after twelve I saw the light fom old Sam Foster's fire and it looked mighty good; 'twas the only house where Otsego now is. I went in and found two Indians lying in front of the fire, I crowded them to one side enough to get some share of the warmth, and soon got dry and comfortable. Next morning I went to Sherwood's and presented my note, and while we were measuring the lumber the horse teams drove up and there was some tall swearing when Sherwood told them they were too late.

I afterwards built and bought the saw-mill near Rupert's lake, on the head of Pine creek, afterwards owned by Van Vranken and from that mill came the lumber to build the old court house, Gen. Bur-

dick's house, Huston's, and the house I now live in, and many other buildings; but there's no sign left of the mill today.

THE FIRST STORE.

We couldn't get many goods of Lephart over at the trading post for his "truck" was mostly for the Indian trade. The first store here was a little room that was kept by Huston, just about where Stone's grocery now stands, on the corner of Main and Rose streets. Huston bought about three wheelbarrow loads of goods of Col. Smith of Schoolcraft and sold them out in that little shanty.

AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

Some of the Indians used to swell out in dress quite smartly. One squaw, I remember, was always as neat as a fiddle; she wore a dress and leggins of fine blue broadcloth, and a fiery red cloth around her neck, and over her breast was hung great silver crescents six or seven inches long, lapping over one another and tapering smaller like scales on a fish, and silver rings and earrings, and she always made her pony go on a lope that would set all her traps jingling. She seemed to like to hear them rattle. The Indian ponies all had bells, but when they used them they would take a wad of grass or something and stuff them, so they could go quietly.

INDIAN TRAILS.

The main roads leading to Kalamazoo were laid out on the general course of the old Indian trails. The territorial road that crossed the State, on which Main street was built, followed mostly the course of the great Washtenaw trail; then there was a large trail to the Grand river, about where the old plank road used to run; another crossed the river by the old trading post, and went to Gull prairie; that trail ran by Hook's house, afterwards owned by Sam Clark. We were at work there building the house and a lot of brush was thrown in a heap on the trail; a band of Indians came up from the trading post and made a new track around the brush heap, but after they were gone we heard one whooping, and when he came in sight he was as drunk as a fiddler and was yelling for the others to stop for him; he never saw the brush heap, but pitched right into it; didn't try to get up, but pulled out a flute made of angelica stalk covered with snake skin, and there he laid on the brush on his back in the pouring rain, playing pooh, ooh, ooh on his flute, happy as a clam for two or three hours.

MUSKRATS AND MEAN WHITES.

When I lived at Wakeshma the Indians used to come there a good deal to hunt the muskrats on the pond; muskrat was a great dish with them, and they weren't any too particular how they cooked them. They would boil them in the sap they were making sugar of. I know we used to find muskrat toes in the sugar sometimes. One Indian caught sixty rats and three mink there one night. I was glad to have rats caught because they made holes in the dam.

But there were some lazy, worthless devils who lived around there who would find the Indians' canoes and split them all up for pure mischief. So the Indians came to me and said, "You good man; hide um canoe; we catch rats spoil 'ur dam." I told them to bring on their canoes; I'd see that nobody meddled with them. One day an Indian came and told me someone had stolen his trap, mink and all, and he described the tracks made by the fellow so well and told the way he had gone, so that I knew at once who was the thief. I told the Indian to go to that man and tell him that if he didn't give up that trap and mink I'd warm him; so he did, and the chap handed them right over and didn't bother the Indians any more.

ABOUT SNAKES.

The Indians wouldn't kill wolves or massasaugas only in self-defense, so the creek bottoms and marshes were very full of massasaugas. I've killed hundreds of them with my Jacob's staff when I was surveying mill sites. Hogs will allways kill and eat massasaugas, but hogs were very few and there was nothing to interfere with them but the deer. I once had a chance to see how a buck operated on the massasauga. I bought some hogs of Daniel O. Dodge, of Climax prairie, and was out there after them. Daniel's wife had some time before lost a baby, and he had found a young fawn in the woods which he brought home as a substitute, and so they had brought it up and it had grown to be large and slick and saucy, and when we went to find the hogs it trotted after us and would poke his horns in my back every little while for play. Going through some hazel brush we came across a massasauga coiled up. I was going to kill it, but Dodge said "Hold on, let's see what Dick will say to it;" so he called Dick and he came up, and his eyes stuck out when he saw the snake laying all in his coil ready for fight, with his eyes shining and his rattles going. Dick gave a spring sideways like a "hog to war" and his sharp little feet came down in a bunch on the coil like a streak, and when he bounded off that "saugar" was all cut to ribbands; but then Dick wasn't satisfied, and he worked

till he cut him all to pieces. There was another snake that was very common then, we used to call the blow snake, but it seems to have disappeared now-a-days. At the first look one would take it for a massasauga; it was about the same general color and form, and it had no rattles and never got into the handsome springy coil that the rattlesnake makes when he means business; but these fellows would lie lazily stretched out and when you disturbed it it would flatten out about six inches of its length, head and all, make a slow hissing very like a goose. It was claimed that that breath poisoned the air about the snake. I don't know whether there was any truth in that or not, but I once came across a young man near Constantine, when I was engineering for a mill site on Hog creek, that runs into St. Joe river, who had been quite sick and his face had been all sores and the skin was peeling off. He said he had been weeding beets and the weeds were pretty high, and he could hear something every little while ssss! ssss! and he looked about and couldn't see anything for some time, still hearing the hissing. By and by he discovered the snake among the weeds and killed it, but soon was taken violently sick and was getting over it when I saw him. I killed great numbers of these snakes. When they would flatten out I used to pin them with the sharp point of my Jacob's staff. I have killed three of the deadly moccasin snakes in this State. They are of a dull copper color on the back, but underneath they look like burnished copper. The last one I killed was on my place near Comstock. Some Indians passing, they looked at it very gravely, shook their heads saying " Weannet Manitou " (bad snake). I never could tell the difference in their name for the Great Spirit and the snake.

PRIMITIVE KALAMAZOO—THE MOUND.

Kalamazoo, or Bronson, was never much of a log house settlement. I only remember three houses now that were of that sort. Titus Bronson's was made of poles rather than logs. Deacon Porter had a log house near where the Indiana depot now stands, and David S. Dilley had a log house on section twenty-one, that is, about twenty rods this side the union school grounds.

There is quite an idea that this village site was a grassy plain with scattering burr oaks; but it was a plain covered with thick and tall hazel brush, so thick that I have seen a wolf jump up so as to see what caused the row he heard; and the burr oaks were very small, little more than grubs. There stands now on West street an oak perhaps two and a half feet through, with a doctor's sign upon it, that when I lived on the spot, several years after I came here, was about the size of a whip

stock after I had trimmed it into shape. There was perhaps an acre of clear ground about the mound in the park, and a few rods south of the jail was always a mud hole that I used to think was where the dirt was carried from to make the mound.

CLIPKNOCKIE AND RIVER NAVIGATION.

Hosea B. Huston built a still near where the old blast furnace stood and he named the spot Clipknockie; presently he took a notion to build a boat to trade up and down the river with, and he had its name all painted out in style on the boat, "Titus Bronson of Clipknockie," and he started off in it for down the river. I happened to be at Otsego, and I saw him; he had to get Dana Foster to pilot the "Titus Bronson" among the rocks and breakers in those rapids. Where he went to I don't know, but the "Titus Bronson" never came back to "Clipknockie."

I engineered and built a mill at Augusta for Dr. Solomon King. There was a fellow there by the name of Hill, that was a terrible bully; one day he came across a little chap by the name of Hadley and got most terribly whipped, that fight split up the folks there into two parties, one for Hill and one for Hadley, and 'twas row, row, all the time, so they got to calling that place "Clipknockie," on account of the quarrels, and Huston in disgust at the theft of the name changed the name of his place to "Enniskillen."

SHARP PRACTICE—LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

I remember a rig we run on John Hill, a brother of this fighting Hill. I was at work at Roswell Crane's, about two miles this side of Bertram's plains, and there was another man named Angell who lived at Battle Creek and had to go and come night and morning. Horace H. Comstock had started a sort of one-horse stage, though it was drawn by two horses, to bring land speculators this way, and this Hill was the driver. Now Angell was a bright, mischievous chap, and wanted to get a ride on this carry-all out and in, but couldn't afford to pay for it very well. Hill had been sparking Hannah Burnett, a young girl living near Kalamazoo, and we told Angell this, and he concluded of that fact and the hints we had given him of the disposition of Hill, would carry him through; so when Hill drove up he stepped up with a gracious smile and the inquiry, "Are you Mr. Hill? I would like to get a ride to Battle Creek." Mr. Hill stuck out his chin, straightened down his vest, saying: "Any man can ride with me that pays for it." "Of course, that's all right, but I want to talk with you;

there's something you ought to know," and so got his curiosity excited that he was invited to ride on the driver's seat, when he proceeded to inquire if he was not engaged to Miss Hannah Burnett, and to warn him of three or four fellows that were after the same girl, but (and here he laid heavy emphasis) they are so afraid of you they darn't show openly and above-board." "D—m 'em," says Hill, "I kin lick the pile of 'em," and so Angell kept him stuffed full until they reached Battle Creek, by which time he had made a solemn compact to keep watch over these imaginary suitors and report their sayings and doings to Mr. John Hill, and when he inquired for the amount of his fare, he was told nothing; and by stuffing Hill in the same manner continued his rides as long as he wished, very much to our delight. But the wedding of Mr. John Hill and Hannah Burnett came off in due time and was the first white marriage in Kalamazoo.

AN AGUE CHILL IN THE WOODS.

And this makes me think of one of the worst fits of ague I ever had. I had been at work at Bellevue making a dam and had to come to Kalamazoo for some material; got an Indian pony and made a bee line through the woods for Augusta; was about half way to Augusta and a fit of ague took me so hard that I rolled off the pony and tossed and tumbled about on the ground I don't know how long. After a while I came "to" long enough to crawl on my hands and knees to a little stream or slough hole and drank until I felt stronger, strong enough to get on my feet and stagger about to find the pony. Luckily, the animal was grazing about not far off, and I managed to get on him again and get down as far as Burnett's, on the Comstock road, where I stayed all night, and the next day I left the pony there and walked here and back to Burnett's, and the third day set out again for Bellevue, and near the same spot the ague came on again, and I went through the whole programme again, alone in the woods, nobody within miles of me. Oh! we had ague in those days for dead certainty.

I have noticed several times contradictory statements in the papers about the site and buildings that made up the old trading post on the other side the river, so I have tramped over the old ground again, and am glad to find that Mr. Coogan has, with great good taste, left the old site of the largest building just as the fire left it when it was burned down, only planting an evergreen at each corner to mark the spot. This building was used as a store-house when I came here, and stood many years after the others were destroyed. The building where the

traders lived had a square stick chimney and stood a few rods north and west of the store-house, and nearly south of the store-house was a big cache or celler drifted into the side hill. Recollet built another log shanty nearer the river after I came, but 'twas soon destroyed. The painting in Woodhams' music store shows correctly the relative positions of the buildings as they then stood.

Looking about the site of the old trading post brought to mind the corpse of the Indian Doctor who kept a grim watch on the side hill, in his three-cornered pen, till he tumbled to pieces, and I'm not sure but his squaw was the best doctor of the two. One time Tuthill was helping to raise a little store building for Horace Comstock; a pair of rafters slipped and pounded it pretty badly, so he thought his jaw was broke. He got his head bound up but was in terrible pain all night; couldn't sleep, and next day the old doctor's squaw came in; she found him grunting away and wanted to see his hurts; but he pushed off and wouldn't let her touch his head for some time. She stuck to him, said all that wrapping was "meannett" (bad), then she went away a little while and came back with some roots and a stone; she pounded up the roots into a poultice and put over his face, and in two hours he was having a good sleep. We went out and found the tops of the weeds; 'twas a plant we knew but I've forgotten now what it was. But 'twas sure that the Indians had quite a knowledge of simple remedies, aside from the jugglery of their medicine men.

TREED BY WOLVES.

Did I tell you about getting treed by wolves? Well, one night I was coming through the woods from Otsego to my saw-mill. The pines were pretty thick, and it was soon dusk, and the wolves began to howl all around me. I paddled along and they kept getting nearer, and I felt around in the dark to get hold of some sort of a club; blundered about in the bush and happened to get hold of a stake somebody had cut, and when I had got that I backed up into a hollow pine that had been burned out and waited till I could see their eyes shine and then I whacked around with my club, and drove them back, and by and by started on again. I bethought me that Case's house was nearer by than my mill was, and I could go there through the oak openings where 'twas not so dark as in the pines. So I headed for Case's, and when the wolves got too near I would charge on 'em and thrash the trees with my shillalah; there was a light in Case's house, but the door was fast and I couldn't get in, so I hollered out who I was, and found that the woman was all alone and had heard the wolves and had

barricaded the doors. Case had gone over to my mill to catch some fish, so I said I would take his rifle and then he could have it to come back with. But when I started out with that gun the wolves never gave so much as a yelp again, and about the first thing Case said was "did the wolves get after you, I heard 'em howling?" The next day all hands started out to look for the wolves, but all we got was four wolf pups that we happened to run across and we carried them home alive, they were kept until full grown, some of them, but were so mischievous, killing chickens and things, that they had to be killed. I laughed to hear Trumbull, my Scotch apprentice, talking to one of them that he was carrying out to Hooks, east of Kalamazoo, "Ye wee devil" says he, "I'm taking yee whaur ye'll be weel cared for, but if ye kill the fowls they'll kill ye dom ye!"

One night I was staying at Ralph Tuttles, and a wolf grabbed a calf; it bawled like mad. I was sleeping, partly dressed, so I was out in a hurry; but Uncler Mather got up, seized his coat in the dark and jammed his feet through the sleeves. The cattle were as crazy as loons. They came tearing across the prairie in all directions, and I had to pile up on the shed to get out of their way or they would certainly have bolted over me. Some of them came from the Whited Sepulchre, as we used to call Uncle Johnny Moore's place and they made good time, too.

This Johnny Moore was a character. One time he was desperately sick, and Dr. Webb, who was in attendance, informed him that he couldn't live long. "How long?" asks uncle Johnny. "I don't think you will live more than two hours," said the doctor. "D—d short notice!" says Uncle Johnny. "Make me a brandy punch, strong." He took this down and went to sleep for a couple of hours, then woke up and repeated the medicine and slept again all night, and lived many years after that.

When Tillotson Barnes died at Gull mills, Joe Miller was administrator and Dr. Deming, Henry Little and I were administrators, and after we had got through the business I was very anxious to get to my home on Toland prairie. 'Twas all woods, and the wolves were howling a good deal. There was a little light snow, and when I was near what is now Howlandsburg the howling stopped all of a sudden and I heard something pat, pat in the snow. I looked back, and right behind me was a terrible big wolf; behind was another. I whirled about, squatted down, threw up my arms and jumped at them letting out yells that ought to have been heard at Gull Corners. That wolf was so scared that in turning he actually kicked the

snow in my face. They "peeled it" off on their back tracks as fast as they could fly.

We had a great time at Delnovie when the mill was finished ('tis now called Mystic mills, I believe) but we all knocked off work for want of a couple of feet of belting, and Tim Cooley sent Elias, or Crowell as he called him, down town to get some. Well, Crowell thought he knew all about mill matters, so made some mistake, and had to go again. 'Twas proposed to fill up the time while waiting by a dance as we had a fiddle; but there was no whisky, Crowell being a strict Methodist and didn't keep liquor in his house. But some said there was a barrel of sauerkraut down cellar, that would do just as well, so we danced and ate sauerkraut, and by the time we got through the floor was about two inches deep in sauerkraut, and the barrel pretty well empty. Crowell muttered some when he got back, but that was all the good it did him.

I don't remember who built the old log jail; reckon most everybody helped, but I do remember seeing Huston, who was sheriff, catch sight of one of his prisoners out of the coop. 'Twas a chap named Bowker; he had set fire to a haystack. The fellow lit out for the jail again, and got in the same way he got out, through the roof, and was eating raw onions when Huston got there.

ELECTION DAYS.

Election days in the territory were loud times for fun. The north half of Kalamazoo county and all Allegan county were one county. At the first election old Sam Foster of Otsego was chosen justice of the peace. Soon after this election I was working on the Hill tavern at Comstock; had two men at work for me, John McAllister and John Newman, and I had partly hired a man named Bliss, a widower from Canada, but found afterwards that Bliss would get into trouble. There was a shanty in Comstock that we used to call the "initiation room," because the new comers always used it until their own places were ready for them to live in. Now at this time the room was occupied by a man and his wife named Fuller. Mrs. Fuller was quite a pretty woman and one day when her husband was away Bliss insulted her, as seemed to be his habit of doing; we talked it over and thought a good scare would be good for him, so I wrote a warrant beginning "Jesse Turner presumes to assume the office of justice of the peace, etc., and told John McAllister and John Newman to play constables and bring him in. He didn't notice but that the warrant was all right, but swore he wouldn't come, the boys were big strapping fellows and just carried

him in. 'Twas agreed to let him go to Bronson to get counsel and away he went, and there he run across old Elisha Belcher who was hungry for a job, and he advised him to sue the boys for false arrest and imprisonment. Old Sam Foster being in Bronson they got him to issue a warrant and sent Nate Harrison to serve it. So all Comstock came down to town, drank some whisky, made a good deal of noise. Court was called and the boys were arraigned. Belcher stated the case and asked for their plea. Lovell Moore asked if the court had ever qualified, and as old Sam had never been sworn in, that ended that day's lawing.

But old Sam took the oath and awhile afterward stopped at Comstock with Nate Harrison, called a court there and then and sentenced the boys to fifteen days each in the log pen, and then went on his road, leaving the warrant in Nate's hands for execution. Nate didn't like the job, but Sam told him he'd fix him if he didn't attend to it, and while they were writing the boys asked me, "What shall we do; we don't want to stay in that log pen for fifteen days." I said "skip out into the woods where you can see when I signal you to come back," and they did. When Nate came in and asked for them I said they were about somewhere "and would be in soon as 'twas near dinner time." Nate was pretty tired, there had been considerable whisky about; he lopped down on a work bench and was soon fast asleep, and his hat fell off and the wind blowing pretty fresh through the room scattered the papers among the shavings. There were two little rats of boys who were always bothering for shavings to make a bonfire. And hearing them I quietly called them in, telling them to take out the shavings and burn them up. The result was that when Nate woke up that warrant could not be found, though I helped him hunt for it for some time. Nate foamed and swore, but 'twas no use. That warrant couldn't be found and so it was never served. Belcher tried to scare me afterward about acting as justice. I told him to "go ahead and we'd have a cotillion;" but that cotillion never came off.

A GLIMPSE OF KALAMAZOO IN 1846.

BY GEORGE TORREY.

[From the Kalamazoo Telegraph, furnished by A. D. P. VanBuren in 1889.]

We have been favored with a view of Kalamazoo papers of 1846 and found much of interest in them. It is like turning back the curtain that shuts out the past, the opening of a year's volume of newspapers. There like a stratum of the geological world is imbedded the drift of the period, and the forgotten days, the unremembered events, incidents and names are revealed; and, if you were part and parcel of the occurrences and scenes inscribed you live over again all that was done, and there arises clustering associations with them; you see the very form and color of the times, and the men and women, boys and girls long departed, as well as reminiscences of those still living, again become vividly present in memory.

The old time newspapers, especially in villages, are singularly wanting in local news, and present a striking contrast with those of today. The gossip and personal items, notes of public improvement, village growth, social proceedings, religious intelligence, and very much of that matter which makes the journal of today so much sought after, so chatty and agreeable a companion—a map of busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns are absent. It was made up of political discussions and week old news. One is obliged to look at the advertisements (which prove really valuable) to find out who were here and what was doing. The change from the old fashioned newspaper is great indeed. The record of marriages and deaths is a matter, too, of interest, but they were but seldom given, and were in the briefest announcement, in small type and in obscure corners of the paper.

The year 1846 formed a new era in the growth and prosperity of the village. On the 2d of February, the Central railroad was finished to this place, and the influence of this enterprise was at once felt in growth and advancement of business of all kinds. The stage lines run by Davis, Humphrey & Co., had theretofore done a great business eastward, now it was limited to lines south, north and west to Chicago, and the Kalamazoo house was the headquarters.

The village at that time was a small affair, nearly all the business

houses being east of Burdick street, and were with one exception we believe, one and two story wooden structures. The dry goods stores were not exclusively dry goods, but very general in the variety of their stock. There was but one or two brick houses in the town. There were no sidewalks but those of mother earth, and the streets in the "rainy season" were desperately muddy. Kalamazoo was then just emerging from its hamlet-like appearance and preparing to take its rank and station among the first towns of the State in the future.

From the papers before us for 1846 we learn the business firms and dealers were:

Dry goods and general stores—D. S. Walbridge, Foster & Fish, Arnold & Cobb, Huston & Sweetland, Clarke & Gilbert, J. Parsons & Co. (W. B. Clark was the company), Smith & Co., O. Davenport, Bowen & Bro., W. A. Tomlinson, Goss & Darling, M. Israel (fancy store) Kendall & Camp, Francis Dennison, M. Wilson & Co.

Druggists—David A. McNair, James P. Clapham.

Grocers—J. A. Walter, W. T. Campbell.

Jewelry—B. M. Austin, S. K. Selkrig.

Boots and shoes—T. Paige, W. H. Gray, Noah Gray, W. C. Hoyt.

Bookstore—S. K. Selkrig, afterwards A. J. Sheldon.

Variety store—Oliver Edwards.

Public houses—Kalamazoo house, I. Kellogg; River house, N. Berchard.

Forwarding and commission—Munger & Kellogg, Acker Brothers.

Stoves, etc.—Wm. M. Crain.

Eating house and barber shop—J. H. Powers.

Boarding house—J. Patrick.

Meat market—James Taylor.

Saddler and harness-makers—William H. Stewart, J. H. Everard.

Insurance agent—Chas. A. Sheldon.

Land agent—Fred Booher.

Furnaces—White & Turner, Whiting & Hildreth.

Livery stable—Pattison & Benson.

Chair factory—Hedges & L. Eames.

Carriage and wagon shop—J. C. Spencer.

Furniture establishment—Jason Russell.

Kalamazoo carriage works—Davis & Crittenden

Tailors—Andrew Taylor, R. Blackett, Lewis R. Davis, J. Barnum, Underwood & Foster.

Blacksmiths—A. B. Gray, W. Beckwith and Josephus Case.

Painter—P. S. Grimes.

Dealer in stone—Wm. Minton.

Woolen factory—Beals & Johnson.

Wagon works and blacksmith shop—Hogeboom & Burrell.

Attorneys—Mower & Webster, Stuart & Miller, Clark & Balch, Edmond Rice, J. W. Breese, Samuel Rice, Ebenezer Hoskins, W. H. DeYoe, Paul W. H. Rawls, law students; S. A. Rice, justice of the peace; W. R. Watson, surveyor.

Physicians—Drs. Starkweather, Sprague, Howard, J. Adams Allen, Starkey, Stewart, Sill, Swan.

Ministers—Rev. O. P. Hoyt, Rev. J. A. B. Stone, Rev. Wm. Sprague, presiding elder of the M. E. church, Rev. A. D. Cole, St. Luke's.

Teachers—Mrs. Jane Everett, school for young ladies.

Rev. J. A. B. Stone, principal of the Kalamazoo branch of the University; T. P. Sheldon, banker; McNair & Eames oil manufacturers; L. Eames, saw-mill and turning factory. The editor says with prophetic ken in an article, "Kalamazoo is destined to become a place of importance." Dr. Joseph Sill is announced to give a temperance lecture at the Congregational church. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Stone held a donation party at the parsonage, west Main street, December 16. September 9, the democratic congressional convention was held at the court house. The counties composing the district at that time were Jackson and Calhoun, delegates each: Branch, six; Cass, Kalamazoo Calhoun, Berrien, St. Joseph, six each; Allegan, Eaton, Kent, Ottawa, Ionia, Van Buren and Barry, three each. Edwin Bradley, democrat, was nominated and elected over J. W. Gordon, whig. Rix Robinson was vice president of the convention. The marriage of Chauncey P. Kellogg and Mrs. Mary Burdick by Rev. A. D. Cole, July 29, 1846, is announced. H. G. Wells was elected representative and N. A. Balch senator over Stephen Brown. H. G. Wells was county judge.

There is stirring news from Mexico all through this year which keeps the people stirred up. A company is raised here for the war. Charles L. Cobb, was one of the officers of the new bucket (fire) company.

April 27: Bill to repeal the charter of Kalamazoo passed the house, 33 to 6. Death of Wm. Dutton, principal of the "Branch." The first boat left the mouth of the Kalamazoo river for Chicago about the middle of February; two mills alone shipped this spring 20,000 barrels of flour from Allegan and not a steamer on the river. Kalamazoo village had a population at the beginning of 1846 of 1,314; the number of inhabitants of the county was 10,242. There were four churches, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist.

The corner-stone of new Episcopal church was laid September 3.

Austin & King succeed W. A. Tomlinson. Haven Monroe was elected representative, N. A. Balch senator, Geo. W. Rice sheriff, Charles A. Sheldon register of deeds, Geo. T. Clark treasurer, H. G. Wells county judge, A. C. Roberts surveyor, Geo. Rix and E. B. Delano side judges, Ira Burdick and Alfred Nevins coroners. Alexis Ransom was postmaster.

Volney Hascall's paper says that Jones Woodard of Portage had the first cider mill in this county then just builded for him by David Hubbard, and return thanks for a quantity of apple juice as well as apples. The Kalamazoo county agricultural society was organized and held its first meeting in October, 1846, A. G. Moore, president; W. H. Edgar, secretary; Edmund Rice, corresponding secretary; S. P. Cobb, treasurer. There was a meeting to give encouragement to the emigration of Hollanders. Mr. Van Raalte, the pioneer and promoter of the scheme was present.

This was before the era of graded schools; the school-houses were one on the site of the present Jewish synagogue, another was on South street near where Mr. Dickinson resides. Then there was the old branch which stood in the northeast corner of the park then the principal school of the village, taught by the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. B. Stone.

EARLY DAYS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF KALAMAZOO.

[A newspaper article, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren in 1890.]

The old blacksmith shop located on the west side of North Rose street, just south of Arcadia creek, is a building which is surrounded with memories of a pleasant nature, in the minds of some of our older citizens.

A glance at the structure shows that in years past it was used for a different purpose. This building in the earliest days of Kalamazoo, or Bronson, as the little hamlet was then called, was named the "Session house" when it was first built, and dedicated by and for the use of the First Presbyterian society. It then stood on South street, on the lot now occupied by the First Reform parsonage. We have been permitted to look over some old documents which relate to the early history of the First Presbyterian and First Congregational churches. As

these papers have but recently come to light, and as the facts are unknown to most of our readers, we copy some of the documents. The first is a copy of a report of a committee as follows:

"WHEREAS, The records of the First Congregational church, Kalamazoo, have been mislaid or lost; therefore, *Resolved*, By the members of said church at a regular meet ing held on the first Thursday of September (fourth day), A. D. 1845, that a committee of three persons be appointed, who, with the Revs. Mr. Hoyt and Dennison, as honorary members of said committee, to collect and embody all such history and facts pertaining to such church from its organization down to the present time, which may come to their knowledge and report them at a future meeting, whereupon the following persons were chosen as said committee: L. H. Trask, Martin Heydenburg and M. Hinsdill."

The report of the committee was as follows:

"The church committee heretofore raised, to wit, on the 4th day of September, A. D. 1845, to gather and embody facts relative to the organization and history of the First Congregational church of Kalamazoo beg leave to report that from various authentic sources and otherwise they find that a church was partially organized on the 6th of June, 1835, by the Revs. Mr. Humphry and White of the St. Joseph Presbytery, by the name of the First Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, at which time Mr. James Porter was elected elder of said church. Subsequently, to wit, on the 6th day of February, 1836, said church was reorganized by the St. Joseph Presbytery (said first having been adjudged by said Presbytery as informal) by the aforesaid name, to wit: The First Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, consisting of twenty-four members, and at same time James Porter and Martin Heydenburgh were elected elders of said church and ordained, and at the same time, to wit, sixth February, 1836 the Rev. Silas Woodbury was installed pastor of said church by St. Joseph Presbytery."

The building accepted by this infant Presbyterian church was called the "Session house," and it was a "stock concern," the stockholders numbering six. As an item of interest we copy the following receipts:

"*Bronson, July 6, 1836.*

"Received of L. H. Trask, one hundred dollars, it being fifty dollars on each of the shares of N. & A. K. Edwards towards building Session House.

"Signed, HEYDENBURGH & WARNER."

Another reads as follows:

"Received of L. H. Trask towards building the Session house, one hundred dollars.

"$100. HEYDENBURGH & WARNER.

"*Bronson, June 13, 1836.*"

The concluding portion of the report says: "In the month of February, A. D. 1842, said church passed a vote at a regular church meeting called for the purpose of acting upon the subject, to change the form of government from Presbyterian to Congregational, and with the assent of the Kalamazoo Presbytery to which they have belonged, assumed the name of the First Congregational church of Kalamazoo, and established some rules to be observed in the government of said church, and elected L. F. Stevens and Wm. P. Barrows deacons. Sub-

sequent, on the removal of L. P. Stevens from Kalamazoo, L. H. Trask was elected deacon." The report ends, "All of which is respectfully submitted." Then follows a code of "Rules" for the government of the church and a list of the names of members, for which we have not space.

From these documents it would appear that the First Presbyterian and First Congregational churches were both born in the "Session house." This will account for the years of good will between these societies.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF KALAMAZOO.

[From a newspaper article furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren, in 1890.]

One of the most successful and prosperous churches that has ever stood in this city, is the First Congregational. It sprang from a Presbyterian form of government in 1835, with but fourteen members. The meetings of the faithful few were held for some time in the schoolhouse building that stood on Bronson park, long since removed. Meetings were continued here until 1837, when the First Presbyterian church was erected on South street, where the First Reformed parsonage now stands. In 1842 this church adopted the Congregational form of government, and in 1849, united with other churches in forming the Kalamazoo Congregational association. Rev. S. Woodbury was the pastor from the formation until 1839. Not till late in 1840 did his successor come. Rev. O. P. Hoyt remained until 1849, when Rev. A. S. Kedzie followed him and supplied the pulpit until 1853. It was at this time that the new brick Congregational church was built and finished, at the corner of Academy and Park streets, and where it now stands. The old building was removed to north Rose street, where it now is used as a blacksmith shop. Since the erection of the church in 1852–3, the growth of the congregration caused several additions, including the chapel, to be built. Rev. John T. Avery preached during the summer of 1853, and Rev. Granville Wardwell during the year 1854 and part of 1855. He was succeeded by Rev. Edward Taylor, who remained with the church until 1863. Rev. Henry Mills was the next pastor and severed his connection in 1865. Until 1867, Rev. F. Ford

was the spiritual adviser. Rev. Oliver S. Dean came next and labored as the pastor of the church until 1873, when Rev. Frank Russell came and took charge of the church until 1878. Rev. W. H. Thomas followed as the pastor remaining two years. In 1881 the Rev. C. O. Brown was called. He departed in 1886 and the pulpit since then has been supplied by the present pastor, Rev. W. A. Waterman, who has been so influential in the building of the new church.

So for the past thirty-six years the Congregational steeple has been pointing heavenward, and as long as it has stood the church has never failed to do a great and good work. The Sabbath school has ever been a successful branch of the church, having twenty years ago over two hundred members, under the supervision of Henry F. Montague, one of the oldest pillars and pioneers of the church. The church has always been for the most part a harmonious one and is today united and working for the best interests of christianity.

The Congregational choir has ever been supplied with the best vocal talent, and among others who have sung in the church during its existence are: Mrs. Rhoda Sweet Scott, Mrs. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Slaughter, Frank W. Cornell, Frank Little, J. C. Burrows, Mrs. Pershall Johnson, Mrs. Pershall Lewis, Mrs. Henry Beckwith, Miss Emma Scudder, Frank Knappen, Wm. H. Browne, Mrs. Rosa A. Sanburn and the present choir, W. E. Hall, W. E. Hanshue, Mrs. H. S. Davis and Mrs. Gilmore. For years Mrs. Libbie Bulkley Holden was the organist, followed by Mrs. Mary Higbee Sanburn and Mrs. D. H. Haines. M. B. Miller, the present clerk, has filled that position for years, and J. O. Seely has attended to the finances also for years. The church has a large membership and it is to be hoped that all may soon be gathered again together in the new edifice to be dedicated to God.

PRIMITIVE KALAMAZOO.

[From a newspaper article furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren in 1890.]

We have recently obtained some interesting reminiscences of early days in this township from Mr. Ira Smith of Cooper. Mr. Smith was one of the three first settlers on Grand prairie, and was in this place before any house was built except the trading post down the river and possibly the log hut which Titus Bronson is said to have erected to make good his claim to the property in Kalamazoo in 1829.

It is interesting to know that a man now lives who lived here when this city was an entire wilderness, is still alive and an able bodied, active citizen of the county—one who has seen every step of our city's progress. Yet if Mr. Smith's story is correct, he is entitled to the honor of the first settler.

Ira Smith and his brother Allen, left Ohio in the fall of 1829, for the territory of Michigan, then beginning to be much talked of. Allen had a wife and children, but Ira was unmarried. The journey was made with a yoke of oxen through the wilds of the cottonwood swamp and the black swamp of Ohio, into the openings of Michigan. They finally reached White Pigeon, where there was a small settlement. Leaving their wagon, oxen and Mr. Allen Smith's family at that place they pushed on northward, following a faint wagon track to Prairie Ronde, on the north and west part of which they found Bazel Harrison, Gullford, Whipple, Insley, Shaver and two or three others, the very first settlement in the county. The Smiths did not stop, but taking the trail northward arrived at nightfall at Grand Prairie. At a point which is now known as Drake's farm, they found a large Indian village. Mr. Smith says, that as many as 300 Indians had gathered there for a dance. The Smiths approached the *soiree aboriginique*, when one of the red men met them and spoke the word "whisky?" "Got none!" "Marchee, chemokomon!" And they marched. They went over to the northeast part of the prairie, near where now stands the Wyman house, and encamped for the night, the first white persons who had ever slept upon that prairie. A great fire was built to keep away the wolves which appeared in numbers and howled through the night, but the tired travelers paid but little heed and slept well.

The next day they explored the country and selected places to settle. Ira choosing the Wyman place and Allen selecting the place which was afterwards known as the Kingsley place, then came down to this valley. What a sight was presented to them as they looked from the brow of the hill out upon the beautiful plain, then wild and free, and beautiful as a dream in its primeval dress in the georgeous tints of late autumn! But to the practical mind of these stalwart pioneers the one thing that absorbed their attention was the big marsh—the great meadow which spread out before them with here and there lakes of water in the midst of it. They selected a place where they could secure hay for the cattle, for they had determined to locate at once on the prairie. Not a house of any kind could be seen in this place except the Indian trading post down the river, the smoke from which could be seen as they came down the hill from the prairie. The place where

they found the best grass was about 40 rods north of the present Hawley house. The Smiths returned to White Pigeon, told Mr. Drake of what they had seen. He joined them, came to the prairie, and made his location, and the three together cut some fifteen tons of hay. They returned to White Pigeon, brought their families and all with them to the prairie, and prepared for the winter, building two shanties.

At the time the Smiths and Mr. Drake settled upon the prairie there was a large Indian village of thirty or more lodges, on the farm Mr. Drake took up. It was one of the three villages at that time in the county, the other being on Gull prairie, east of the corners, and the third on Prairie Ronde. This agrees with the statement of the earliest surveyors. The chief's name was "Ring-Nose," and he was friendly to the new comers, as were all the Indians.

The winter which followed the settlement on Grand prairie was a severe one, and the Indians towards the close of it had exhausted their store of food, except game. "Often they would come to our houses, in which they were always made welcome, and we would share with them and give them food to carry away, for we had provided plentifully in the fall. One day, toward the close of the winter, three Indians came to our house (I lived with my brother Allen) and asked for flour. Our barrel was very nearly empty, and we showed it to them and the nearly exhausted pork barrel as well. They looked at them and then at each other, and with a grunt, 'Ti-yi!' they went away. In a few days they returned with venison and a quantity of honey, which they gave us, refusing to accept anything for them. We never refused the Indians anything we had, and always found them appreciative recipients, and gratefully returned favors. They never stole from us. They seemed in the earlier days thoroughly open, frank, honest and trustworthy, and great helpers, always friendly, except when inflamed with whisky, which was seldom, till the settlement had grown to quite a colony."

IRA SMITH'S REMINISCENCES OF KALAMAZOO AS A COLONY.

[A newspaper article furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren, in 1889.]

Ira Smith was in the city Wednesday, after an absence of a month or more. He is nearly blind from an affection of the eyes, but otherwise he is in good health. An effort is to be made to overcome his blindness.

Mr. Smith gave us numerous other points connected with the settlement of the county, and the beginnings. He seems to have personally known every one who lived here from 1831 to 1836 and on. And not in Kalamazoo county alone but in Van Buren and St. Joseph counties. He is indeed a volume of the most interesting reminiscences. It is to be regretted that one (himself well versed in early history) could not be with him for a sufficient period of time to put in words upon enduring pages, what he has seen, and part of which he was. Then would be witnessed a panorama of our history, our growth, and the portraits of those who have been the founders and the promoters of the county's growth.

Mr. Smith says that there were but few settlements in this county west of Grand prairie till after 1832. Anthony Cooley, Enoch Harris, the colored man, and Edward Smith settled on Genesee prairie, Harris making the selection in 1829. The Cooleys and Smith gave the name of Genesee prairie from the place they came from, Genesee, N. Y. Soon after this, in 1832, came John Hascall, father of the late Volney Hascall. Neil Hinds and the Wildses came afterwards.

In the meantime the settlement in the village progressed, but no more rapidly than on the prairies. The place was known as Arcadia the name the township was organized under. The second log hut after that of Bronson was on the banks of the Arcadia creek, nearly where Mr. Colt's present house is. (It is true that there is dispute on this point as to the locality, some placing it much further west, but Mr. Smith is positive.) This was erected by Wm. ("Black") Harris. The third house was Nate Harrison's on the bank of the river before mentioned in these sketches. Mr. Hays made brick in the east part of the village, and built a saw-mill at a point near to where the Lake Shore road now crosses Main street; then the Arcadia was carried around that place in a wooden race to furnish power first for this saw-mill of Mr. Hays, and afterwards for Deacon Swayze's wool carding establishment. This saw-mill was a small affair. The next one was erected a year or two after by Bronson on the Portage, only a few rods from where Reed street now crosses that creek. Some of the remains of the old timbers and the dam may yet be traced. Rodney Seymour was sawyer there in 1833. Smith says that himself, Sam Eastland and Lot North were employed to clean out the creek below the wheel, the same having been clogged up. To keep out the cold these boys poured liquid in and as the spirits of just men made perfect in those days was sold at 25 to 30 cents a gallon, the quantity used did not impoverish them as an investment. They worked in the water and poured down the

spirits till the spirits obtained the ascendency. There are still living those who remember Sam Eastland. He was the essence of fun and good nature and his face and the twinkle of his eye would of themselves set a mob of misanthropes to laughing, and

> Where his look of mirth and mockery fell,
> Care quickly fled and misery sighed farewell.

He was a trump card and didn't seem to know it either. Lot North, too, was enough to send a "happy dispatch" to the blues. What a pair they were! Native born humorists and liars—are not all humorists liars. Well, as the boys become exhilarated they became talkative. Seeing a log in the bottom of a pool below the mill, Ira said he could dive down and go under the log (one end being raised above the bottom). Sam said Ira couldn't do it; "but if you can do it, I can!" Ira made the effort and successfully achieved it. Then Sam tried it, but alas he overestimated his abilities; his head went partly under and he stuck there, while the current carried his legs upwards, and but for the efforts of Ira and Lot, Sam would have never come out alive. They pulled him out and after extracting the surplus water which he had involuntarily imbibed they fed him on corn juice till he felt as well as ever. Poor Sam, he died at Pike's Peak, in California Gulch, years after, but was a well known character in this county in the early days.

Our narrator says that Bronson was greatly grieved at the change of the name of the village, Bronson, which he had given it, and which had borne that name from the first. Gen. Burdick, Thomas C. Sheldon and Lucius Lyon became joint proprieters of the village with him, purchasing his interest. They were impatient of Bronson's peculiarities and his lack of enterprise, and procured in the winter of 1836 the passage of an act changing the name of the village to Kalamazoo. This was the finish of Uncle Titus; he sold out his interest to Sheldon, Lyon & Burdick and removed to Rock Island, Ill.

From Rock Island Bronson went to Davenport, Iowa, being among the first settlers of that place, owning a fine, large farm, now covered by splendid residences of the city. He was, however, beaten out of this great property. His wife died there in 1842 and Bronson, having become penniless, went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Hooker, in Henry county, Illinois. In the fall of 1852, he went to his old home in Middlebury, Connecticut. Here his wanderings ceased. He greatly enjoyed the visit with the surviving friends of his youth. He was taken sick at his brother's house. He was, he said, ready to die as he

had nothing more to live for. He thanked God that after all his wanderings his dying bed would be soothed by the kindness of his early friends and his dust be mingled with that of his fathers. After a week's sickness he died January 6, 1853.

Mr. Smith tells an anecdote which illustrates the virtue, honesty and brotherly feeling which existed in the good old colony times. There was some agitation even in those good old days regarding intemperance —there was, perhaps, a score of houses in the town at this time. A noted temperance lecturer came here to talk to the people. Ira happened in the store of Col. Huston for something and found the Colonel and the temperance lecturer discussing the question. After a while the Colonel said "Well, let's go down and take something!" alluding to the cellar below. "Well," said the tetotaller, "I'll do it; but this young man here, what about him?" "Oh," said the Colonel, "he's safe; Ira will take some with us." "Yes," remarked the young man, and they all went down and imbibed freely—so much did the temperance lecturer take in that it required a good deal of effort and labor to sober him up sufficiently to make him presentable as a teacher of reform that evening.

OUR FORERUNNERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT A VANISHED PEOPLE.

[A newspaper article, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren in 1889.]

The western portion of Michigan territory has been a home of the Indians for at least two hundred years. The race of red men found here by the first white settlers were not the first who occupied the land, the Miami tribe being first, removed from various causes, and the Pottawattamies their followers, having in turn been forced from their homes in the east to the northern part of Michigan and Wisconsin by the all-conquering six nations or Iroquois. This part of Michigan was often the scene of stirring events before the advent of the American pioneer. The French Jesuits in 1673 came to the river St. Joseph, which they called the "river of the Miamis," on account of its course being through the country then peopled by that tribe. Yet their numbers were not great. No mention is made by the greatest of the

French explorers and leaders in America, La Salle, in the accounts of his numerous journeys up and down this river in 1679 to 1682. The winter of 1680–81 La Salle passed at fort Miami, now St. Joseph, (Berrien county) in the log inclosure of the fort, having with him La Forest, and twenty-five Frenchmen, and the Indian hunter, who had followed the great and intrepid commander's fortune so long. Near the fort, for protection from hostile Iroquois, were the wigwams of a band of eastern Indians, who were, says Parkman, "Exiles from their homes and strangers in this western world, refugees, chiefly Abenakis and Mohicans, driven from their native seats (in the Atlantic states) into those distant wilds, and were wintering in the friendly neighborhood of the French." The Shawanoes of the Ohio valley, hearing of the French, came that spring to ask protection against the fearful Iroquois, of whose attack they stood in abject dread.

The great village of the Miamis was on the Kankakee river. This was visited by La Salle in his efforts to make peace with the Indian tribes. This he accomplished for the time being. The Miamis were in great fear of the Iroquois. In 1680, a party of Iroquois returning from an expedition against one of the Illinois tribes, had met and slaughtered a band of the Miamis, and not only refused satisfaction, but entrenched themselves in their rude forts of trees and brushwood in the heart of the Miami country. They appealed to La Salle, and he met a band of Iroquois. He met them with a menacing arrogance, which so far surpassed their own, and so completely browbeat and cowed them by his threats, that they stole away by night. This greatly aroused the admiration of the Miamis and they gave their fealty to the French. Finally they agreed to make peace with the Illinois and remove to the neighborhood of Lake Peoria, which they did in 1681. Doubtles the fear of the Iroquois had much to do with their removal. They remained away, however, but ten years when a portion of them returned to the St. Joseph country. In the meantime Virginia Indians, and the Narragansetts, Mohicans, Abenakis and remnants of other tribes settled here. When La Salle and his men started for the gulf of Mexico eighteen warriors and ten women joined the expedition. Those at the village of the Miamis (St. Joseph) afterwards left for the Illinois river. The Miamis themselves were from Wisconsin where they and the Mascoutins were found in 1870 in quite an advanced condition for savages. The Miamis did not stay long on their return. Some time after coming back they were most treacherously assaulted by a large band of ferocious Sioux from the northwest and according to the report of Cadillac 3,000 of the Miamis were slaughtered. This was about 1695. The few

that were left fled to Mackinaw under protection of the French and finally about 1706 the Miamis entirely removed from Michigan and the valley of the St. Joseph.

The Pottawattamies succeeded them and with the Ottawas and Chippewas occupied most of northwestern Michigan from that time out through this portion of the country was for a long time debatable ground and liable to incursions from various tribes. The Pottawattamies were a more warlike nation than the Miamis and with the Ottawas and Chippewas were well able to protect themselves against incursions of other tribes. The Pottawattamies occupied territory from Chicago eastward, embracing most of the western part of Michigan as far north as the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, as well as the head waters of the Grand river and southward into Indiana and Illinois. They held firm possession of this broad domain for a century and a quarter being the dominant tribe in southern Michigan at the time of the coming of the English-speaking settlers, and a remnant remaining even to this day. They were, about 1650, driven west and north by the Iroquois and their allies into upper peninsula and thence to Wisconsin. They were found in Wisconsin by La Salle in the region of Green Bay in 1679, and were friendly to him. The time of their migration thence to southwestern Michigan was about 1690. They, as well as other nations of the Green Bay and Fox river region, had roamed through the "debatable ground" in southwestern Michigan, and they were among the first tribes who sent colonies to Detroit in response to Cadillac's invitation in 1702. A part of the tribe, at least, appears to have been temporarily located within the territory of the Miamis before the final emigration of the latter, and with their faithful allies, the Ottawas, doubtless, had much to do with the removal of the Miamis, the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawattamies occupying almost the entire portion of the lower peninsula.

Father Marest reports in 1712 that the Catholic mission of St. Joseph was in a flourishing condition, which proves that the Pottawattamies were friendly and willing to profit by the teachings of the pious Jesuits. This character they sustained with all subsequent missionaries among them, many of them, including some of the chiefs, down to the time of their removal to the west. Though not equal in battle or in council to the terrible Iroquois, they were like their allies, the Ottawas and Chippewas, brave and hardy warriors, implacable as enemies but often steadfast and faithful friends, as they proved themselves to the French. In the spring of 1712 red warriors of St. Joseph bravely aided the French garrison at Detroit in a dire extremity and helped to save

them from massacre. The besieged garrison were about to surrender when in the midst of the conflict, there came from the border of the surrounding forest a sound wild and terrible. It was the mingled yell of the Pottawattamies, Wyandot and Ottawa warriors, who had come from their hunting grounds with all speed for their succor. The besiegers were driven into their own defenses and the garrison relieved for a time, but the enemy were still unconquered and defiant. The French and their allies were attacked in turn, but were repulsed, and this was followed by a sally from the besiegers. And so for days the battle went on without decisive results, but at last the Foxes and Mascoutins were nearly overpowered and sued for peace. This being denied them, they finally in despair, after nineteen days of fighting, fled at midnight, during a furious storm, toward Lake St. Clair. Several miles from Detroit they constructed a rude fortification, but the French and allies pursued, and after three days more of fighting the enemy was utterly put to flight and the route became a massacre, eight hundred warriors, women and children were slain, and the Fox nation was very nearly destroyed.

The Pottawattamies and their allies afterwards took sides with the French in the French and English war, which finally ended in the triumph of the English. The latter treated the Indians with contempt and severity instead of the kindness and generosity of the French. When the French soldiers left the posts the traders went with them and Englishmen occupied their places. "These," says Parkman, "were often ruffians of the coarsest stamp, who vied with each other in rapacity, violence and profligacy. They cheated, and plundered Indians and outraged their families," making bitter enemies of the red men. And when the conspiracy of Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief began, they joined him with alacrity, and the Pottawattamies were active participants. They destroyed Fort St. Joseph, garrisoned by Ensign Schlosser and fourteen soldiers, and the Canadian village near it. Eleven soldiers were killed, and Schlosser and three men taken prisoners were marched to Detroit where they were exchanged with Major Gladwin for some warriors who had been taken prisoners by the English at the commencement of the war. Three of the Canadians escaped the slaughter.

Our Indians were engaged in other battles, till finally Geo. Croghan, an experienced trader in 1765 came among them and propitiated them, and in a council they agreed to a peace, but the Indians did not like the English. They, however, held to their alliance, and even after the

white settlements the Indians made yearly visits to Malden to receive gifts and annuities from the English government.

In the winter of 1778–9 a council was held at L'Arbre croche, Little Traverse bay, and the Indians consented reluctantly to form an expedition against Gen. Roger Clark in command of the American forces who had taken possession of the whole Illinois country. Early in the spring the Indians, under command of two French half-breeds, embarked in a great number of canoes on Lake Michigan, but on reaching St. Joseph the news came that the British had been defeated, and the expedition was abandoned.

In 1794 the warriors of southwestern Michigan were again on the war path; five years before they had made a treaty of peace with the Americans, but they joined the Indian tribes who attacked Gen. Wayne, but were badly whipped by that great Indian fighter at Maumee. In 1795 the Indians at Greenville concluded a treaty of amity with the United States and remained friendly for fifteen years. In this treaty appears the name of Topenibe, head chief of the Pottawattamies.

In 1810 Tecumseh visited the Pottawattamies and enlisted them in his efforts to drive out the colonists. The effort failed through the valor and fighting qualities of the whites under Gen. Harrison at Tippecanoe. Some of the Indians from this section took part in the massacre of the River Raisin in the war of 1812. The Pottawattamies took part with Proctor and Tecumseh, in 1813, in the battle where Tecumseh was killed, and this was the last fight they ever made against the whites, being thoroughly subjugated.

We now come to the history of the missionary efforts of Rev. Isaac McCoy, who established a mission at Carey (Niles) in 1822, and by himself and the Rev. Leonard Slater at Thomas (Grand Rapids) in 1826. The story of this effort is one full of patient devotion, self-sacrificing, wise and humane efforts. It bid fair to be successful and was successful, till the arrival of white settlers, when all that had been done to ameliorate the condition of the savage and to civilize and christianize him was defeated. For six years the missionaries labored under suffering and privation, when it was clearly demonstrated that the Indian could not live in the neighborhood of the whites without utter demoralization, ruin and extinction. Then began the effort to remove them to the far west, where they would be beyond the vices and corruptions of the pale face. Mr. McCoy now bent all his energies to this end. While Gen. Cass was governor of the territory he had visited the mission at Niles and was a fast friend of the missionary and favored his plan. When the governor became secretary of war he

was able to aid materially in the project. In the meantime McCoy went to the east and to Washington and enlisted prominent men and congress in the scheme. In July 1828, Gen. Cass sent McCoy to the far west to select a place and he with a commission went as far as what is at present known as southwestern Kansas. He was accompanied by the Ottawa chief Noonday and five other Indians. Finally a place was selected and by 1840 all but a few of the Indians were removed there. Of the incidents of the removal we shall speak in another paper.

SOME BEGINNINGS IN KALAMAZOO.

[A newspaper article furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren in 1889.]

The first store of any kind in this place (except the Indian trader's) was Huston, Smith & Brown's (Hon. E. L. Brown still lives at Schoolcraft, one of the oldest, most prominent and esteemed pioneers of the county) on the northeast corner of what is now Main and Rose streets, then an Indian trail. This was the "Commercial Centre," and theirs was a very miscellaneous stock of goods in small lots, including salt pork, bacon, molasses and a few groceries, with calicos and other articles needed by the colonists of this section.

DR. ABBOTT WAS APPOINTED POSTMASTER

in 1832 and this office was in his room over the store where his family resided. The mail was carried in 1831 from Jacksonburg to Prairie Ronde by a Mr. Darling of Neal's prairie (beyond Marshall), sometimes on foot and sometimes on an Indian pony, the mail being secured in the carrier's hat, making round trips once a week. After the office was established here Lucius Barnes of Gull prairie obtained the control for carrying the mail, and his covered wagon was the first stage we had. The Kalamazoo house built by Nathaniel Foster, Elisha Hall and others for Cyren Burdick, was opened this year by the latter. It was a small affair at first, but was enlarged as travel increased. A case of cholera occurred here this year and the victim died. He came here from Detroit and died a few days afterwards. Several cases of this dread malady occurred at Marshall with fatal results; also at Nottawa prairie, and this, with the fright caused by a rumored outbreak of Indians, made gloomy times in this region.

LAYING OUT ROAD.

The township authorities elected in 1832 gave the first attention to laying out roads, the commissioners making considerable progress this year, aided by Stephen Vickery and Pierce Barber our first surveyors. Nathan Harrison was chosen collector, the tax for the township being $100 for that year. The first recorded roads are: Bronson (Kalamazoo) to Genesee prairie, October 24, 1832; same to Gull prairie, October 25; Gull prairie to Gull creek and thence to the arm of the lake, October 26–27; Toland's prairie to Indian Fields, January following; Gull prairie to Grand river, January 29 and 30, 1833. For a number of years Pierce Barber acted as surveyor, and after him came Luther H. Trask. Up to this time the only roads were Indian trails. But it was many years before good roads were established in this county.

There was great excitement this year on account of the so-called

BLACKHAWK WAR.

The wildest rumors were started. Late in April at 10 o'clock at night a messenger arrived post haste to White Pigeon with dispatches to the effect that the Indians, under the devastating and bloody Blackhawk, had attacked and defeated the United States troops in Illinois, that the fort at Chicago was probably captured, that all the white settlements in the west were in danger, and called on all persons in Kalamazoo county to muster forthwith and proceed to Niles, the point of rendezvous for Michigan troops. Dr. David E. Brown of Schoolcraft had already been appointed colonel, Isaac Barnes of Gull prairie, lieutenant colonel, and H. B. Huston major of a regiment of militia. These officers were hastily convened, together with Col. Brown, of Tecumseh, the ranking colonel. E. Lakin Brown of Schoolcraft volunteered to take the dispatches to Kalamazoo and Gull prairie where he arrived about daylight the next morning. The settlers rallied at the call, and some four companies of about sixty each, with Capt. Jas. Noyes, Capt. Eph. Harrison and Major Huston marched to Niles. It proved a false alarm and nothing came of it save the terror it excited, stopping emigration for a time and causing some of the settlers to go back to their eastern homes, beyond the terror of war's alarms. A great deal has been written in regard to this war, and not a little fun, as well as many uncomfortable incidents, grew out of it.

FIRST LAW SUIT.

The suit of George Shaw, appellee, vs. Abram I. Shaver and Eph.

Harrison was tried here (the first session of the county court) in Bronson's house, in October, 1832. It was commenced the previous October at Shaver's house in Prairie Ronde, and was adjourned to a little school-house near Insley's, in that locality, and was from that point brought to Bronson (Kalamazoo) in October. Judge Bazel Harrison (the first pioneer of the county, who died at Prairie Ronde, August 30, 1870, at the age of one hundred and three and one-half years) on the bench. The associate judges were Stephen Hoyt and Titus Bronson. The painting by Anthony Cooley of this famous court scene hangs in the county clerk's office, and presents good portraits of many of the first pioneers. The attorneys in the suit were McGaffney and Humphreys for the plaintiff and Cyrus Lovell and John Hascall for defendants. Verdict for plaintiff of $61.21 damages and costs.

GEN. JUSTUS BURDICK

came in 1832, and with Lucius Lyon and Thomas C. Sheldon puchased a portion of the village site of Titus Bronson, who had bought out the interest which Stephen H. Richardson had in the same. Burdick then returned to his home in Vermont, and subsequently removed there with his family. It is to Gen. Burdick we owe the preservation of the burr-oaks of this city, for he required of all purchasers of lots that they should only remove such trees as were necessary in the improvement of their premises. Messrs. Burdick and Lyon set apart

FOR A CEMETERY

a portion of the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section twenty-two, three acres, the same as is now occupied as a park on south West street. For many years this was the burying ground of the township. The deed was made out to the township by Richardson and Bronson, in accordance with an agreement with Burdick and Lyon.

In the fall of 1832, Rev. J. T. Robe

PREACHED THE FIRST SERMON

here, at the house of Titus Bronson. Quite a tract of land in the limits came into market about this time and was purchased by H. H. Comstock, Theodore P. and T. C. Sheldon, Lucius Lyon, Nathan Harrison, Anthony Cooley and others. At the close of 1832, the population of the village was about forty people. Bronson built a saw mill on the portage this year, Mr. Hounsom doing the work of building.

The year 1833 opened with good prospects for the growing hamlet. The first marriages in this place occurred: Ethan French and Matilda Hounsom, in January; John M. Parker and Tamar Walters, February 9 (Mr. Parker died but a few days ago in southwestern Missouri), and on the 17th John Smith and Jemima Edgerton, Squire Lovell joining these pioneer pairs. Mr. Lovell was elected supervisor, H. B. Huston town clerk, Phineas Hunt, Huston and A. Cooley highway commissioners; Rodney Seymour, constable; Bronson, Lovell and Cyrus Burdick, school commissioners; Tamar Walters and Miss Pamalie Coleman, before her marriage (afterwards Mrs. R. Seymour whose death occurred but a few weeks ago) were our first school teachers. George Patterson and John Hays with his family were among those who came in 1833. Robert MacIntosh opened a store on east Main street a few doors east of where now stands the Humphrey block. A grist mill was built at Comstock. Silas Trowbridge, Rollin Wood, James and W. E. White, Harrison and James Coleman, Deacon Heydenburk, Roswell Crane, Edmund LaGrave, William Martin, Ira Burdick, Abraham and Daniel Cahill, Russo King, and others also came. A. Cahill started a tannery on the south side of Main street nearly opposite the beginning of what is now Waldbridge street. D. Cahill opened a furniture store on Main street near where Lilienfeld's store now stands.

Stephen Vickery, first county clerk had an office just east of Edwards street on the south side of Main. One death occurred this year that of Joseph Wood, father of Samuel L. Wood, and was the

FIRST TO BE BURIED

in the new cemetery. Rev. Mr. Meeks, an itinerant preacher, officiated at the funeral. The place began to present now quite a village appearance with its hotel and little cluster of houses and shops, and the incoming of new colonists.

SETTLEMENT OF BRANCH COUNTY.

[From Bronson Journal furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren, 1889.]

The story of the opening up of a new country, especially a region remote from the busy haunts of civilized life—when the adventurer in search of a home leaves behind him the comforts, the scenes and friends of his youth, and penetrates the depths of an unbroken wilderness, amid

perils of many kinds, and begins a new, strange and eventful career, with none or but very few white men at scattered places near him—is always an interesting one and is full of incidents and of lessons, too, to those who come after the hardy pioneer, and enjoy benefits which their enterprise, toil and struggles secured.

Branch county was named after John Branch, who was for several years a member of President Jackson's cabinet, and was first settled in 1828. The first white inhabitant known to have made a permanent home in Branch county was Jabez Bronson who, in the spring of 1828, located with his family at Bronson prairie, on the Indian trail running east and west, through the county, which became soon after the famous Chicago turnpike. Here he built a small log house and for years kept it as a tavern for the accommodation of the adventurers moving into that part of the territory. Others came in 1829 and 1830 with their families and made Bronson their home. Bronson in 1827 raised a crop of corn on Pigeon prairie, and this, with game and wild honey, both plenty in the woods, he lived well and had some to spare for others.

Bronson's log house became at once a place of note and importance to pioneers. Soon after he occupied it he was made postmaster and justice of the peace. This was the first postoffice in the county as well as the first justice office, and became a resort for settlers for miles around. A Mr. Toole about that time opened a school in his own house for his own half dozen children, and received the children of other families for instruction. Phineas Barnum and his family settled in a neighboring town. He had been a sailor and his roving disposition, after a year or two caused him to move away. He was an Indian trader, hunter and trapper, and is said to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, but of unsettled purposes.

The first town meeting was held at Bronson's house, when three poundmasters were chosen, a bounty voted for wolf scalps, and a regulation regarding fences adopted.

R. W. Corbus in 1829 settled in the region now called Girard. In the spring of that year Jeremiah Tillotson opened a hotel near Bronson and a mail route was established west of Lenawee county, and John Mitchell carried the mail from Tecumseh to White Pigeon.

The first township election was held in 1832 at Blackhawk Mills, and one wagon carried all the voters to that memorable meeting. Seth Delaham was elected supervisor; John Morse, clerk; S. S. Bingham, collector; R. J. Cross and J. B. Tompkins highway commissioners; Allen Tibbits, Wales Adams and John Corbus, assessors; James N.

Gale and Seymour L. Bingham, constables. These men, including the three poundmasters, composed about one-third of the entire population of the county at that time. In 1832 Philander Chase, who had been an Episcopal bishop of Ohio, purchased six hundred and forty acres of land in Gilead township, with the view of establishing a college there, but his plans failed and he soon left for other parts.

Through the efforts of Gen. Cass, the government at Washington in 1825 located a road to be one hundred feet wide, between Detroit and Chicago. It was proposed at first to locate it on or near the south line of the territory, but the exhaustion of the appropriation and insurmountable difficulties thwarted the execution of this plan and led to its abandonment, and the old Indian trail was adopted. This trail had been used for centuries by the Indians and over it traveled Father Marquette, LaSalle, Tonti, and the early French missionaries. In 1832 the work of the great road was recommenced and perfected. In 1837 a Mr. Jones located at Jonesville and a Mr. Allen at Allen's prairie. In 1830 Hugh Campbell entered the land in the limits of what is now Coldwater.

Want of space prevents us from following up at this time the progress of the settlement at Bronson and other parts of Branch county. Suffice it to say that the little colonies grew and flourished, now advancing and now at a standstill, the incidents of the Black Hawk war scare and other matters.

We give below an abstract of the narrative of a journey of the late Major Abraham Edwards from Detroit to Cass county, which describes the condition of the county on the line of the Chicago road at a time when it was an almost trackless wilderness, and the opening of the great land sales of western Michigan.

In August, 1828, Major Abraham Edwards, who had been for several years a resident of Detroit, left that city with his wife and 10 children for a point in what was afterwards Cass county, the place in honor of his name, called Edwardsburg. There were three wagonloads of people and "pariphernalia." To Ypsilanti there was something which answered to the name of road, and in the dry season was fairly passable. After reaching Ypsilanti there was no road, and the travelers followed the Indian trail afterwards the Chicago road. It required three days to reach Ypsilanti. The first night they stopped at Ten Eyck's tavern at Dearborn; the second at Sheldon's and on the third day they reached a point of woods two miles west of Ypsilanti, where they left the settlements and for 18 days did not meet a white face, the time spent in traveling from their first encampment to Beardsley's

prairie (now Edwardsburg). On this journey the Indian trail was their guide, as but a very few wagons had ever passed over the route. The first settlement was Allens (famous for many years as a tavern) about 90 miles from Detroit. At Coldwater, 20 miles west, was a trading post then in charge of Mr. Beaubien. A large Indian population was here encamped. Two miles from this Indian village, on the banks of the Coldwater river, a Frenchman named Monroe had a trading post. These traders furnished the Indians blankets, ammunition, tobacco, whisky, etc., in exchange for peltries and other Indian commodities. Many of the Indians were intoxicated and troublesome. The next place was Bronson prairie, on which a man by the name of Bronson, who had recently arrived, had erected a rude hut as his home, where the village of Bronson now flourishes. "From Bronson," says Mr. Edwards, we next reached Sturgis prairie, named after the only white man, and who had been there only a short time. George Thurston (a young man) was with him. We had quite a difficulty in getting our teams over Hog creek and marsh. On the south side of the creek we encamped for the night. The rain poured down upon us all night; that with the howling of a camp of drunken Indians made a most uncomfortable night for us. This camp was three miles west of Bronson prairie. On Pigeon prairie there were three families, Cutler on the north side, Winchell on the west side, and another family on the east. Most of the prairie was in a state of nature, lovely indeed, in its coating of grass and beautiful flowers." Thence to Beardley's prairie, the object of their journey, 21 miles, crossing the St. Joseph at what is now Mottville.

Edwardsburg was platted and laid out into village lots in 1829. As before said it was on the site of Beardsley's prairie and near it is Pleasant lake. They found three families there, Ezra Beardsley was the first settler, his cabin being on the margin of the lake on a rise of ground commanding a view of the lake and prairie. At Niles, 12 miles further on, there were a Mr. Taylor and one or two others. The village was laid out in 1829 by Mr. Wallingford and by him named Niles after the editor of the Niles Register, of Washington, D. C. In 1828 all the country west of the principal meridian was, by an act of the legislative council (of which Major Edwards was president), divided into county limits, and Cass and St. Joseph counties organized and officers appointed. Seven of the counties were named after the president, vice-president and heads of departments under the general government. In 1830 Kalamazoo county was organized and Calhoun, Cass, and Eaton and all the country west of the principal mer-

idian line and north of Kalamazoo county for judicial purposes. Jackson was in 1830 (July 30) organized into a township called Jacksonopolis and attached to Washtenaw courty for judicial purposes.

During the winter of 1829 the first postoffice was established west of the meridian, one at Niles, Wallingsford and one at Edwardsburg, F. A. H. Edwards, postmaster. Previous to this the nearest postoffice to that section was Ft. Wayne and Tecumseh. Letters from Washington were 50 days on the road.

The land office which had been established at Monroe, was in 1831 removed to White Pigeon, and in June of that year the first public land sale took place under the direction of Abraham Edwards as register and Thos. C. Sheldon as receiver. This was the commencement of the great sale of public lands in western Michigan.

Previous to this sale all were squatters except a few who had purchased at public sale at Monroe in June, 1829, along the southern border of the territory. May 1, 1834, the land office was removed to Kalamazoo, where it remained until about 1858. In 1834–5–6–7, the sales of public lands amounted to $3,000,000 nearly $2,000,000 in 1836 alone; $87,000 worth having been sold in a single day in 1836. From the first day of May, 1834, may be considered the starting point of the settlement in western Michigan, and from that point to the present time, the country, then a wilderness, has been by the labor and enterprise of man converted into beautiful farms, towns, villages and cities.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS AT JACKSON IN 1829 AND 1830.

[Jackson Citizen, July 3, 1891, furnished by Josiah B. Frost.]

The city of Jackson is 62 years old. Its first event was a Fourth of July celebration, in which two white men and an Indian guide participated. On that day there was not a house of any description on the site of the present city. In the spring of 1829, Horace Blackman left his home in Berkshire, Tioga county, N. Y., and came west in search of a location. He had friends in Ann Arbor, then the extreme frontier village, with three or four stores and 400 or 500 inhabitants. At Ann Arbor Mr. Blackman hired Captain Alex Laverty, an experienced hunter and woodsman, to accompany him on an exploring trip as far west as the Washtenong sepee or Grand River. They also engaged

Pee-wy-tum, an Indian guide, and the little party set out to found a new city, July 2, 1829. They followed the Indian trail westward through a tangled wilderness and towards sunset the second day out they reached the east bank of Grand river, which was densely wooded and not desirable for a camp. West of the river they saw open land and an Indian corn field, so they crossed the stream, which was then a much larger river than now, and encamped for the night near the present site of the Grand Trunk passenger depot at the corner of Trail and Jackson streets. This had long been a favorite Indian camping ground and trails led from it in every direction, and gave assurance that the aborgines regarded this as an important point. Horace Blackman thought so, too, and at once made up his mind that it ought to be the future capital of the State, though the entire territory then contained less than 30,000 inhabitants and there was not a white man within the present limits of the county.

Early on the morning of July 4, 1829, Horace Blackman and Capt. Laverty decided, with patriotic zeal, to celebrate the fifty-third anniversary of American independence, and as there was no one to oppose the plan they set about it at once. The Indian and his dog were the only audience, but Capt. Laverty was a good cook and prepared an excellent meat dinner, which was eaten with more appetite than style, and was followed by toasts washed down with river water. Salutes were fired by three rifles in unison, and altogether the celebration was a success. Mr. Blackman selected the spot as the site for a city and lost no time in securing title to the southeast quarter of section 34, town 2 south, range 1 west. Horace was joined by his brother, Russell, at Ann Arbor, and with some others came out to "Blackman's Location," as Jackson was then called, and built a log house, after which he hastened to New York State to organize a colony to settle in his new town. John Daniels and Isaiah W. Bennett came to Blackman's location that fall; the succeeding winter the legislature organized Jackson county and ordered a road constructed west from Ann Arbor to St. Joseph. The road was slashed through before spring, and the new town on the Grand river was named Jacksonburg, by Col. Orrin White, and Jonathan F. Stratton, who were the surveyors in charge. The tide of immigration followed this new road and July 4, 1830, was celebrated in great style by the community, assisted by a large delegation from Ann Arbor, who came with banners flying. This may have been a shrewd scheme to boom the new town, for the annals say that Gideon Wilcoxson, esq., of Ann Arbor, delivered an excellent oration, George Mayo read the declaration of independence, and Gen. Cass, then gov-

ernor of the territory, was expected, but sent a letter of regret. Capt. W. R. DeLand was chaplain, Horace Blackman and Edward Clark were marshals, and Capt. Alex Laverty had charge of the canon, which consisted of Josephus Case's anvil, and fired the national salute. The exercises appear to have been held on Rockwell hill, east of the present cemetery, and dinner was served at Isaiah Bennett's tavern and eighty people sat down to the first table. It was a famous celebration of the "glorious Fourth," by a class of pioneers who were real patriots, and would not permit difficulties to overcome their desire to do honor to the birthday of the young nation.

OLD HOMESTEADS AND OLD RESIDENTS OF JACKSON.

[Jackson Courier, September 12, 1890, furnished by Josiah B. Frost.]

It may well be, and is considered by many people, a disaster to move. "Three times to move equals one fire," is the old proverb, and most old people repeat and believe it. The younger class wish to see the world, and to them home is, in many instances, rather an old-fashioned place; its too slow for youngsters, and they drift away. The most of them only realize the comforts and happiness of home when one is denied them.

A glance at the following list of Jackson pioneers, whose names are given, will show that to stick close to home mostly leads to happiness and fortune.

The Courier has taken the liberty to write up all of those whose names readily occur, who have lived in their homes over a quarter of a century. If any are left out it is because they were unintentionally overlooked. The list will be found interesting:

Joseph B. Tomlinson has occupied the store, No. 132 West Main street, forty-four years. His residence, 127 Wildwood avenue, he has occupied twenty-eight years.

Hon. Henry A. Hayden built his present residence, 316 North Blackstone street, forty-one years ago, and has resided there continuously.

Patton Morrison moved to his present homestead, 140 West Main street, forty-three years ago, and has remained there during that time except a brief intermission caused by a fire in 1856.

Hon. James C. Wood moved to his present residence, 304 South Jackson street, thirty-nine years ago.

Alonzo Bennett has lived at 245 West Main street thirty-one years.

Almon Patterson, 308 West Main street, has not changed his permanent residence for thirty-five years.

Latham Kassick, 302 West Main street, has occupied his present residence thirty-five years.

Dr. Gordon Chittock took up his residence 101 West Morrell street, forty years ago.

D. Gibbs Palmer located his present homestead, 611 South Mechanic street, thirty-nine years ago.

Harley Bascom has resided at 215 Wildwood avenue thirty-six years.

Hon. Michael Shoemaker, 106 Wildwood avenue, built his present residence in 1849.

Joseph Hanaw has occupied the southwest corner of Francis and Franklin streets for thirty-five years.

Hon. P. B. Loomis built his present homestead on East avenue, thirty-five years ago.

Hon. Eugene Pringle located his residence, 1022 East Main street, thirty-five years ago.

Mrs. S. O. Knapp has resided at 901 Francis street nearly thirty-six years.

Ethan H. Rice built his present residence, 228 West Main street, over thirty-six years ago.

Horace S. Ismon moved into his present residence, 248 West Main street, thirty-three years ago.

Mrs. H. L. Gregg has occupied the residence, 109 West Washington street, thiry-five years.

Mrs. Samuel Higby has resided at 259 West Main street over thirty-five years.

Harry Hague moved into his homestead thirty-five years ago.

Jonathan H. Emmons, 601 Francis street, occupies the same residence he moved into thirty-four years ago.

William Walker built his present home, 501 Francis street, thirty-three years ago.

Fred M. Foster, 321 West Wesley street, has not changed his residence for thirty-six years.

Hon. Austin Blair has lived at 120 Lansing avenue thirty-three years.

Robert Lake, 317 West Wesley street, thirty-three years.

Mrs. G. T. Gridley, 703 West Main street, thirty years.

Mrs. Walter Fish, 409 South Jackson street, thirty-five years.
Mrs. E. W. Heaton, 105 Greenwood avenue, forty years.
Mrs. Edward Baker, 202 South Jackson street, thirty-four years.
Mrs. Fidus Livermore, 738 West Main street, twenty-nine years.
Mrs. Morris Knapp, 210 Blackstone street, thirty-three years.
Dr. J. A. Robinson, 410 South Jackson street, thirty-two years.
Dr. J. B. Tuttle, 416 South Jackson street, twenty-six years.
J. W. Hewitt, 224 West Cortland street, thirty years.
John E. Woodruff, 532 North Jackson street, thirty-six years.
Enoch Hemans, 605 Francis street, thirty-four years.
Hon. Melville McGee, 307 North Blackstone street, thirty years.
Wm. F. Johnson, 302 South Blackstone street, twenty-four years.
Mrs. David A. Shumway, West Wilkins street, thirty-two years.
John M. Root, 719 West Main street, thirty-one years.

ANNUAL MEETING AND PICNIC OF JACKSON COUNTY PIONEERS.

[From the Jackson Patroit, September 14. 1890, furnished by Josiah B. Frost.]

"Write thou thy name in stone or hardened brass,
As years roll on, in time will come to pass
A day when one thy monument will see,
And ask what none can answer: Who was he?

And yet, perchance, in him who asks, unknown
May bloom a precious seed which thou hadst sown,
That gives him strength to bear his daily part.
And think you, which is best! Ask thou thy heart."

Saturday was cold and not such a day as would be generally regarded a model picnic day, but about 150 people were present during the speaking. Up to nearly 2 o'clock the time was occupied with lunch and the interchange of reminiscences between the old settlers, many of whom had not seen each other for a year.

At 2 o'clock, after Boos' band had rendered several selections, President Hayden called the society to order and said that the delay in calling the meeting was occasioned by his absence from the country. He then delivered a brief address. He spoke of his being in Buffalo in 1830 and at that time seeing the tide of emigration westward, largely headed for Michigan. He came to Michigan in 1834, on his way to Chicago. The population of the latter at that time was not more than

three or four hundred, and it had but one brick building. He took his first railroad ride in Michigan in the same year, on a tram road from Toledo to Adrian.

He described his experience in surveying for the Michigan Central across the State. He remained with the road until 1844, and took up his permanent residence in Jackson in 1838. Most of those with whom he was associated at that time have passed away. None of the physicians of that day are alive, and of the attorneys only J. C. Wood and Gov. Blair are left. Most of the pioneers have reached and passed the allotted time and naturally their thoughts are turned backward, to the cares and privations they endured in the days of the early settlement and are prone to lose sight of the enjoyments and pleasures of that time. In those early days there was as much enjoyment at the social gatherings as is seen at the present time, though they were of a primitive character. He told how they went calling on New Year's day drawn by oxen, and closed by admonishing his hearers to look back on the bright side of their pioneer life as well as the more sombre tints.

After music by the band, Gov. Blair was introduced. He said he had been in the fog as to whether he was a pioneer, as he only came here forty-nine years ago. He did not feel old when he saw how England and Germany were governed by men eighty years of age. He knew all the men who had been named by the president. He came here much as Mr. Hayden did, attracted by the idea that is was better for a young man to go west. As a boy he heard it said that "Uncle Lem Blackman was going to Michigan—if anyone knew where that was." The eastern people had very vague ideas of the west and looked on going to Michigan almost as going out of life. When he came here he thought he had come to the fairest spot on earth and, at this day, after traveling all over the country, he still felt that in point of natural beauty southern Michigan had no rival. The example of the old men is of value to the world; their conservatism acts as a brake and a check on the impetuosity of the younger men. It is the opportunity of every young men to carve out by his own efforts, assisted by the advice of his elders, the most substantial success. He pointed to President Hayden as one who proves the truth of this lesson, an example of the fact that there is only one road to success. The pioneers of Michigan have a right to look back and congratulate themselves over what they have accomplished.

Secretary J. B. Frost presented his report, in which he said that during the past year he had arranged the records, completed the roll

of membership and had a book of obituary notices of those who had died. He presented the reports of three vice presidents. Wm. H. Walker, of Grass Lake, presented obituary notices of Mrs. Mary Maluight, Mrs. Mary Riley, Oscar Harland, Henry C. Palmer, Lois A. Longyear, Franklin Fisk. Mrs. D. H. Ranney, of Rives, reported reminiscences of the early settlement of that township. J. L. Thorn, of Hanover, gave a list of the following pioneers from that town who had died since the last meeting: Mary Ann Dew, Mrs. A. G. Ayres, Hiram Ryan, E. J. Sprague, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Jas. T. Snow, Chas. S. Stone, Jas. T. Snow, Wm. Perrott, Betsy A. Smith, Mrs. Leonard Rogers, Daniel Larkin, Mrs. Lewis Snyder.

The following were elected officers:

President—Hon Austin Blair.

Secretary—Josiah B. Frost.

Treasurer—J. B. Tomlinson.

The thanks of the association were voted to the secretary and treasurer for their work the past year. Mr. Tomlinson urged all pioneers to use their influence to induce their old neighbors to be present at the meeting next year.

By a rising vote Gov. Blair was thanked for his address and President Hayden for his efforts as president for the past two years.

The following vice-presidents were elected: Blackman, J. H. Hendee; Columbia, A. H. Delamater; Concord, H. C. Hodge; Grass Lake, W. H. Walker; Hanover, J. L. Thorn; Henrietta, V. M. Harrington; Leoni, Daniel Boynton; Liberty, Burr Tuthill; Napoleon, Wm. H. Smith; Norvell, Joseph Cobb; Parma, John Hoag; Pulaski, I. P. Wheeler; Rives, Mrs. D. H. Ranney; Sandstone, Samuel Chapel; Springport, James Chapple; Spring Arbor, T. A. King; Summit, Owen Ellison; Tompkins, Marcus Wade; Waterloo, Nathan Hall; first ward, Elmore Dennis; second ward, M. Shoemaker; third ward, Lincoln Wood; fourth ward, J. F. Sammons; fifth ward, J. H. Emmons; sixth ward, L. M. Powell; seventh ward, P. B. Loomis; eighth ward, Nelson Ferris.

Dr. J. A. Robinson presented a poem on "Pioneer Greetings," which was warmly received.

Hon. Eugene Pringle spoke of the importance of having a list of all the pioneers now living in the county, and on his motion the executive committee was requested to procure such lists from each town.

The time for holding the annual meeting was fixed for the second Friday of June in each year.

After music by the band the society adjourned.

DETROIT IN 1796.

[From the Detroit Free Press, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

C. M. Burton of Detroit, that indefatigable curio hunter, has in his possession a copy of the original map, which was made in 1796, showing the topography of Detroit and several miles of the Detroit river on both sides as it appeared at that time, and has recently been secured by Mr. Burton from the French Marine Department at Paris. The copy is artistically executed and now adorns Mr. Burton's office in the Abstract building, where it is daily inspected by many persons interested in the early history of Detroit.

In 1796 Detroit was inclosed by a palisade or line of pickets driven well into the earth and rising above the ground some eight or nine feet and sharpened at the top.

The eastern side of the inclosure was near the center of what is now known as Griswold street and the western side a short distance west of the east line of the Cass farm. The inclosure extended from the river to Lafayette avenue.

There were no dwellings north of the Savoy, a stream which ran near the present line of Congress street, and the inclosure above that creek was occupied with gardens and the British fort Lernoult.

It was not until this year that the English government had agreed in Jay's treaty, to formally surrender possession of Detroit to the United States. Michigan was a wilderness and was of more importance to the wealthier class in that condition than when settled, as their chief source of income was derived from the sale of furs, and from the Indian trade. A discontented feeling was prevalent among the inhabitants, who were of French and English descent, and who had never taken any part in the affairs of the United States government.

In 1795, when Jay's treaty had been confirmed by the English authorities, and the agitation of the coming change of nationality was at its height here, a scheme had been concocted which at one time seemed likely to be successful for the purchase of the entire peninsula of Michigan. The probable object of the scheme was to retain the district in its wild state or to turn it over to the protection of some other government than the United States. The proposed purchasers in their eagerness used improper methods of "persuasion" with certain

members of Congress, and being detected an investigation followed, which necessarily ended the transaction.

The wars which immediately followed the French revolution, and the troubles existing between the European nations, France, England and Spain, made this matter of discontent a subject of importance even in Paris. France had about ceasad to hold friendly relations with the United States, and was engaged in open hostilities with England. The efforts of France, under the leadership of Napoleon, were directed to create a discontent throughout those portions of America belonging to England, Spain and the United States to divert attention while her able general whipped Europe into line.

Whether the attempt to purchase Michigan territory and the schemes of France were in any way connected is not known, but their simultaneous occurrence was either occasioned by concerted action or produced by causes which led to the same result in different countries at the same time.

In May, 1796, James McHenry, Secretary of War, wrote to Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, that President Washington had information that persons had been employed to visit the western country for the purpose of encouraging the people in those parts to secede from the Union and form a separate connection with some foreign power. The persons more particularly pointed to as emissaries on missions are Powers, De Callot and Warren. The governor was directed to watch them and if opportunity was offered to arrest them and seize their papers.

The Secretery undertakes to describe the suspects as fully as possible, and says: "Powers is of Irish descent, about thirty-five years of age, a man of science, seemingly versatile, speaks French, Spanish and English with equal fluency, and pronounces each as a native. De Callot is a Frenchman, full six feet high, and speaks English very well. Warren is also a Frenchman, was lately a sub-engineer in the service of the United States, which he resigned for his present employment; speaks English tolerably, is about thirty years of age, about six feet high, black hair, ruddy complexion and easy manners."

George Henry Victor Collot—not De Callot, as was written in the secretary's letter just quoted—was born in Chalon-sur-Marne about 1751 and died in Paris in 1805. In 1796 he was commissioned by Adet, the French Minister to the United States, to proceed through the western territories of the United States and ascertain the disposition of the people. As it was expected he would visit Detroit, the French directory had a very elaborate map of the Detroit river from Lake Erie to Lake St.

Clair prepared for him, including a view of the town of Detroit and Fort Erie. This map, which hangs in the Department of Marine in the city of Paris, is described in Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and in Farmer's history of Detroit, but there was no copy of it in Detroit and Mr. Burton desired to obtain one.

"Probably no person ever had or will have a better knowledge of Detroit and its history than the late Judge Campbell," said Mr. Burton yesterday, "and there certainly never lived a person more willing to aid another in any difficulty than he. I stated my desire to him, followed his advice, and today have this map in my possession. Through the courtesy of our senator, Hon. James McMillan, and the kindness of our Minister to France, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, my request for a copy of this map as a matter of local history, was laid before the proper authorities in the Department of Marine in Paris, a full-sized and elegant copy was prepared in water colors and forwarded to me. I had been informed by Mr. Reid that the map had been sent, and on the 25th day of March last called at the office of Judge Campbell to tell him of my success and to obtain from him what information I could regarding Gen. Victor Collot. Our conversation naturally drifted to Gen. Collot's published work, or report of his travels, and my information on that subject is derived almost exclusively from this, the last conversation Judge Campbell probably ever had on the subject of the history of Detroit.

"The coming of Gen. Collot was known to our government, as fully appears from Secretary McHenry's letter to Governor St. Clair, and the object of his visit was so distasteful to the class of loyal citizens of Detroit, that it was quite likely harm might befall him if he should undertake to enter the town. When Gen. Collot had proceeded as far as the Ohio river from the south he met Mr. McIntosh, either Angus or his brother George—Judge Campbell was not certain which—and obtained such a statement of the feeling towards himself and the French government as then constituted, that he concluded it best to retrace his steps, and immediately returned as far south as New Orleans, where he was captured by Spanish authorities and his papers taken from him. He must have anticipated the capture and prepared for it. The genuine report of his travels he forwarded by other hands than his own to France, and then prepared a fictitious report, abounding in praises of the Spanish governor, the government and the people. The Spaniards were so well pleased with the report, which they supposed Collot intended to make to his government, that they permitted him to have more privileges than were consistent with his station as a prisoner, and he

escaped. Collot died in 1805, and his report was probably prepared and printed before his death, as the English translation was made under the author's eye, but affairs of state interposed to prevent the sheets from being used until 1826.

"As long as Napoleon was on the throne of France, or was alive, the French government would not care to show to other nations what active measures had been taken to create disturbance over the world. France was ruled by Napoleon's friends, even while he was imprisoned at St. Helena, and there is little doubt that if he could have escaped to France, he would again, almost without resistance, have been proclaimed emperor. But as soon as he was dead, the then reigning family was willing to make his memory as odious as possible and the intrigues and conspiracies which had been undertaken in Napoleon's name and which had until that time been kept secret, were made public—then, and not until then, were these travels of Collot published. Judge Campbell thought that nearly the entire edition had been destroyed through some order of government. It is certain that very few copies are known to exist. There are two in the Congressional library at Washington, one in the Astor library in New York, one in the Wisconsin Historical library, and one which I have recently purchased in Paris, but I have been unable to see a copy. I expect my own to reach Detroit soon.

"The map is almost a marvel of excellence if we take into account that it was made almost 100 years ago, and was made by stealth, or was completed from numerous smaller sketches which might from time to time have been forwarded to Paris by French subjects here.

"It shows the entire outlines of the Detroit river, with the situation of two forts, one at the upper end of Bois Blanc island and the other on the opposite Canadian shore. It shows all the islands, with the names by which they were known at that time.

"It shows the soundings of the rivers from lake Erie to the town of Detroit. It shows the French farms on both sides of the river, with the names of their owners. Jefferson avenue, now so called, did not then occupy its present position, but was in some places nearer the river than at present, and in other places much farther north. Even today can be readily traced the former location of this road near the water works, where it ran nearly to the water's edge; but to the present generation the words Grand Marais are meaningless, while an inspection of this map gives one to undersand that that vast tract of land lying between the light house at Grosse Pointe and Connor's creek and extending away back nearly to the Clinton road, was, in fact, a grand marais, and the road took a turn around this, because roads could not

be laid across it. Coulu des Renards, or Fox creek, is shown upon the map as having a starting point, but its mouth loses itself in the bogs of the grand marais.

"If this map was made piecemeal here and sent to Paris and there formed into one whole, it indicates the existence in Paris of other maps, reports and documents which might be of interest in forming a written history of our city.

"Some years ago Hon. Levi L. Barbour, at the request of Judge Campbell, attempted to gain access to the archives of France, but it was while another Napoleon was on the throne, and the same fear of disclosing state secrets which might worry the Napoleonic dynasty prevented Mr. Barbour from obtaining what he desired. But it is possible now, that these barriers are thrown down, and that a present investigation would not meet with the obstacles Mr. Barbour encountered."

TALES AND TRADITIONS

OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN, MACKINAC ISLAND, KING STRANG THE MORMON AND O'MALLEY THE IRISH DRAGON.

[From Detroit Free Press, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

The steamer going to Alpena finds her way up the river, both shores of which are piled with lumber, mast-head high. Alpena people have much money invested in lumber and not a few of them have made large fortunes out of it. Their enterprising men have now begun to beautify the city with such results as George L. Maltz's bank building, new block and opera house, and W. L. Churchill's new hotel, the Churchill. The house is fitted up in supberb style, it being a point of pride with Mr. Churchill to have it considered one of the leading hotels of the State. Summer visitors find an especial welcome. To amuse them excursions in Mackinac sail boats are taken to the islands in Thunder bay. Sailing regattas of this same stanch class of boats are frequent. Long lake, two or three miles from Alpena, is guarded from the ravages of nets by an association of the best citizens, and consequently affords to the angler unexceptional opportunities for sport.

No one ever approached the Isle of Mackinac without being impressed by its appearance. The Indian legendary story that it resembles a

large turtle, and was the favorite earthly resort of Manitou, the Great Spirit, is well known. Those acquainted with the Ojibway language derive its name from Michi Maikinac, the Great Turtle, from whence came the terribly long appellation—too long for use in these modern days—Michilimackinac.

The old authorities are great sticklers for the termination "nac," pronouncing the syllable according to the French method, as if it were written "naw." Several places in Michigan—Saginaw, Keweenaw, Leelanaw and Washtenaw, possibly Alcona, Alpena and Wenona might come into the same column, but somewhat distortedly. There is nothing orthographically similar to Mackinac, but Algonac, Arenac and Sanilac, and they are not sounded Algonaw, Sanilaw or Arenaw. While the islanders repudiate any other spelling than "Mackinac," and the best authorities countenance them in it, the people of the mainland, on the furthermost point of the Lower Peninsula—the railroad terminus—call their city Mackinaw. They maintain that in point of settlement it is older than Mackinac Island.

The first settlement in all this region was made at St. Ignace, about 1668, though known and visited before. It was first called Mackinac, and is laid down on Farmer's old maps of Michigan as Ancient Fort Mackinac. In 1681 a transfer was made of the mission, by Father Marquette, to the present site of Mackinaw City, the point of the Lower Peninsula. This place appears on the old maps as Mickilimackinac or Old Mackinac. A massacre of the garrison here, June 3, 1763, caused the abandonment of the settlement and thereafter Mackinac island, as more secure and better adapted to military defense, became the headquarters.

A word ought to be said here regarding the excellent judgment, shown by the early French missionaries and explorers in making settlements. The advantages and beauty of the locations chosen by them manifest themselves. The traveler of today must needs give this meed of praise to them. Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinac, Cheboygan, Charlevoix, Little Traverse, Harbor Springs, Petoskey, all exemplify the wisdom which guided the Jesuit fathers in their choice of homes. They built first of all a church; they established schools, and the influence they exerted in bringing the savages into the fold of Christianity, ameliorating their condition and promoting the blessings of good government are acknowledged by all historians.

James J. Strang, the Mormon king, who attempted to establish a community of his people on the Beaver islands, was a man of great ability. He served a term as a member of the Michigan house of

representatives, and acquitted himself there in such a way as to make friends of all his colleagues.

Strang appears to have been one of that sort of men who have ideas of their own, and wish to be left alone to pursue them. Unfortunately his ideas were subversive of the principles of republican government, and his religious faith had some features in it abhorrent to moral and civilized communities. He incurred the opposition of the civil authorities and was frequently in collision with the settlers and fishermen about the coast.

A sort of war existed between him and Mackinac, and he was, as he claims, exasperatingly pursued by Charles O'Malley once a member of the legislature, and later a justice of the peace at Mackinac. O'Malley was one of those stern and uncompromising characters whose antipathies to the Mormons sometimes overcame his discretion. To be a Mormon was, in his eyes, to be the worst of offenders.

Michael Dousman, quite celebrated, locally, for his alleged piloting of the English troops to a landing at Mackinac during the war of 1812, became in the course of time the richest man in all that region. He succeeded to the business of the American Fur Company and thus exerted a wide influence. He disposed of the furs chiefly to the late James Abbot, of Detroit. Middle-aged men, who as boys trapped muskrats and minks about the Detroit river and Lake St. Clair, remember James Abbot as the purchaser of their spoils of the chase, wherewith they acquired pocket money.

Dousman had a suit in O'Malley's court, being defendant, and was silenced by the 'squire when his remarks became too personal. Not long after the dispute between them was renewed on Dousman's wharf. O'Malley, being worsted, returned to his office, assumed the chair of justice and sentenced Dousman to prison for "contempt of court." Dousman's only redress, after several days of confinement, was to sue out a writ of habeas corpus.

In 1850, Strang the Mormon was before Justice O'Malley, charged with driving a woman from Beaver island by threats of personal chastisement. Strang claimed that the woman was a prostitute. The witnesses were not distinct as to the use of threats, and Justice O'Malley recalled one to inquire "if he understood Mr. Strang to mean that she should be chastised or rode on the back of a black ram, if she did not leave the island.

Strang objected to the question and O'Malley at once sentenced him to imprisonment for life, for contempt of court. Strang was taken to jail and the case proceeded, with the result that the Mormon king was

sentenced to a year in jail for want of sureties in the sum of $10,000 to keep the peace.

It was this same O'Malley, who, being in the legislature and having a quarrel with Schoolcraft, the exploror, took revenge on him by changing the Indian names of various counties in Michigan, to Irish designations, such as Roscommon, Clare, Emmet and Antrim. It nearly broke Schoolcraft's heart and earned for O'Malley the designation of the "Irish Dragon." to distinguish him from Lever's hero, Charles O'Malley, "The Irish Dragoon."

THE MURDER OF KING STRANG.

[Detroit Free Press, June 30, 1889, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

Capt. Alex. St. Barnard, of St. Clair, now 80 years of age, recently gave the writer the following account of the murder of the once famous Mormon, King Strang:

"I was an officer on the United States steamer Michigan for twenty-five years. She was the first iron boat that navigated the lakes, and she is in first-rate condition yet. During the war we were kept pretty busy cruising between Erie and Chicago. We generally took on wood at Beaver island. There were between two thousand and three thousand Mormons living there then, with their leader, King Strang, besides the Gentiles, who were mostly fishermen and wood-choppers. The Mormons lived in comfortable houses of hewn logs, and worshiped in a large temple built of the same material, which they also used for a theater and dance hall. There was a platform across one end with scenery at the back, and a movable pulpit, which was built on trucks. It was a queer affair—a sort of circular platform, with seats around the outside edge for the twelve apostles, and a high seat in the center for the king. When they had a show of any kind the pulpit was rolled behind the scenery, out of sight.

"I was well acquainted with the king, for he often came on board the ship. He was a fine looking, sociable sort of a man; but he was not very popular among the Gentiles. We heard a great many complaints from them whenever we stopped there. The Mormons were obliged to turn over one-tenth of their earnings to the king, and he demanded the same from the Gentiles. Two fishermen, who refused to

surrender their hard-earned money, were taken to the woods, stripped and beaten with beech switches; and the county treasurer, who lived on the island, was ordered to deliver up one-tenth of the public money.

"The king was arrested and taken to Detroit, with his twelve apostles, where he pleaded his own case—and won it, too; and after that things were worse than ever. When we stopped as usual on one of our trips around the lakes, the complaints were so bitter that our captain made up his mind to arrest him again, and he told me to find him and bring him on board the ship. I went to the temple, first, where I was told that he had just gone home. I found him sitting in his room, with four of his wives, where he received me very cordially, and when I told him my errand, accompanied me willingly. He linked arms with me and we walked along talking pleasantly. Just as we stepped on the dock and started to walk down the narrow passage between the piles of wood, two of his enemies sprang from some hiding place and shot at him. He clung to my arm until they began to pound him with the butt end of their pistols, when he let go and fell, leaving me covered with blood from my head to my feet.

"There were no telephones in those days, but the news spread in a very short time, and a howling mob of men, women and children gathered around their dying chief. Our surgeon came on shore and did what he could for the poor fellow, but nothing could save him. He died in the arms of his first and real wife, whose home was west of Racine, in Wisconsin.

"The murderers ran aboard the ship and gave themselves up—the best thing they could have done, for the mob would have pulled them in pieces if they had caught them. Of course suspicion fell on me, many thinking I had led him to his death, and I received several friendly warnings to be on my guard, but I was not molested. A detachment of troops were sent to bring the fishermen and their families on board the ship, as it was considered unsafe to leave them on the island with the excited Mormons.

"The murderers were taken to Mackinac and given into the custody of the county sheriff, Mr. Granger, who kept the Grove House at that time, and is now living at Fort Gratiot. But they were never brought to trial.

"The band scattered soon after, some returning to their homes west of Marine City, and some joining their fortunes with the Utah element.

"Poor King Strang. He was a fine fellow and deserved a better fate."

A MICHIGAN MONARCHY.

SKETCH OF JAMES J. STRANG AND THE MORMON KINGDOM ON BEAVER ISLAND.

[From the New York Times, September 3, 1882, furnished by Charles J. Strang.]

One of the most singular episodes of western frontier history is that of the Mormon Kingdom which flourished for nearly ten years on Beaver island, at the foot of Lake Michigan, and was overturned in 1856 by the murder of its founder and the forcible dispersion of his followers. Two gentlemen of Detroit have in the last few years, as leisure permitted and in a spirit of coöperation, gathered together considerable material, documentary and otherwise, relating to the Manitou monarchy, and this fact makes possible now a detailed narrative of the incidents attending its rise and fall. Mr. Henry A. Chaney, the reporter of the state supreme court, made Beaver island the objective point of his vacation jaunt a few summers ago, and examined the relics of "King Strang's" reign and talked with a score of men who were active in the ranks of his retainers or his foes. The results of these observations and interviews were subsequently embodied in an entertaining paper which Mr. Chaney read to a local literary association known as the October club, but which has never been published. This sketch was afterward turned over by its author, with all his notes and a few pamphlets, to Mr. Charles K. Backus, the assistant commissioner of immigration of this state, who examined newspaper files and corresponded with men who were connected or came in contact with Strang or the sect which he led. With the information gathered from such a variety of sources Mr. Backus prepared the article upon "An American king" published some time since in Harper's Magazine. The story is worth telling with somewhat more of detail, and the writing of this letter has been preceded by a careful examination of the material still in the possession of Mr. Backus.

The following facts as to the early history of King Strang are given in a manuscript biography prepared by one of his sons (Charles J. Strang, of Lansing, an entirely trustworthy man), from data furnished by his

mother, with the addition of a few circumstances mentioned in a letter from a surviving sister, or recorded in the columns of old newspapers:

James J. Strang was born in Scipio, New York, on March 21, 1813, but his farmer-father, Clement Strang, removed to Hanover, Chautauqua county, in 1816, and he lived in that town until his manhood. He received only the ordinary education of a country school, followed by a short term at the Fredonia academy, but he was an industrious student, carrying books with him to his work, prominent in the local debating clubs, and noted especially for the excellence of his memory. At twelve years of age he joined the Baptist church, and was for some time an active member. At twenty-one he commenced the study of law with borrowed books, and while working on a farm two years afterwards he was admitted to the bar, and was soon married to Miss Mary Perce, who lived with him, bearing him three children, until he adopted polygamy. After his marriage he practiced law at Mayville and at Ellington, edited a paper at Randolph, worked on a farm, traveled on various business errands, and lived a somewhat roving life. At one time he taught school, and at another delivered temperance lectures; he also held for a short term the postmastership at Ellington. Finally in 1843, he emigrated to Burlington, Racine county, Wisconsin, and there entered into a partnership as an attorney with Mr. C. P. Barnes. As a boy he is described as eccentric, self confident and bright; as a young man he was energetic, glib tongued, and exceedingly anxious to make his mame distinguished.

In January, 1844, some of the itinerant Mormon missionaries aroused his interest in their cause and persuaded him to visit Nauvoo, where he found Joseph Smith at the zenith of his career. Strang's conversion was prompt, and his promotion rapid. On February 25, 1844, he was baptized into the communion of the Latter Day Saints; on March 3, he was made an Elder, and commenced at once his work in the Mormon ministry. In the following June Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered by the mob at Carthage, and Strang at once claimed to have been appointed the dead prophet's successor. The basis of his claim was afterward set forth by him in a small pamphlet (Gospel Tract No IV., Voree, Wis., 1848) entitled "The Diamond." It declares that "a letter of appointment," written by Joseph Smith at Nauvoo on June 18 and mailed there on June 19, came to Strang in the mail at Burlington, Wis., on July 9. In those times of irregular and slow postal service in the west these dates were not unnatural; their significance lies in the fact that the letter thus appeared to have been written some days before and received some days after the killing of the prophet.

It was couched in the usual phraseology of the Mormon documents, a wordy imitation of the Scriptural style, and contained an account of a celestial vision in which his impending fate was apparently revealed to the writer, and he was told that to James J. Strang "shall the gathering of the people be, for he shall plant a stake of Zion in Wisconsin, and I will establish it." The original of this letter is still in existence, and has a postscript which does not appear on the printed version. This postscript asks for occasional reports of progress, from which it would seem as if "the stake of Zion" in Wisconsin was to be a branch of the church, and as if the letter did not refer to the prophetic succession. Evidently its suppression in the pamphlet was intentional.

On the strength of this "appointment," which he declared had been foreshadowed to him in a vision at the exact hour of "the martyrdom of Joseph," Strang promptly and vigorously pushed his claims to the Mormon presidency, although not even half a year had elapsed since his baptism. He was briefly conspicuous in the struggle that ended in the triumph of Brigham Young's personal force and shrewd strategy, but was speedily driven from the main field of the contest. Lieut. Gunnison in his "History of the Mormons" (chap v.), says:

"The struggle for the Seer succession followed. Rigdon, as second in rank, claimed promotion; also, by former revelations, declared himself assigned to be their prophet. He called a meeting and proclaimed his position as head. James J. Strang contended for the place of Seer, and showed letters over the deceased prophet's signature, assuring him that he should be the successor in the event of Joseph's death. But the college of the twelve had other views, and by a vote on the subject they declared that definite instructions and the last will and testament of Joseph had been delivered to them in secret council. It revoked all former designations and devolved the choice upon them. Under the management of their sagacious chief they elected the Peter of the apostles, Brigham Young, to the responsible station. * * * This enthronement drove Rigdon with a party to Pennsylvania, where in a short time his influence vanished and the band dispersed. Strang founded a city on the prairies of Wisconsin, and had a numerous colony; he ultimately removed to Beaver island, in Lake Michigan, and assumed the title of King of the Saints, where the small kingdom still exists. These bodies and their leaders were excommunicated by the great majority under their proper Seer, as was also William Smith, another competitor for the throne, and a party in Texas headed by Lyman Wight."

In Strang's case excommunication was accompanied by the widespread circulation of pamphlet attacks upon his character. Of all the aspirants he was the only one, save Brigham Young, who displayed any genuine qualities of leadership. Defeated at Nauvoo, he returned to Wisconsin, and, maintaining his prophetic claims in published letters and in sermons, gathered a body of followers with whom he founded

the city of Voree, at what is now known as Spring Prairie, Wis. His disciples were there organized into a single community, owning all things in common and living as one family. They were called the Primitive Mormons, and the Voree Herald was established as their organ; from the same printing establishment was also issued a series of tracts setting forth the new Mormon doctrines. The sacred books of this sect were four in number, the Bible, the book of Mormon, Joseph Smith's "Book of Doctrines and Covenants," and the "Book of the Law of the Lord," the latter having been translated by Strang from eighteen metallic plates, which he claimed to have miraculously discovered, and which he said were "written long previous to the Babylonish captivity." Strang performed several "miracles" of this sort, closely resembling those with which Smith so successfully bolstered up the original imposture.

The community at Voree grew steadily under Strang's energetic leadership, but in 1846 he determined to plant a colony on the Lake Michigan archipelago, and in the following year he visited Beaver island at the head of a prospecting party. In the face of the resistance of the few traders already in possession, and amid many hardships, they throughly explored it and decided to settle there. This is the largest of the many islands scattered thickly through the northeastern extremity of Lake Michigan, divided into three groups, known by the names of Manitou, Fox and Beaver, and organized into the county of Manitou by the State of Michigan. It is fifteen miles in length by six in width, contains several thousand acres of fertile and well watered lands, and has one of the finest natural harbors upon the chain of great lakes. These islands now contain an isolated community of small farmers, woodcutters, traders and fishermen, are visited only irregularly by passing vessels, and are chiefly known as valuable fishing stations. Thirty-five years ago they were sparsely inhabited by Indians and Indian traders, and were camped upon occasionally by fishing parties; but little or nothing else was known of them even at the principal lake ports. Strang believed that there he could establish his church on a secure temporal foundation, and could escape that hostility of Gentile neighbors which had proved so fatal to Smith's settlements at the far west and Nauvoo. Convenient visions, duly communicated to the faithful for their edification and guidance, then ordered him not merely to gather his people at Voree, but to also take them to "a land amid wide waters and covered with large timber, with a deep, broad bay on one side of it." There was accordingly some emigration from Wisconsin to Beaver island in 1847–8, but it acquired considerable proportions in 1849–50,

and in the latter year the headquarters of the Primitive Mormons were removed from Voree to the new village at Beaver Harbor, to which the name of St. James had been given in honor of its founder. The Voree Herald was then succeeded by the Northern Islander, an exceedingly creditable specimen of backwoods journalism. The communistic principle was abandoned, and the saints became the owners of their own homesteads. In July, 1850, the government of the church was thoroughly reorganized "by the union of church and state," and the formation of a kingdom, with Strang as king. Precisely the nature of his claim to the royal title is thus stated by one of the most intelligent of his followers, Wingfield Watson, who still lives at Boyne, Charlevoix county, Michigan:

"Mr. Strang did claim to be a king only to the Mormon people, and upon the same principles, and the same only, upon which Moses, Melchisedec, Elijah, Elisha, Noah, Enoch, Peter, Joseph Smith, and all the great and leading prophets of God claimed that office since the world began, namely, by an appointment by revelation and an ordination under the hands of angels; and as none of those persons ever proposed in any way to be king only to those who, after a proper investigation of his claims and character, chose to receive him as such, so it was with Mr. Strang. By virtue of this ordination he claimed to hold the conjoint, kingly, prophetic and apostolic office held by all the above mentioned personages."

This adjustable claim of kingly authority amounted practically to this: Among his own people, and despite the occasional revolt of one or a few individuals, Strang was supreme and ruled them as he wished from first to last. They believed that obedience to his commands was a duty, and his missionaries did not hesitate to at times assert that "Strang's was the only valid government on earth." Their leader, however, carefully kept his monarchial pretensions for home consumption, and not only submitted to national and State authority, as required, but was shrewd in using the machinery of the civil law to advance his own ends as opportunity offered. The general domestic regulations of his kingdom are thus described in a manuscript prepared by his wife: The discipline of the church in the matter of temperance and morals was very strict. The use of tea, coffee, and tobacco, as well as of liquors, was prohibited. The temperance laws of the State were strictly enforced with especially good effect among the fishermen and Indians. Polygamy was introduced during the winter and spring of 1849. At first it was talked of quietly and secretly among the leaders and afterward publicly and openly among the people. It was not looked upon favorably, and there were never over 20 cases of plural marriages upon the islands. No man had more than three wives except Strang. His first wife left him in 1851, two years after he married his second; in

1852 he married a third, and in 1855 two more. No man was permitted to take more than one wife unless he showed means and ability to give them abundant care and comforts. Prostitution and lewdness were discountenanced alike in both sexes, and it was as necessary for a man to be careful of his character and reputation as for a woman. The county and township officers required by law were elected as in other parts of the State, but those positions were not used by members of the Mormon church, except when required by circumstances. Of course, in dealing with those outside of the church it was necessary to resort to the civil law. By-laws for the kingdom were adopted and published, and every household possessed a copy. They were very strict in all that regulated society, morals, and religious observances, and absolute obedience was enjoined. The seventh day was set apart as the Sabbath, and every person physically able was commanded to attend church on that day. The saints were required to pay one-tenth of all they raised, earned, or received into the public fund, and the tithing was used for improvements, taking care of the poor, and paying State, county and township taxes. No other tax was levied. Schools were organized and flourished finely. A printing office of sufficient capacity to print all the papers, books, pamphlets, tracts, etc., needed for the church was maintained, and became a strong arm in the association. No betting or gaming was permitted, but the rules were very liberal in the matter of amusements. Many improvements were made upon the Beaver, while small settlements were planted on neighboring islands. A Mormon tabernacle was also built, and Strang's cabin was raised to the dignity of a frontier palace by the erection of two additions connected with the main building by covered ways.

Between the Gentiles and the Mormons of lower Lake Michigan a warfare was waged fully as bitter as that which drove the disciples of Joseph Smith from Missouri to Illinois, and from the Mississippi to the valley af the great Salt lake. For three years the traders at Beaver island, and the Indians incited by the traders, endeavored by all means short of murder to check the Mormon immigration. Then the numerical strength changed to the side of the Saints, and they proceeded to retaliate vigorously. They soon succeeded, after first coming to an understanding with the Indians, in getting rid of most of the Gentiles, and were left practical possessors of the islands. Their relations with the fishermen and the settlers at Mackinac and neighboring points on the mainland never became friendly. Each party charged the other with gross crimes, and both, at every opportunity seized the weapons of the law to aid them in the conflict. Bloody collisions were not

infrequent, and the feud finally became a murderous one. The Mormons were well provided with pistols and muskets, and were the proprietors of a small cannon; they also had boats of their own, and, more important still, their movements were guided by definite authority, and were not those of a mob. Gradually they got the better of their unorganized enemies, and for the last half of King Strang's reign they were dreaded and not despised. Some incidents will illustrate the desperate nature of this border warfare. In 1850 the fishermen planned a Fourth of July celebration at Beaver island, which was to reach a patriotic climax in the forcible expulsion of the Mormons, but the firing of a national salute from a shotted cannon and the parade of armed Saints in large numbers brought that project to an inglorious termination.

Somewhat later a Mormon constable attempted to arrest the Gentile brothers named Bennett, who had assaulted an elder of his church. They resisted and a fight ensued, in which one of them was instantly killed, and the other lost a hand, while the officer was seriously wounded. A year or two afterwards the Mormons elected the sheriff of the (new) county of Emmet, and he undertook to summon jurors from Pine river (now Charlevoix) on the mainland. The settlers there treated this as an attempt to abduct some of their number for malicious purposes, and drove the sheriff off by a fusilade from guns and pistols which badly wounded six of his posse. The mere dread of the anger caused by this deed sufficed to promptly scatter the Pine river settlers, and the faith of the fugitives in their own prudence was soon confirmed by the erection by the islanders upon a convenient spot of a lofty gallows bearing suggestive inscriptions addressed to "The murderers of Pine river." Minor collisions and affrays were of constant occurrence, while the Mormons were denounced as mere outlaws.

On the other hand, Strang, in the Northern Islander and in his pamphlets, declared that his followers were a law-abiding and peaceable people, who were persecuted by gangs of drunken desperadoes, and were held responsible for offenses never committed, or for depredations which were, in fact, the work of their noisiest accusers. He also wrote letters to papers in New York, Rochester, Detroit and Chicago, defending the Mormons with no little plausibility. Strang's literary attainments were of fair character. A paper of his upon "The Natural History of Beaver Island," which can be found in the ninth annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, is written in excellent English and with an easy style. As an especially strong point upon his side

of the argument he pointed to the fact that although he and his followers were frequently arraigned in the courts on charges ranging from petty larceny to high treason, in no single case did conviction follow. A notable trial was that which took place in Detroit in the summer of 1851. In May of that year the United States authorities decided to proceed against Strang and his confederates for trespassing on the public lands, stealing timber, counterfeiting, mail robbing, etc. The armed steamer Michigan was placed under the orders of District Attorney George C. Bates, and, with a force of deputy marshals, sailed to Beaver Harbor. It was expected that the service of the warrants would be resisted or evaded by the Mormons, but all the accused promptly surrendered themselves, and a few of their chief men were taken to Detroit for trial. The testimony in the case was, however, taken at Beaver island, before United States Commissioner W. D. Wilkins by agreement between counsel, Col. A. T. McReynolds appearing with Strang himself for the defense. Over one hundred witnesses were examined, and the mass of evidence thus collected was submitted in the United States district court at Detroit, before Judge Ross Wilkins, in June, 1851. The court room was crowded, and the progress of the trial was watched with eager interest by the people of this city, and was reported at unusual length by its papers. Strang made an exceedingly effective speech to the jury, complaining bitterly of persecution and dramatically describing himself as a martyr to his religious convictions. The judge's charge was emphatic in cautioning the jury against yielding to sectarian prejudice, and the result was a verdict of acquittal. This decided triumph greatly strengthened Strang's hold upon the reverence of his followers and increased the general opinion of his capacity.

In 1852 the king became a legislator. The score of new counties of the northwestern quarter of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan formed at that time what was known as the Newaygo district. It was of immense extent, and its few centers of settlement were widely scattered. The result was that five legislative candidates were voted for, the Mormons solidly supporting Strang, who received a very decided plurality. An attempt was made to arrest him on some charge and thus keep him away from Lansing, but he used his privilege as a legislator to escape that snare. Next his seat was contested on constitutional and other grounds. He showed skill in the management of his own case in this instance, made a forcible speech before the House, and was admitted by a vote of 49 to 11. In 1854 he was re-elected, and this time he took his seat without resistance, thus serving two terms as a member of the

State House of Representatives. King Strang also dabbled in politics a little, co-operating in the main with the Democrats, who were at that time in power in Michigan. "The Mormon vote" he controlled absolutely, and used it to secure advantages for his community and to make bargains that would help on his schemes of personal or church advancement. In one or two doubtful State contests the action of the islanders under his leadership became a matter of solicitude to party managers, and one or two trips were made to St. James on political errands by that now veteran negotiator, John H. Harmon. Strang did not lack for political ambition. While at Lansing he broached a scheme for subdividing Michigan which embodied a plan for the erection of a new Mormon territory. This, of course, received no encouragement, and then he applied to Robert McClelland, of Michigan, who was then Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Pierce, for an appointment as governor of Utah, promising that his administration should be attended by the uprooting of Brighamite Mormonism in the Salt lake valley.

The end of King Strang's reign came in 1856. Externally the affairs of the "kingdom" were then at their zenith, but serious internal troubles had arisen. Polygamy had proved a source of discontent, and gave excuse for revolt against Strang's rigid discipline in small matters. Jealousies also sprang up at times between him and the more intelligent of his disciples. Soon after the occupation of Beaver island the most effective of his preachers, a strolling actor named George J. Adams, became insubordinate and was excommunicated. He failed in an attempt to organize a revolt and joined the Gentiles: he made several futile attempts to break up the new settlement, but finally gave up the contest. Later, the most capable of Strang's followers, an educated Baltimorean named Dr. H. D. McCulloch, became disaffected, and he successfully stimulated the hostility to the King both on Beaver island and along the shore until it bore tragic fruit. Two men named Bedford and Wentworth had been subjected to public discipline. One of them had been severely whipped, and, as he believed, by Strang's orders, although this was denied. They were eager for revenge, and determined to kill the Mormon leader whenever it could be done with any hope of escaping the fury of his followers. The result was thus narrated in the columns of the Northern Islander of June 20, 1856:

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.—On Monday last the United States steamer Michigan entered this harbor at about one o'clock p. m. and was visited by the inhabitants promiscuously during the afternoon. About seven o'clock Capt McBlair sent a messenger (Alex St. Barnard, the pilot), to Mr. Strang requesting him to visit him

on board. Mr. Strang immediately accompanied the messenger, and just as they were stepping on the bridge leading to the pier, in front of F. Johnson & Co's store, two assassins, approached in the rear, unobserved by either of them, and fired upon Mr. Strang with pistols. The first shot took effect upon the left side of the head, entering a little back of the top of the ear, and, rebounding, passed out near the top of the head. This shot, fired from a horse-pistol, brought him down, and he fell on the left side so that he saw the assassins as they fired the second and third shots from a revolver, both taking effect upon his person, one just below the temple, on the right side of the face, and lodged in the cheek bone, the other on the left side of the spine, near the tenth rib, followed the rib about two inches and a half and lodged. Mr. Strang recognized in the persons of the assassins Thomas Bedford and Alexander Wentworth. Wentworth had a revolver and Bedford a horse-pistol, with which he struck him over the head and face while lying on the ground. The assassins immediately fled on board the United States steamer, with pistols in hand, claiming her protection. The assault was committed in view of several of the officers and crew from the deck of the steamer, also of Dr. H. D. McCulloch, F. Johnson, and others, and no effort was made to stop it. Mr. Strang was taken up by a few friends and some of the officers of the boat and carried to the house of Messrs. Prindles, where the surgeon of the steamer made an examination of his wounds and declared recovery hopeless. Process was taken out for the apprehension of the assassins, and the sheriff of the county called on Captain Mc Blair for their delivery. The Captain refused to give them up, saying that he would take them to Mackinac and deliver them into the hands of the civil authorities of the State there. The steamer left the next day, carrying off all the persons supposed to be implicated in the affair, thus affording military protection to murderers and overthrowing the sovereignty of civil law.

All the parties suspected of any share in the homicide were taken to Mackinac on the Michigan, and were there enthusiastically received by the people and speedily discharged from nominal custody. Strang was removed in a few days to Voree, where he died on July 9. He was buried at Spring Prairie, Wisconsin, and his family, which consisted of five wives and twelve children, lived in that neighborhood for a short time, but finally scattered. Shortly after his removal from St. James a mob of angry fishermen and others descended upon the Mormon settlement, burned the temple, sacked the "royal palace," and drove the subjects of the fallen monarch from the islands in hot haste. The dispersion of the Beaver island Mormons was complete, and they have since ceased to profess any organized existence. The men (or their successors) who expelled the saints are still in possession of the fruits of conquest. They dwell in the abandoned homes, substantia cabins of hewn logs, vine-clad and surrounded by little gardens. The office of the Northern Islander has become a boarding house, and is now "the best hotel" in St. James. The island nomenclature alone preserves the traditions of the fallen kingdom. The village on Beaver Harbor is still St. James. The excellent road which leads into the

interior is the King's highway. The largest of the inland lakes is called Galilee, and a trout brook which winds through a ravine near the eastern shore is the Jordan. The Mormon tabernacle is a mere mound of charred ruins; Catholicism has become the dominant religion of the island, and is represented by a handsome chapel.

ST. MARY'S RIVER AND SAULT STE. MARIE.

[From the Detroit Free Press, July 23, 1889; furnished by O. Poppleton.]

A daily line of steamers—the Soo City and Minnie M.—runs between Cheboygan and Sault Ste. Marie. On their up trips these steamers leave Mackinac at nine oclock in the morning and arrive at Sault St. Marie at six o'clock in the evening. The trip is popular with visitors to Mackinac. The distance is a little over 100 miles. Between Mackinac and Detour—thirty-five miles—the route skirts the northern shore of Lake Huron, at a distance, however, to see distinctly the various islands headlands and bays much frequented by fishermen and pleasure parties.

The St. Mary's river is admired for its scenery. From Detour to Sault St. Marie the channel is more or less winding. There is a succession of islands which appear to close the passage but which really open new passages, and give romantic views with long vistas of broken, rocky and evergreen clad hills and mazes of peaceful channels. It is a wild river, for the most part of its sixty-five miles, uninhabited, and shows the traveler such sights as must have met the eyes of the discoverers of this continent. There is an incongruity about it, too, for with all this wildness and savagery, the finest steam and sail vessels—those engaged in the Lake Superior trade—are to be seen moving up and down, frightening with their signal whistles the bears in the woods and the flocks of sea-gulls on the river. Birch bark canoes with Indian families, birch bark lodges at favorite camping places, and fishing parties of Indians are the regular sights of the St. Mary's. If the wind be good for sailing, the Mackinaw boats, in which the Indians have gone to market with berries, fish or baskets, will be met returning to the Indian villages or lodges; most likely with a squaw steering and managing the craft.

The eastern or Canadian shore, is the more rugged and mountainous, the river marking the line of a great geological change. The peculiarities of the geology of the district cause turbulent rapids at two or

three places; hem in the river channel at the Neebish, as the Rhine is hemmed in at the Lorelei—but not with the same towering eminences—and everywhere is responsible for the windings of the channel. The passengers never tire of the view, and talk of it as they talk of the Hudson and Rhine, its wildness making distinct and vivid impressions.

At Garden River the country assumes a smooth and cultivated aspect. Here is an Indian settlement, with church and schools, established one hundred years ago by pious missionaries. The inhabitants live a contented life and obtain a livelihood without much exertion. An extensive saw-mill has been build here, owned by United States Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, who has large tracts of pine land near by. He finds it conduces to his interests, as well as to his health and pleasure, to pass his summers here.

Sault Ste. Marie is the most ancient town in the northwest. It was, until within a year or two, the most unique town, but its old-fashioned features have been reformed, and railroads and bustling commercial enterprises are fast changing it into a prosperous modern city. It is rich in historical associations. Judge Steere has been engaged for several years in collecting works bearing upon the history of the place, and has obtained a surprising number of rare old books and documents. In one of these he found an account of the ancient canal build on the Canadian side of the rapids, early in the last century, for the accommodation of the vessels engaged in the fur trade with Fort William and other remote points on Lake Superior. This canal had disappeared and recollection of it was lost to the present generation of inhabitants, until Judge Steere set on foot an exploration which brought many vestiges of the old locks to light.

One of the old books owned by Judge Steere is entitled "A new and universal system of geography," by George Henry Millar, London, 1782. Mixed in with the geographical matter is a great deal of philosophical speculation. Here is an extract that will interest electricians—giving a most precise and self-sufficient theory about lightning.

The learned geographer speaks of it after the following confident manner: "When the air gets loose from those broken bubbles in which it was before imprisoned, that which happens to be pent in betwixt the clouds is necessarily very much dilated by the inflammable substances, and therefore being hemmed in on every side by the thick clouds, which contrary winds heap together round it, or by the falling in of one cloud open another, does, by its expansive force, burst its passage through them with a violent explosion, and causes that crack or rumbling which we call thunder. The clap seems continued, or

reiterated, by reason of the sound being reflected from the surface of the different clouds, which cause so many repititions, or echoes. When a flash is projected through a large extent of air, or sets fire to a train of other inflammable matter within the sphere of its action, it is what we call lightning. If the quantity of fiery particles issuing from the bubbles of water upon the collision of two clouds be very small, forming only little globes of fire, which shoots out into a little train of light and straightway disappears, this is what the common people call a falling star."

Sault Ste. Marie was, for many years, the home of H. R. Schoolcraft, the explorer and writer of books on the Indians, which are the chief source of information concerning the appearance, manners, customs, religion and government of that fast disappearing race. Schoolcraft's old home is still in good condition, and the beautiful elms which he planted, on the circle of the drive leading up to the door, are flourishing trees. His wife was the daughter of Mr. Johnston, an Irishman of great note in the last century as a fur trader, who was married to the child of the ruling Ojibway chief of the Lake Superior region. Mrs. Schoolcraft was a lady of superior intelligence and refinement, educated at the convent schools at Montreal, and although decidedly Indian in features and appearance, was esteemed one of the beautiful women of the northwest. When Schoolcraft had attained fame as an author and took her with him on a visit to New York, curiosity was manifested regarding his Indian wife by people who desired to show the great explorer social attentions. She acquitted herself very well indeed in all the assemblages of refinement, to which her husband was invited. He cherished a deep affection for her. They lived together about seven years, her death being sincerely mourned by her husband. Their only child, a boy of uncommon promise, died young. Schoolcraft married a second time in New York, and ended his days there, never returning to Michigan.

The Johnstons are very proud of their Indian descent. Through the kindness of Mr. Chas. H. Chapman I made the acquaintance of John MacDougall Johnston, brother of the former Mrs. Schoolcraft. His mother's picture—the Indian princess—is preserved. The features display a bright intelligence, a piquancy and a beauty quite unusual in the Indian. John MacDougall Johnston has a snug property in Sault Ste. Marie, and lives happily, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. He has for a neighbor Ojibway, an Indian past ninety years of age, who was one of the canoe men for Gov. Cass in his travels, explorations

and treaties with the Indians of the upper lakes and upper Mississippi in 1824.

It is said that all those who have intermarried with or are related to the Indians affiliate closer with that race than with the whites. There are many such at Sault St. Marie.

The fishing in this region is the best in the north. Experts come here from all parts of the country during the trout season, and camp out in the woods with their Indian guides, enjoying life in the wilderness after the manner of the old time explorers. Among the more celebrated fishermen, whose talents as disciples of Isaac Walton are acknowledged, Mr. S. Dow Elwood, of Detroit, stands chief. All the old settlers and fishermen of Sault Ste. Marie are loud in his praise.

The Indians retain the right to fish at the foot of the rapids, and still follow the primitive custom of taking the whitefish with a long handled scoop-net. Two men go out in a canoe and when the one at the bow gets sight of a whitefish among the rocks at the bottom, swimming against the current, he scoops him up.

Longfellow, the poet, lived for a while at Sault Ste. Marie, getting the local coloring for "Hiawatha." Schoolcraft's Indian legends were the foundation—in fact the whole frame and skeleton—of this poem.

At Sault Ste. Marie the birch bark canoe is the boat most commonly used. It is probably the only place on the continent where such a craft continues to be made. The Indians frequently engage in canoe races. There are always eleven men in a racing canoe—ten paddlers and a steersman. Very skillful are these Indians in making paddles. They use for this purpose a crooked knife, an implement with which the Indian executes all sorts of work. Paddles finely carved with grotesque handles are greatly prized by the canoe-men.

YUSEF.

THE ISLAND OF MACKINAC.

[From the Detroit Free Prees, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

The walks and drives about the Isle of Mackinac are charming—forest drives, the like of which cannot be found at any other summer resort, and the shore drive along the shingly margin of the lake. This island is largely wooded with a variety of timber, each kind keeping to

its own domain—deciduous and evergreen. The birches are beautiful, some of the beeches bear initials and dates that go back many years, and testify to the romantic ardor of preceding generations of visitors. The wild strawberries of Mackinac are found plentifully. They have a flavor distinct from the cultivated berries, and more aromatic. The daisies that grow on the island are perhaps the largest in America. Ladies go into ecstacies over them; wildwood flowers blossom where the sun and soil and shade and air are favorable. There are many foot-prints through the woods and fine wagon roads, which lead to all the points of interest about the island; to points where Lake Huron opens in its immensity; to points that command the Straits of Mackinac and the distant blue of Lake Michigan; that show Bois Blanc and Spectacle Reef lighthouse many miles distant, Round island and the roadstead of Mackinac, and the activity of the moving fleet thereabouts; Les Cheneaux, the fifty fishing islands; St. Ignace and the Upper Peninsula; Cheboygan, Mackinaw City and the Lower Peninsula, and the south passage, much favored by the great grain and lumber vessels moving between Buffalo and Chicago.

If this extensive view, commanding as many miles of lake and land as the human eye can compass, always assuming new phases under changes of light and cloud, should need relief by objects near by, there is the picturesque old Fort Mackinac of engrossing interest, Skull cave, Robinson's Folly, the cliffs, Arch Rock, Sugar Loaf, the battlefield, British Landing, Lovers' Leap, Devil's Kitchen, the ancient cemetery and the quaint and ever attractive village of Mackinac itself. There is the annex with its collection of fine summer homes. Mackinac Island being established as a national park, permission has been given to lease building sites for terms of ten years, the price being twenty-five dollars a year. The regulations governing these leases are sufficiently strict to exclude undesirable neighbors, the commandant at Fort Mackinac exercising full power, in a military way, over the national park.

The air of the island is uncommonly pure. Physicians ascribe to its bracing effects. There are no manufactories in the place, no noise, no smoke, no hurry; even the carriage drivers who guide people about the island do so in a leisurely way that gives every opportunity for sight-seeing. There are no mosquitoes on the island, and very few flies. I do not recall seeing one during my stay at the John Jacob Astor House. Landlord Cable, who is the oldest and most renowned landlord in the northwest, says that no annoyance is ever experienced from flies. The nights are always cool and refreshing slumber is a consequence. Think of that, ye denizens of sultry climes, where per-

sistent flies and mosquitoes add their exasperation to the enervating heat.

The John Jacob Astor house, one of the favorite hotels of the island, has in addition to the merits which belong to a well-kept house, associations which unite it to the history of Mackinac more closely than anything else, the ancient fort not excepted. The buildings, very extensive and erected in good style, were the headquarters of the American Fur company, organized by John Jacob Astor in 1809, with a capital of $1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $2,000,000. His methods were not unlike those of powerful railroad and other corporations of our day. He absorbed, one after another, all smaller establishments, and in a few years found no competitor except the Northwest Fur company. The Northwest was a British company.

Previous to this Mr. Astor had been in the fur trade, making his purchases in Montreal from the Northwest and Mackinac Fur companies, which controlled the business in North America.

The treaty of 1795 allowed trade between the United States and Canada, and although Astor shipped the furs which he bought in Montreal to New York, the fact that the furs were gathered by British agencies all through the western territories, made some impression on the government. The overpowering influence exerted by those in control of the business was felt by President Jefferson to be inimical to the Union. At that time the region west of the Mississippi was held by France and Spain, and it was not until the purchase of Louisiana and Florida that the vast territory, extending across the Rocky Mountains, became included in the American borders. It was therefore with the privity and approbation of the government that Astor organized the American Fur company, which, though nominally a corporation, was really his own enterprise, all the capital being furnished by him.

Mr. Astor found that the rivalry of the Mackinac company, owned in Montreal, was a great disadvantage to him. He therefore, by diplomatic arrangement, in keeping with his great sagacity, bought out the Mackinac company, letting in with him certain members of the Northwest company, and in 1811 organized the Southwest company. He thus became possessed of one-half of the Indian establishments and goods which the Mackinac company owned in the Indian country of the United States, with the understanding that the whole was to be surrendered into his hands in five years' time, on condition that the American company should not trade in the British Dominions. This was done with the privity and approbation of the American government.

The war of 1812 broke out, the British captured Detroit and Mackinac and Astor's plans were greatly impeded. When peace was concluded he resumed his project with more vigor than ever, and it is very plain, at this day, that to his efforts is largely due whatever of sympathy the Indians of the northwest felt toward the American government.

His work was influential, too, in directing immigration and in upholding the flag and the government. His expedition to the mouth of the Columbia river, in 1810-11, was of importance in establishing the claims of the government to Oregon and the northern boundary line, and although the expedition was financially a loss and a disappointment, its results were beneficial to the United States.

The old books of correspondence of the American fur company, and their accounts, are in the possession of Mr. James F. Cable, of the John Jacob Astor house. Most of the letters are written by the manager, Ramsay Crooks, a Scotchman of good education, great intelligence and experience in the fur trade, and such a knowledge of human nature as must readily have given him a commanding influence. He was one of those who made the overland expedition to Astoria in 1810, suffering incredible hardships on the way. Many of the letters are also signed by Robert Stuart, a young man, the second in command, who also accompanied the expedition across the Rocky mountains and had the confidence of Mr. Astor.

The letters begin in 1816, in which year Ramsay Crooks was taken as partner and manager in the west, as appears by a letter dated March 17, 1817, in which he says that "the Southwest Fur company no longer exists." and that he is interested in the business as agent for the American Fur company.

One of the interesting letters in the collection relates that the business of the Southwest company—which, it will be remembered, was by Mr. Astor's arrangement to become absorbed entirely by him in five years after 1811,—that the business for 1816, the last year of its existence, was $48.803.55—which included everything on hand at Mackinac.

Mr. Crooks tells that the only men capable of doing the work of the fur business are Canadian voyageurs, or Couriers des Bois, who are engaged at Montreal or Lachine, and must be paid a certain outfit in advance. He explains the difficulties of navigation. Experienced men are especially required as steersmen. The term of service expires on their return to Montreal. He further explains that prompt pay is the strongest pillar of commerce. "The voyageur's family subsists, not infrequently, on his credit. A servant once disappointed is not likely to

put himself again in the power of his deceiver. The agent here should be supplied with funds to meet all engagements."

Then he goes on to say that the patent for the Southwest company's property at Mackinac was issued in the winter of 1811 or spring of 1812, in the name of Louisant Pothier, and at Washington was "with the patents for the other lots in that village, given in charge to Mr. Aaron Greeley, the gentlemen who, in the summer of 1811, surveyed the island. Mr. Greeley on his way to Detroit, was unfortunately in the boat sent by Gen. Hull from the Miami river that was captured by the British near Malden, and with the others the title to the company's property was lost. To obtain a new patent it is only necessary to address Josiah Nevys."

Mr. Crooks appears to have had trouble with the redoubtable Maj. Puthoff, once in command at Detroit, and said to have faught a duel at Sandwich.

He gives advice as to President Monroe's Indian policy, and urges Mr. Aster to insist upon blank permits for traders, clerks and interpreters, except for the south shore of Lake Superior, where one should be issued to John Johnston.

Mr. Crooks adds "It is good policy to admit freely and without the least restraint the Canadian boatmen. These people are indispensable to the successful prosecution of the trade. Their places cannot be supplied by Americans, who are for the most part too independent to submit quietly to a proper control, and who can gain anywhere a subsistence much superior to a man of the interior. And, although the body of the Yankey can resist as much hardship as any man, 'tis only in the Canadian we find that temper of mind to render him patient, docile and persevering. In short, they are a people, harmless in themselves, whose habits of submission fit them peculiarly for our business, and if guided as it is my wish they should be, will never give just cause of alarm to the government of this Union."

Some of the letters of advice give a clear insight into the methods of the Indian trade. Whisky always made trouble, and Mr. Crooks was desirous of excluding it entirely, but it seems could not do so.

The name Keweenaw appears in his letters "Quiwinau."

YUSEF

BEAUTIFUL BELLE ISLE.

[From the Detroit Free Press, June 8, 1890, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

Detroit's proudest boast in summer is Belle Isle park. As the people's park, Belle Isle grows in beauty year by year. In time it will no doubt become one of the most beautiful playgrounds in the world. People will come from long distances to enjoy the beauties of Belle Isle park.

As a park, it does not go back many years. The story of the changes in its title is interesting.

The record of its transfer from the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians is of unique historical interest. This transfer was to Lieut. McDougall. It was made August 29, 1768, to Lieut. McDougall, of the Sixtieth regiment. The consideration was five barrels of rum, three rolls of tobacco, three pounds of vermillion, a belt of wampum, three barrels of rum, three pounds of paint, amounting in all to one hundred and ninety-four pounds, ten shillings current money of the province of York.

After this deed from the Indians the island was surveyed by its new proprietor. It was found to contain, as it was thought, seven hundred and four acres. McDougall at once proceeded to make the property productive. He induced a number of farmers to take leases on the island. In a short time some eighty acres, representing two farms, were under cultivation.

At this time the commander at the post of Detroit was Major De Peyster. De Peyster desired to get possession of the island. Whatever his motive, loyalty, greed, ambition or expediency, cannot be definitely learned. Suffice it to say that De Peyster entered a protest against the McDougall fee, declaring that, by private ownership, the town of Detroit was deprived of a valuable pasturage for the cows. This protest took the form of a petition signed by all the old inhabitants. The petition was duly forwarded to the Governor General of Canada.

Before action was taken on the petition, De Peyster entered a personal protest, declaring that the island should revert back to the possession of the town in order that the place might be cultivated to help feed the garrison.

Finally, in 1780, the Governor General saw fit to act. A commission was appointed to award damages to Mrs. McDougall. A special committee of two master carpenters made the following inventory, on the basis of which damages were awarded:

1 dwelling	£250
1 ditto	40
1 ditto	10
1 old barn (no roof)	18
1 chicken coop	6
Same, lumber	10
Total (N. Y. money)	£334

These damages paid, De Peyster undertook to cultivate the land. In 1798 the McDougall heirs sold their interest in the entire island to Wm. McComb. Eventually the heirs of the McComb estate demanded redress of De Peyster. The latter offered six hundred guineas for the island. This offer was refused. The McComb claim was thus confirmed. The island now remained in possession of the McComb family for many years. In 1809 their title was reconfirmed by United States commissioners. The property was now popularly supposed to contain about seven hundred and fifty acres.

In 1817 D. B. McComb bought out the other heirs in his family and secured the entire right for himself. Three months later he sold the island to B. Campau. Campau, it is alleged, paid for the island in the bank notes of broken Ohio banks, valueless and illegal.

The price paid, five thousand dollars, was a large one for that early day. Indeed, to pay seven dollars for a lot by the town hall was considered the act of a lunatic. Many instances are on record where town property was refused at that low figure. Today the same lot would bring from six hundred thousand to nine hundred thousand dollars. Such are the changes of time.

The island was finally divided among the heirs of B. Campau. From the few heirs the city obtained its title, issuing bonds therefor up to seven hundred thousand dollars. One of the few heirs was Mrs. Richard Storrs Willis. After the apportionment of the island, Mr. Willis, on his wife's share, built a summer residence and named it Inselruhe. The grounds about the place were graded, gardens made, walks laid out and six miles of carriage ways completed. Thus Inselruhe became a beautiful private park. Here Mr. Willis spent seven summers.

Belle Isle park was originally the island of the "swan," or, in the Indian language, Mah-nah-be-ze. To the French the island became "St. Clair." The name "Hog island" existed until July 4, 1845. The island originally abounded in rattlesnakes. Hogs were turned in to exterminate the snakes. In time the hogs became so numerous that the island gained the name of the animals abounding thereon.

On the fourth of July, 1845, a large picnic was held on the island.

The orator of the day waxed patriotic on the beauties of the island. A more fitting name should be chosen. The island was christened "Belle" Isle. Some historians assert that it was "Belle" Isle as a compliment to the handsome women who were accustomed to visit the place. Others assert that it was "Belle" Isle after a favorite daughter of Gen. Lewis Cass.

A survey made in 1882 showed the island to contain six hundred and ninety acres.

After the city had gained possession of the island the great bargain began to dawn on Detroit capitalists. The cost, two hundred thousand dollars, for nearly seven hundred acres of land, was certainly cheap. Private syndicates were formed to purchase from the city and to establish a private park, where the rich of the city might summer delightfully in elegant villas. One offer, a matter of record, was of one million dollars. But the city refused. Belle Isle was to be preserved for all time as the people's playground.

The first plans for beautifying the island were made by Frederick Law Olmstead. Mr. Olmstead began work in 1883. Mr. Olmstead's preliminary plan was a beautiful one, simple, picturesque and stately. To its adoption much of the good work at the park must be credited. But as time went by, many of the details of the Olmstead plan were changed. Instead of reclaiming the marshes on the south, they were turned into elegant lakes. Other vital changes were made.

The island of today has its casino, erected at a cost of twenty thousand dollars; the police station; retiring rooms; Inselruhe and dairy; the boat houses; deer run; power house and many other smaller buildings. The general ideas of the Olmstead plan have been adhered to. The grand boulevard, one hundred and fifty feet wide, is now opened around the island, and is, for the most part, in fair condition. One season more and the grand boulevard will be one of the special features of the park.

The loop canal at the lower end of the island and the east and south lakes are points of special improvement. Hundred of visitors daily enjoy the delightful water trips on these little inland lakes. In time the water way system will be extended to all parts of the island. The total amount of money spent on the island up to January 1, 1890, is as follows:

Total receipts	$613,850 65
Total expenditures	597,327 27
First cost of island	200,000 00

SOME LIVES THAT WERE WORTH LIVING.

[From the Detroit Tribune, March 23, 1890, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

The record of the lives of men and women who have attained the biblically allotted span of years, and passed beyond that limit, has always been of interest to those who follow them. It is this interest, to a certain extent, that gives popularity to works of biography. The environment, the habits, the methods of living, the personal characteristics, possible hereditary influences—each, aside from individual attainment, give rise in the reader to a speculative interest more or less valuable and entertaining.

It was with reference to this general interest that the Tribune, a short time ago, decided to collect a few biographies of old people who are passing their declining years in Michigan, giving especial attention to facts that might have bearing upon longevity. Correspondents in various portions of the State were asked to send the Tribune sketches of these "fathers and mothers in Israel," and to include therein the answers of the subjects to the following questions:

When and where born?

Nationality of parents and ages when parents died?

Chief occupation during life?

At what age married and how many times?

How many children?

Religious belief?

Has tobacco or liquor been used, and what their effects upon health?

How many hours' sleep customary per day?

Personal characteristics; complexion; habit, stout, thin or medium?

Has life been happy? with such other facts of a biographical nature suggested or volunteered.

A number of these sketches have been received, and some of them are given herewith. They contain information that is certainly very interesting.

JEREMIAH GAZELLE, VERY OLD.

Jeremiah Gazelle presents one of the most notable instances of longevity to be found, in all probability, anywhere in the United States

today. He was born a slave in the state of Kentucky, and the evidence seems to be well substantiated that his birth dates back to the era that saw the dawn of American freedom, the historic year of 1776. Of the nationality of his parents he remembers nothing, but indications would point that they were not many generations removed from a genuine Congo ancestry. Jeremiah fled from the south when somewhat mature in years. After undergoing the perils of a refugee, he landed in Detroit somewhere in the early part of the thirties. His chief occupation, while in servitude, seems to have been field labor, although he acquired considerable aptitude in the care of horses. During the period of his slave life he was married sundry times, and the presumption is that he left a prolific progeny upon the sacred soil. After coming north he married again and now has a son over 50. When this son was born, his oldest daughter by a previous wife was then the mother of five children. In religious belief, while it is not known that he was ever allied to any denomination, he is said to have manifested Baptist inclinations, and this tendency may be accounted for from the fact that for many years after first coming to this city to reside he was in the employment of Hon. W. S. Wilcox, who can be credited with half a century of steady experience as a Baptist Sunday school superintendent and teacher. Jeremiah, while not an intemperate man, was always alive to the allurement of the bowl, and has used tobacco all his lifetime. From the use of stimulants and narcotics, he has never known any pernicious effects. Mentally the old man now shows some slight manifestations of weakening and spends his days in quiet rest and repose at the home of his son George. In stature he is rather undersized and somewhat stocky in build, giving every indication of having been a man of moderate size, but good physical powers, in his prime. Here where he has lived so many years, he has borne an excellent reputation as a peaceable, industrious and law abiding citizen, and, judging from those who have listened to his old-time reminiscences, his life throughout may be considered a happy one of its kind. In 1836 he is said to have been in the service of Gen. Cass in Detroit. While there he was recognized by a southern slave hunter, who had followed another fugitive as far as the border. Under the beneficent laws that then prevailed in this land of freedom, there was a lively probability that the runaway would be returned to his whilom master. It is said that the sum of six hundred dollars was demanded for his freedom. Jerry by hard labor had accumulated three hundred dollars, and it is said that Gen. Cass and a few gentlemen raised the rest of the sum necessary to convert this human chattel into an American freeman. Despite his great age

Jeremiah still has considerable physical vigor, and is by no means an unprepossessing representative of his race.

MRS. LYDIA BROWN-SMITH, 102.

Mrs. Lydia Brown-Smith was born December 9, 1788. She first saw the light at Adams, Berkshire county, Mass., her parents being of English nationality. Her father, Dr. David Brown, was born June 16, 1741, and died August 7, 1829. Her mother, Sarah Peck Brown, was born February 27, 1748, and died October 27, 1826. Her chief occupation during life has been that of a good American housewife, sewing and spinning like her sisters in her early youth, and properly caring for her home in her maturity. She was married September, 1810, at the age of twenty-two years, and this her only union was blessed with three children, George H., Henry R., and Mary D. Her religous belief is that of the Quaker faith. She has never used tobacco or liquor, but has in former years indulged in snuff. Usually she takes about twelve hours of sleep. In personal characteristics she is of even temperament, mild in manner and has been a life time optimist, ever prone to look upon the bright side of all of life's troubles. She is small of stature, and possesses good hearing and an excellent memory. Her maiden name was Lydia Brown, and she was the youngest of eleven children. She is a descendant of Joseph Peck, who emigrated from England to Massachusetts in 1638. In the year 1795 she removed with her parents to Farmington, N. Y., where she was married to William Smith, September 19, 1810. She has lived in Michigan about twenty-three years. Mrs. Smith is the grandmother of Mrs. W. H. Payne, wife of Prof. Payne, until recently of the chair of pedagogy at Michigan University and now (I believe) president of a university at Nashville, Tenn. She is now tenderly cared for in the mellow sunset of a long life well spent at the home of her descendants in Detroit.

MRS. DANIEL SULLIVAN, 103.

Mrs Daniel Sullivan of Flint, is one of the few persons to whom, now-a-days, it is given to live to be one hundred years of age, and this lady has passed that point by at least three years. The exact date of her birth is not known, as her own memory has failed her on that point, and she recalls little or nothing of her family or ancestry, or of her childhood days. She is of Irish extraction, having been born at Musera, county Cork, and lived there until some twelve or fifteen years ago. She married and has five children. Her husband died soon after the birth of the fifth, and Mrs. Sullivan never remarried. Her

husband was a farmer, as that class go in the Emerald island, and she was an adept at spinning, occupying her time unused in household work with that task. She has always been an ardent Catholic, and her children are firm adherents to the same faith. Though smoking is a common thing among women in her country, especially among the older ones, Mrs. Sullivan never contracted the habit. In general bodily health she is quite strong. She rests only at night and requires no more sleep than any of the other members of the family. Her complexion is fair and her figure stout. She is active and each week does her own washing with scrupulous neatness, refusing aid from any one. One eye is totally blind and the other quite near sighted, but she seems to have an intuitive knowledge of what is passing on around her, and is well posted. She lives here with her youngest daughter, a Mrs. Keefe. A son lives in Lapeer county, and all her children are in this country.

MRS. MARY CALKINS, 97.

Mrs. Mary Calkins of Greenville was born April 2, 1793, in New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y. Her parents were Americans of Welsh descent, and both lived to be over 80 years of age. She was married soon after she had entered her twenty-sixth year. From this union she had seven children. She has been a widow over forty years. She is of a deeply religious nature and has been and is a strict Presbyterian. She reads a great deal, using glasses. The bible receives most attention, but she keeps informed as to the leading topics of the day. In politics she is a strong Republican, and she thought great evil would come to the nation because of the return of the Democratic party to power in 1884. A strong personal characteristic is her fidelity to what she believes to be right in principle. She has never had any use for tobacco nor for liquor except as a medicine. She has lived a quiet domestic life, caring for her children in their younger days. Deafness has been hereditary in her ancestry, and it slowly came upon her in her advanced life until she became entirely deaf about six years ago. She communicates by writing; she writes a diary and she keeps up a correspondence with seven or eight people, writing a fine, beautiful hand. She is of light complexion and rather stout. She usually retires about eight o'clock at night, and does not rise until noon the next day.

MRS. BETSY CROSSETT, 97.

Mrs. Betsy Crossett of Battle Creek was born at Whitehall, Wash-

ington county, N. Y., on July 9, 1793. Her parents were also natives of New York state, her mother dying at the age of fifty-three and her father at ninety-seven. Until her marriage, Mrs. Crossett followed the occupation of a tailoress, since which time household duties have claimed her entire attention. She has been married but once, and was thirty-eight years old at the time; her husband died in 1841 at the age of fifty. Four children were the result of this union, two boys and two girls. At the age of sixteen Mrs. Crossett was converted to the Baptist faith and has been a staunch member of that religious body ever since. Her life has been temperate, being a stranger to all intoxicants and narcotics. Safe in the love of husband and children, her years have passed in peace and happiness. She has had no serious sickness and no severe trials have come to darken her life. After her husband's death she made her home with her children, who have since cared for her with uniform kindness. Mrs. Crossett is a woman of medium height, dark complexion, and inclined to stoutness. Since 1861 she has lived in Michigan. At the present time she is in full possession of her mental faculties, and physically she is as spry and active as a woman of fifty.

ABRAM V. HUNT, 94.

Abram V. Hunt of Coldwater was born in 1796 in New York city of English parents, who died at the ages of thirty and forty-three. His chief occupations in life were military and in wrecking and as a pilot on the New Jersey coast. Mr. Hunt was twice married, the first time at the age of twenty-one, and was the father of six children, three of whom are living. He is a protestant. He has used tobacco all his life, with no particular effect upon his health, and liquor only as a medicine; he is dark and thin, and has slept eight hours a day. His life has been happy, and although at present he is physically weak, his mind is alert and strong. Mr. Hunt was a soldier of the war of 1812, serving as lieutenant in the third regiment of the Monmouth brigade (Gen. James Eycke) and afterward as a signal officer at Sandy Hook. He is a pensioner of that war.

ALEXANDER KARR, 91.

Alexander Karr of Ann Arbor gives the following short history of his life: He was born at Middlesex county, N. J., ninety-one years ago. His father was Scotch and his mother Dutch. Both his parents lived to a ripe old age, indeed longevity seems to be a characteristic of the family. His chief occupation during life was that of a farmer. He

was married at the age of thirty and has had eleven children. He believes in the protestant religion. Has used tobacco all his life and experiences no deleterious effects. He sleeps about eleven hours per day. He is a large framed man, of a ruddy complexion. His hair when young was of a bright red color.

EX-GOV. ALPHEUS FELCH, 84.

One of the oldest citizens of Washtenaw county is ex-Gov. Alpheus Felch, LL. D., who was born September 28, 1806. The most interesting thing concerning his biography are the facts that he is the oldest surviving member of the legislature from Monroe county, the oldest surviving bank commissioner of the State, the oldest surviving auditor general of the State, the oldest surviving governor of the State, the oldest surviving judge of the supreme court of Michigan and the oldest surviving United States senator from Michigan.

The Washtenaw county pioneer society is in first-class shape as far as records go. The necologist's reports show that the old citizens are dying at the rate of about one hundred a year. The oldest person ever heard of in this county was a Mrs. Martin, a colored woman, who died at the county house about a month or two ago. She claimed to have been one hundred and fourteen years old, and often saw Gen. George Washington, she having lived in Virginia during the early part of her life.

HIRAM MATHER, 91.

Hiram Mather, who was born October 18, 1799, at Schuyler, N. Y., of English parents, lives within three miles of Paw Paw. His father died at the age of eighty-eight, his mother when she was thirty-five. He has been a hard working farmer all his life. He was married but once, at the age of nineteen. Of five children but one, Joseph, with whom he lives, is living. He believes in the protestant religion. Until twenty years ago he used tobacco and liquor, but at that time discontinued the use of both because they affected his health. As a rule he has slept ten hours a day, but now frequently takes twelve hours. He is medium in size, of dark complexion, and says his life has been a happy one, taken altogether. He moved from New York in 1848, came through to Michigan by team, settled here, where he has lived since. He went to the polls at the last election in this (Van Buren) county, and cast his vote for local option. He has a sister living who is eighty-eight years of age. His wife lived to be eighty; she died ten years ago. Mr. Mather has traveled through the Upper

Peninsula since her death. The old gentleman is hearty and vigorous, is able to write a good plain hand, and with the exception of a slight deafness is in the possession of all his faculties, apparently as well as ever.

WILLIAM R. GOODWIN, 88.

William R. Goodwin was born in the city of Ithaca, N. Y., May 18, 1802, where he lived until he was eighteen years old, when he removed to Detroit, where he was married at the age eighteen years to Miss Adeline Lewis, a sister of Mrs. Alex. Atkins, Sr., who is still living with her son, Mortimer Atkins, in Kimball township, St. Clair county. His wife died in 1835. The following year he married the widow of John Atkins, with whom he lived for upwards of forty years. She died eight years ago at the age of eighty-eight years. His parents were both born in England. His father died at the age of seventy-five years and his mother died when he was only four years old. His occupation during his lifetime has been blacksmithing. He has also farmed some, living on the farm where he now resides for over fifty years. He had nine children by his first wife. They are all dead except one, Mrs. Wilson, a daughter living at Ionia. He has been a member of the M. E. church for over sixty years. He has used tobacco ever since he was sixteen years old and it has had no bad effect upon his health. He has always had a good appetite. He is not a strict temperance man but never drank to excess. He is very regular in habits of sleep, going to bed at nine p. m. He gets up in the morning at five o'clock and smokes until breakfast time at seven o'clock; then he takes another smoke. Then he lies down until about eleven o'clock. The rest of the day he does very little of anything except to read—he is a great newspaper reader. He is of dark complexion, in build spare. He has always lived a happy life, and is still happy and jovial.

J. A. WILTERDINK, 88.

J. A. Wilterdink of Holland was born August 22, 1802, at Winterswyk, in the province of Gelderland, Netherlands. His parents were also Hollanders; he does not recollect their age when they died. He was a wagonmaker until he came to the United States in 1846; lived in St. Louis, Mo., for six months, when he moved here in the spring of 1847, since which time he has been a farmer within two miles of Holland. He was married quite young and lost his wife here 32 years ago; has been a widower ever since. He was the father of seven children,

two sons and one daughter now living. He has always been known here as a very pious man, and for years was a prominent elder in the Dutch Reformed church. He has always used tobacco, but never uses liquor of any description. His mind is still very bright, especially upon religious questions; his eyesight and hearing are failing. His complexion is light, he is stout and measures five feet and eight inches in height.

CYRUS C. RICHMOND, 88.

Cyrus C. Richmond, a resident for 26 years of Isabella county in the township of Chippewa, was born in the county of Northumberland, Ont., November 14, 1802. His father died at the age of sixty-eight years. His mother was eighty-seven at her death. His occupation has been that of a carpenter and farmer. He was married at the age of twenty-three to his present wife. He is the father of nine children—six sons and three daughters. His religious belief is that of the Quaker church. He has used tobacco ever since he was fifteen years old and liquor moderately over seventy years. He says these habits have had no effect on his health. He sleeps about eight hours a day. His complexion is light, he is stout of build and his general health is good. In answer to the question, has life been happy, he said "yes." Mrs. C. C. Richmond was only nineteen when she was married to Cyrus C. Richmond and she is eighty-two years old. Her general health is strong and good.

MRS. H. C. DANIEL, 82.

Mrs. H. C. Daniel of Pontiac was born at Alexandria, Genesee county, N. Y., September 2, 1808. Her father was born in Vermont, June 27, 1764 and died February 12, 1813 of an epidemic of that season. Her mother was born at Providence, R. I., dying at the age of seventy-two years. From the earliest record the occupation of the family has been that of farming. Mrs. Daniel was married once, at the age of twenty-five, in 1833. She is the mother of seven children, two sons and five daughters, all now living in Michigan. The daughters were of literary tastes, one of whom spent six years as a medical missionary in China under the Woman's Western Baptist Foreign society. Two of the daughters are college graduates. From the earliest history the families on both sides have been Baptists. So far as known none of the present family or their predecessors used liquor, and but one of the present family uses tobacco. Mrs. Daniel's habits of sleep have been regular, going to bed early and getting up early. She is a woman of great

energy, and at her advanced age manages her own business. In complexion, decidedly dark; in stature, stout; and in view of pioneer trials and hardships her life has been comparatively happy, but not without severe trials, trials as she said that would have crushed her but for the hope in the strength of that arm that is mighty to save and strong to deliver.

YPSILANTI ACADEMY.

BY MELVIN D. OSBAND.

[From the Ypsilantian, January 17, 1889.]

Among the present population of Ypsilanti, none but those wearing gray hairs will remember that there ever existed among them such an institution as the Ypsilanti academy, with Henry H. Griffen as principal. Yet early in the forties this was the most prominent, if not the only private school in the village. The writer—then an awkward boy just from the farm in Nankin—became connected with the school in November, 1843, near the close of the fall term. When the school was established I do not know, but its principal had taught in Ann Arbor and Grass Lake, and perhaps other places in this State, previous to coming to Ypsilanti. He was formerly from the state of Maine. He was of an active, nervous temperament, about thirty-five years of age, near six feet in height, and slimly built. In conversation he talked so rapidly that, to unaccustomed ears, it was difficult to catch his words. He was deeply religious, a member of the Presbyterian church, though not strongly sectarian, and very conscientious in all his transactions. As a teacher he was thorough with his classes, requiring his pupils to go to foundation principles for the solution of all problems. He seemed fully competent to teach any branches required in higher schools, though he uniformly advised his pupils against the study of the ancient classics before the English branches were mastered. Beside the ordinary branches taught in district schools, he had classes in algebra, philosophy and chemistry, and gave prominent attention to composition and declamation.

His apparatus for illustrating the sciences he taught was ample. One

feature of his school highly valued by the pupils he called "General Exercise." He assembled all the pupils in one room at a stated hour each day, when he opened the question box and spent a few minutes in answering such questions as had been deposited therein by his pupils, pertaining to manners, customs, society, sciences, etc., without limit of subjects.

The school was located in the south part of the village on the west side of the river, in a yellow dwelling house a little south of a brick district school-house.

This was forty-five years ago. I have seldom met a member of that school since. Below I give the names of some of them as memory calls them up, for I have not a scrap of written memorandum to bring to my aid. Under the circumstances I trust errors will be excused. As all the pupils were addressed by their last names, as Mr. and Miss, I am unable to give the first names of many of them, and some are entirely forgotten. Chas. S. Woodard of Pittsfield, was assistant teacher till near the close when he resigned and the writer filled his place for a few weeks till the close of the school. He was also a member of the class in chemistry. Of the following names of students, the first four, with the writer, were also attached to the class in chemistry. I cannot give the names to other classes:

Misses Delia and Louise Brown, Miss Ellen Vail, Oscar Williams, Misses Lucy and Eliza Post, Samuel Post, Miss Olive Williams, Miss Mary Hewitt, Miss Earle, Miss Mary Havens, Miss Abby Van Fossen, Miss Camp, Miss Martin, Miss King, Robert McDonald, Robert Gibson, Edmund Hewitt, J. W. Watts, Messrs. Brewer, Platt, Wilson, Moore, Davis and McDougall, all I think, of Ypsilanti. J. M. Sprague and Miss Sarah Sprague, of South Lyon; Miss Ophelia N. Brown and Miss Hardy, of Rawsonville; Willard Stevens, Zachariah Straight and Allen Dean, from Nankin; Wm. Allen, of Canton; Geo. Armes, Luther Reeves, of Webster; James Robbins and sister and two brothers, of Branch county; Rev. Orson R. Swift, a Wesleyan Methodist, then preaching in the vicinity, and John M. Swift, his brother, now a prominent physician of Northville, both of Nankin though temporarily residing in the village.

While connected with the school, I was a member of Mr. Griffen's family as a boarder and part of the time as chore boy. I found the association very pleasant, and left with the impression that our teacher was very happy in his domestic relations. He had two children—little boys—Charlie and Amos.

His wife had culture and refinement and seemed worthy of her hus-

band in every respect. They familiarly called each other Henry and Chloe. They were vegetarians, or what was more familiarly known at the time, Grahamites. Hence no butcher secured any profits by supplying their table.

Their residence was a one-story brick house with columns in the front, westerly from the Presbyterian church across an open field on the brow of a little hill and next door to Mr. Wm. Cross' residence.

During the month of March Mr. Griffen received such an appeal from his widowed mother in Maine to come and care for her and her property, that he could not resist. He immediately began preparations to close his school. He gave up the house in which the school was located the first of April and moved the school into the brick school-house near by and closed it in about a week. I think I bid him and his family a last good-bye the ninth of April and returned home. He soon left for his New England home. Incidentally I learned that the attachment he had contracted for the west induced him again to sever the bonds of his early associations and seek his fortune in regions still farther west. Since then I have received no news of him. To me his is a cherished name. I should be glad to hear of his after history.

At that time the building on the lot where now stands the Ypsilanti high school, was known as the Great Western. But I think it was dedicated to school purposes the latter part of that same year.

Rev. Mr. Weed then filled the desk at the Presbyterian church; Rev. Mr. Powers was rector of the Episcopal church; Rev. Elijah Crane preached for the Methodist church; Rev. Mr. Moore for the Baptists in a little church on the east side of the river; Rev. Marcus Swift for the Wesleyan Methodists in a school-house on the east side also.

During this winter Charles Woodruff opened another private school in the Larzalier block. This was before he started the publication of the Sentinel. I think there was then no newspaper published in the village.

But I find I have exceeded sixty lines which was the limit Mr. Griffen prescribed to his scholars in writing compositions. But I remember one of them wrote one longer than this and he accepted it. So I'll send this along hoping it will arouse a pleasant remembrance in the mind of some of my old school-mates of the Auld Lang Syne.

Lansing, January 8, 1889.

EDWARD TIFFIN'S OPINION OF MICHIGAN IN 1815.

[Read by Wm. R. Bates at the Lincoln club banquet, Pontiac, February 12, 1891.—Pontiac Gazette furnished by O. Poppleton.]

Early in the administration of President Hayes, in calling upon him I had occasion to allude to an oration delivered by the Hon. William A. Howard at the unvailing of the soldiers' monument in Detroit, in which he referred to a report made by Gen. Tiffin, then surveyor general of the United States in 1815, in regard to the territory of Michigan. It seems that congress had appropriated two million acres of land to be selected from the territory of Michigan, to the soldiers of the war of 1812. Gen. Tiffin was ordered by the land department to make a survey of the then new territory of Michigan; and in telling this story to the president he became very much interested and desired a copy of that report. He gave me an order to the commissioner of the general land office, and armed with it I went to the office and after searching for about half a day, I found in the musty records of the land department, the original report written in regard to the State of Michigan. I have a copy of it with me and I desire to read it, and I think it will be somewhat different from what has been said here tonight and may interest you on that account also.

SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Chillicothe, November 30, 1815.

SIR—The surveyors who went to survey the military lands in Michigan Territory have been obliged to suspend their operations until the country shall be sufficiently froze so as to bear man and beast—knowing the desire of the government to have the lands surveyed as soon as practicable, and my earnest importunities to urge the work forward—they continued to work, suffering incredible hardships, until today the men and beasts were literally wore down with extreme sufferings and fatigue. The frost set in early, and the ice covered nearly the whole country, but broke through at every step, and pack horses could not be got along with them, they were therefore obliged to submit to the climate and its attendant rigors, and desist for a while, intending to attack them again so soon as they think it possible to proceed.

I annex a description of the country which has been sent me and which I am informed, all the surveyors concur in. It was only yesterday I received it and heard of their return. So soon as their health and strength is recruited I expect to see them all, only one of them having been here yet. In the meantime, I think it my duty to give you the information, believing that it is the wish of the government that the soldiers should have (as the act of congress proposed) lands fit for cultivation, and that the whole of the two million acres appropriated in the

Territory of Michigan will not contain anything like one hundred part of that quantity or is worth the expense of surveying it. Perhaps you will think with me, that it will be proper to make this representation to the president of the United States, and he may avert all further proceedings—by directing me to pay off what has been done and abandon the country. Congress being in session other lands could be appropriated in lieu of these, and be surveyed as soon as these in Michigan for when the ice is sufficiently strong to bear man and beast, a deep snow would still embarrass the surveyors. I shall therefore wait to hear your answer to this communication before I proceed any further, thinking I should be unfaithful to my trust if I had lost any time in communicating the information received.

Description of the military lands in Michigan Territory:

The country on the Indian boundary line from the mouth of the great Auglaize river and running thence for about fifty miles is (with some few exceptions) low, wet land, with a very thick growth of underbrush, intermixed with very bad marshes, but generally very heavily timbered with beach, cottonwood, oak, etc. From thence continuing north and extending from the Indian boundary line eastward the number and extent of swamps increases with the addition of the number of lakes from 20 chains to two and three miles across, many of the lakes having extensive marshes adjoining their margins, sometimes thickly covered with species of pine called "tamirak," and other places covered with a coarse, high grass, and uniformly covered from six inches to three feet (and more at times) with water. The margins of these lakes are not the only places where swamps are found, for they are interspersed throughout the whole country, and filled with water as above stated and varying in extent. The intermediate space between these swamps and lakes, which is probably near one-half of the country, is, with a very few exceptions, a poor, barren, sandy land, on which scarcely any vegetation grows except very small scrubby oaks. In many places that part which may be called dry land is composed of little short sand hills, forming a kind of deep basins, the bottom of many of which are composed of a marsh similar to those above described. The streams are generally narrow, and very deep compared with their width, the shores and bottoms of which are, with a very few exceptions, swampy beyond description, and it is with difficulty that a place can be found over which horses can be conveyed.

A circumstance peculiar to that country is exhibited in many of the marshes by their being thinly covered with a sward grass, by walking on which evinced the existence of water or a very thin mud immediately under that thin covering, which sinks from six to eighteen inches from the pressure of the foot at every step, and at the same time rising before and behind the person passing over. The margins of many of the lakes and streams are in a similar situation, and in many places are literally afloat. On approaching the eastern part of the military lands towards the private claims in the straits and lake, the country does not contain so many swamps and lakes but the extreme sterrility and barrenness of the soil continues the same. Taking the country altogether so far as has been explored, and to all appearance together with the information received covering the balance is as bad—there would not be more than one acre in a hundred, if there were one out of a thousand that would in any case admit of cultivation. With great respect I am

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD TIFFIN.

That report was presented to congress, and it repealed the law. It strikes me if the shade of old Gen. Tiffin could stalk through the State of Michigan today, if he could come into Oakland county, or any other of the old counties of the State, and could see the magnificent progress made, the villages and cities, he would be inclined to change his opinion somewhat.

WHY BIRMINGHAM WAS NOT LOCATED ON THE JAS. R. COOPER FARM.

BY O. POPPLETON.

An item of early history which terminated to the advantage of the present Birmingham and which may pass into oblivion unless hereby recalled to memory by a very few of the earliest settlers of Bloomfield and Troy, who may yet be living and who were knowing to the facts in the case, has prompted me to pen this article.

There were two roads laid out about the same time to accommodate the traveling public in an early day from the same sand plains in Royal Oak. The Ball line road, so called, which commenced at the terminus of the Paint creek and Niles roads and running northwesterly passing east of this village about one mile and a quarter, crossing the east branch of the Rouge near the Asa Castle or now the Clark Pearsall farm, passing through the James R. Cooper farm on the line of the road now there and ending about one and a half miles southeast of Pontiac. This road was surveyed in 1819 by a Mr. Ball, a brother-in-law of Ziba Swan and officially established in December of that year.

The other or territorial road passed by Chase's, now Starr's, by way of the Schuyler farm, D. Hubbard or McBride farm to Hamilton's, then so called, intersecting each other at a point one and a-half miles southeasterly from Pontiac. At the intersection of the road, then leading from Hamilton's to Troy, with the Ball line at a point in the northwest quarter of section 24 called Fairbank's and later Rice's, and now known as the cross roads in the James R. Cooper farm, was a tavern kept by David Stannard, a hattery by Mr. Wells, where George K. Dunks was employed and whom all the old settlers will recollect, a store and ashery by Mr. Doolittle and later by Mr. Kidd, a fanning mill factory on a large scale by Zeba Rice, a blacksmith shop, etc., etc.

About three-fourths of a mile southeast on the Ball line road was another little hamlet on the south bank of the Rouge near Asa Castle's then called Chittendens. A Mr. Culver established there a shop for the manufacture of cabinet work and fanning mills. A little later, in 1826 or 1827, Ralph Chittenden built and operated a distillery. Mr. Barmore, a pottery. These pioneer villages were naturally rival ones of Hamilton's and when a mail route was about to be established, each proposed route or road had its advocates and promoters. Men who were interested in each, circulated petitions to the postmaster general, praying for the establishment of the expected mail route on each one's favorite road. The strife and heat of the petitioners waxed warm but the influences brought to bear upon the authorities at Washington were strongest in favor of the territorial road. The mail was then ordered carried by way of Hamilton's on that route. From that date Fairbanks and Chittendens began to decline, and many years ago there disappeared the last vestige of what once promised to be lively manufacturing towns. Had the influences at Washington been strongest in favor of the Ball line and had the mail route been established on that road there would have been no Birmingham here. Everything would have centered at Fairbanks. The railroad when built would have gone there also.

It was freely conceded by the partisans of each road that whichever route the authorities at Washington decided to carry the mail over, it would give that road a decided advantage in its prosperity and settlement. Time has fully verified these predictions.

FIFTY YEARS CONTINUOUSLY IN BUSINESS IN BIRMINGHAM.

1840 1890

BY O. POPPLETON.*

It is a long time ago that I first began business here in Birmingham. Half a century. What changes time has wrought. Fifty years ago the latter part of August I opened my first store and began a general mercantile business. Then youth, health, vigor, ambition, high hopes and anticipations were mine and but natural in one just launching out for himself upon that changeable and uncertain sea—a business life.

* Mr. Poppleton died March 18, 1892, after the biographical sketch on page 340 of this volume was in type.

In recalling to view a panorama of my various experiences in business here, and of those who then and subsequently were my business neighbors and competitors, the scene is far from being a pleasant one in many respects. About all my earliest associates have passed from earth, while others who succeeded them in business or began a few years later, have "met the Great Reaper," retired from active trade with competencies, or discontinued from ill success or discouragements and sought other occupations.

My first general stock of goods was opened for public sale in the store directly opposite my present location, fifty years ago the latter part of August, 1840. In the spring of 1841 I removed the stock to the Kelsey store—the one now occupied by Thomas Hanna.

In the fall of 1843 I removed from there to the store now occupied by me where the business has been continued to the present time. Preceding me in general trade were Dennis & Kelsey, S. R. Kelsey and Elijah Clock, in the order named. Of all the people then living in Birminghom or as it was formerly called Hamilton's or Piety Hill, there are but five now living here, namely, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Merrill, Mrs. R. Willitts, myself and wife. And two others, Mrs. D. R. Tucker of Pontiac and Mrs. Henry Carpenter of Island Lake, make the seven that I know of who are yet living. Of the other young people of the early forties who yet reside here I recall Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Henry Bloomberg, Mr. and Mrs. James Grinley, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith and Mrs. R. Carlton. A few are still living, located in other places, who were then residents of this village.

The first settlers here were John W. Hunter, John Hamilton and Elijah Willitts, who entertained the traveling public at their residences. We had no hotels here those days. Later the hotels or "taverns," as called in "ye olden time," were kept by John Hamilton, R. T. Merrill, Luman Fuller, Hanford Fish, James Hall, Jeremiah Chase, John Davis, C. J. Beardslee, John Parshall, Peter Dox, D. and F. Curtis, M. Smith, Benjamin Ackerman, James Grinley, E. H. Valentine, E. R. King, Van Houten, Ellis, Porter, Cantine, Ferguson, Masters, J. Daines and G. E. Daines.

Among those who began business very early in 1840 I remember E. L. Jennings, Simonson & Merrill, R. T. Merrill, Aaron Smith & Sons, T. A. Flower, Levi Hunt, J. R. Shutes, Dr. J. P. Gleason, Thos. Baldwin, R. J. Mitchell, Ammos Davis, H. Irwing, Chas. Briggs, D. L. Fox, M. M. Toms, Mr. Jewell, James Fitzpatrick, Brown & Miller, H. W. Botsford, Rouse & Lee, Geo. L. Lee, Kneeland & Allison, J. M. Hunt,

O. W. Peck, J. R. Corson, Sr., Wm. Lowes, Chester Reynolds and many others later.

Of those who began business and for twenty-five years later, but two remain, Mr. Irwing and myself, and nearly all of those early ones I mentioned have "passed beyond the river."

I recall the names of the following physicians who have resided and practiced here in the order mentioned: Drs. E. Raynale, Waldo, Curtis, Smead, Van Dusen, Gleason, Smith, Crooks, Hewitt, Post, C. M. Raynale and Campbell. Of all these, eight have finished their work of ministering to the wants of their fellow men and gone to their eternal rest. Drs. Smith and Post are living elsewhere. But two, Drs. Raynale and Campbell, remain here in practice.

The first postoffice established in the township was called Bloomfield, Dr. E. S. Parke postmaster, and was located a mile and a half northwest of the village where Mr. Tibbals now resides. It was moved from there to Birmingham in 1834.

This village was first called Hamiltons after one of the first settlers mentioned and later "Piety Hill." In 1832 or 1833 a meeting of the citizens was called to determine a suitable and permanent name for the place. After a long conference and discussion the meeting adjourned without coming to any decision, but the next morning the question was settled by the appearance on the foundry of R. T. Merrill of a large lettered sign named "Birmingham." The names of the postmasters I recall in their order mentioned: S. R. Kelsey, T. A. Flower, O. Poppleton, H. W. Botsford, G. L. Lee, J. A. Bigelow, A. Whitehead, F. Hagerman, M. Randall.

The first foundry erected and operated here was by John W. Hunter. Then followed Merrill & Allen, R. T. Merrill, Aaron Smith & Sons, C. W. & Wm. Jenks. Other manufacturers I recall are Coyle & Benjamin, grain cradles; Jas. Gow, A. Partridge and Sidney Drake, wagons, etc.; Snow & Hunt and J. Walton, fanning mills, etc. The flouring mill was built in 1835–36 by R. T. Merrill and operated by him for some years and sold to Townsend. Then followed Brown & Flower, D. Wilcox, Opdyke & Gardiner, R. E. Trowbridge, R. F. Opdyke, O. Poppleton, Mrs. Helen Opdyke, F. Hauphfhauer and Jones & Fredericks.

The Detroit & Pontiac Railroad was not completed to Birmingham when I began business here in 1840, but later, about December of the same year, cars drawn by horses conveyed passengers and freight daily to or from Detroit to the great satisfaction of all. The fare charged was $1.50 either way, but the time made was not satisfactory.

It often took three hours to make the trip one way. Three years

previous however, or about 1837, the road was completed to Royal Oak, but not until 1844 was it finished and operated to Pontiac. The first locomotive which ran over the road was named Sherman Stevens after one of the projectors of the road and a prominent business man of his time in the territory and State.

"Snow's Pioneer Telegraph Line" was the first constructed, being built from Detroit to Saginaw and northern Michigan on the line of the turnpike and was first operated in 1850. Not proving to be a paying investment for its owners it was abandoned in 1853. The office was located in my store and I became quite proficient as an operator.

The Detroit and Birmingham plank road was commenced in 1849 and completed in 1851. The Birmingham & Pontiac in 1853 and finished in 1854.

The reduction in the first cost of goods as well as the price at which they were sold when I began business as compared with the present prevailing prices is very marked. An enumeration of a few may be interesting to present purchasers of goods as showing prices of fifty years ago and now:

Pink print 12 to 15c, now 6 to 8c.
Light print 15 to 20c, now 5 to 7c.
Blue print 16c, now 7 to 8c.
Cocheco print 20c, now 7c.
Mourning print 25 to 31c, now 7 to 8c.
Best figured print 30 to 44c, now 7 to 8c.
Best ginghams 18 to 30c, now 7 to 10c.
Cotton handkerchiefs 25c, now 8c.
Knit cotton underwear, men's, $1.75, now 40c.
Cotton spool thread 10c, now 5c.
Needles 25c, now 8c.
Pins 12½c, now 6 to 7c.
Bedticking 31c, now 16 to 18c.
Unbleached sheeting 10 to 18c, now 5 to 8c.
Shelf cambric 15c, now 6c.
Grey mixed wool cassimere $1.12½, now 75c.
Steel mixed wool cassimere $3.75, now $1.25.
Best Young Hyson tea 75c to $1.50, now 25 to 50c.

White sugar 18c, now 7c; brown, 12½c, now 6c; and so on through the entire list of household necessities.

The products of the farm which were taken in exchange for goods during the course of trade were exceedingly low: Butter was 6 to 10c; eggs

5 to 8c; oats 16 to 22c; wheat 56 to 75c; corn 22 to 28c; potatoes 15 to 20c, and all other produce correspondingly low.

The purchasing power of a dollar fifty years ago, of merchandise and food products, was much less than at the present time. Labor then was much lower both for man and woman's services. The manner of living, economy in dress and furnishing the houses of the people was plainer and less expensive at that time, consequently their wants were much less. We knew nothing about the slavery to style those days.

The successes and failures of those engaged in business here whom I have mentioned in my retrospective view, are probably no exception to the general rule prevailing in other places, and it would be, at least, uncharitable in me to even mention some of the probable causes of anyone's non success, or to advance a theory for any case of failure.

The great bane of any retail business is the credit system, which sooner or later, shakes any merchant's faith in the professions and pretensions of many of those to whom he has given the credit asked for goods, and thereby kindly supplied food and clothing to his family and himself and also of many an unappreciative creditor accommodated with the favor asked. Yes, to some degree I have been successful, but it has taken fifty years of hard work and constant push to accomplish it. I have always paid one hundred cents on the dollar, but often have received nothing from others for what was due me. I do not wish to mention any of my many discouragements during all these fifty years. I have buried as many of its unpleasant portions as far as I can.

There are very many pleasures in fifty years of an active business life. Its acquaintances made, associations and ties of friendship formed, all leave pleasant and enduring impressions. Such a life is a great educator, but we all must take much bitter with the sweet.

HISTORY OF FORT GRATIOT.

[Detroit Free Press, August 24, 1890, furnished by O. Poppleton.]

Fort Gratiot! At mention of the name a pleasant picture will be recalled by many—a picture of low, whitewashed barracks, perched on a little bluff, overlooking the glistening waters of the St. Clair river. It does not go back so many years but that many of the present genera-

tion may remember the tall flag staff, floating the stars and stripes, and the sunset gun, that each night sent its reverberations across the water to remind the good people of her majesty's domains that their American cousins still kept watch over the border.

But to the coming generation no such picture will arise. Where once paced the blue-coated sentry now stretch the throughfares of a busy little city, and the whitewashed quarters have been replaced by neat cottage homes. Only the name, which is perpetuated in the city at the foot of Lake Huron, and the records of the vanished fort remain to tell the future school boy of the existence of such a spot.

The occupation of Fort Gratiot, or Fort St. Joseph as it was originally known, antedates that of any fortified post in the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, except one at the mouth of the St. Joseph river, on the western shores of the State. When, in 1679, La Salle made his memorable voyage in the Griffin to Lake Huron, continuing his course along Lake Michigan in birch canoes, he led his followers to the banks of the river now called St. Joseph, where he built a fort, which, in after years, was used by the Jesuits as a mission, and the French as a garrison. Seven years later, in June, 1686, M. Du Lhut (after whom Duluth was named) received an order from De Nonville, governor-general of Canada, to erect a military post on the straits of Detroit. All the waters between Lakes Huron and Erie were then known by that appellation, and Du Lhut, selecting a site at the foot of Lake Huron, where Fort Gratiot afterwards stood, erected a strongly fortified post, which was called Fort St. Joseph. It was garrisoned with about fifty men, but after two years was abandoned and the garrison removed to Michilimackinac.

To understand the reasons for its establishment it is necessary to revert to a much earlier period in history. The first notice of the territory bordering on Lake Huron was made about the year 1630, when Jean Nicolet traversed the very routes afterwards taken by the first missionory fathers. In a report sent to France by the superior of the Canadian Jesuits, in 1632, and printed in the "Jesuit Relations" in 1639, at Paris, reference is also made to it.

From his foothold on the St. Lawrence river Champlain was looking anxiously westward, ambitious to explore what were then almost unknown regions. From Jean Nicolet he had heard of its vast forests, its glorious lakes and rivers, and its immense possibilities. He finally sent Nicolet to direct an exploring party, which completed its round of discovery in 1634. Previous to Nicolet's return the impatient governor made an attempt to delineate a chart of the lake region, which was

published in France in 1632, and refers distinctly to the lake and river near where was afterward located the fort. His information was probably obtained from Nicolet's description of this region.

In his report to the French government in 1636 Champlain designated a point at the outlet of what Nicolet termed "Merceaux Hurons" for the site of a military post, but no record exists to show that the recommendation was immediately acted upon.

Subsequently, in 1671, St. Lusson is said to have visited this locality; in 1680 Louis Hennepin reached the St. Clair on his way from the Upper Missouri; voyageur La Seur also appeared at the mouth of the St. Clair in 1683, and the next year Nicholas Perrot visited the same spot.

To the intrepid fur traders, however, may perhaps be due the honor of suggesting the establishment of the fort. Ever in advance of the military they discovered the most advantageous positions for trade and defense, and the enterprising French were not slow to follow up the advantages thus gained. The growing jealousy of the English frequently made it hazardous to retain these points of vantage, and thus, in the erection of Fort St. Joseph the French had two objects—to thwart the English and to furnish an asylum for their own men. The year following its establishment Du Lhut and Durantaye, the latter of whom was stationed at Mackinac, together with Tonti, at Fort St. Louis (supposed to have been located on the Detroit river), were directed to join an expedition against the Iroquois Indians on Lake Ontario. The failure of the expedition leaving all the posts along the lower lakes much exposed, they were abandoned, including Fort St. Joseph, and the stockade was burned.

Although compelled to relinquish control of the locality, the French determined to regain it as soon as possible. Accordingly La Motte Cadillac was sent to France to obtain a commission from the crown, and, being successful, he returned and fixed upon a site for a new post. It was located where the present city of Detroit stands, and was called Fort Pontchartrain. This was in 1701, and the new post soon became one of the most important west of Montreal.

During the Pontiac war, Fort St. Joseph was again occupied, for a brief time, by an expedition from Mackinac. After these troubles were quieted it was occupied as a military station in 1763, when, by a treaty at Paris, France ceded all the region east of the Mississippi, except New Orleans, to Great Britain. Two years later Patrick Sinclair, a British officer, built a regular fortification at the mouth of Rivire aux Pins, or Pine river, where is now situated St. Clair. Nimecance, or "Light-

ning," an Indian who lived to the age of one hundred and twelve years, served on garrison duty at this fort, under Sinclair, and afterward encamped at Fort St Joseph, making that vicinity his home.

In 1807, after the organizatien of the territory of Michigan, the border along the St. Clair river was frequently patrolled by militia. In 1811 a few men known as the St. Clair militia assembled at Fort St. Joseph, subsequently at St. Clair, and in May, 1812, a company of artillerists encamped at St. Clair, taking up their headquarters at the fort. While stationed there their supplies were cut off and much destitution ensued. The commissary of Fort Detroit had much difficulty in finding a safe guide. A lieutenant with a squad of troops was attacked on the river and the officer lost his life. Finally one Wm. Brown, residing on the Canadian side, agreed to carry supplies to the starving soldiers at Fort St. Joseph. He started from Detroit with a train of fat cattle and other provisions, and proceeded to Point aux Trimble the first night. The next he delivered the supplies at the fort, having made the distance of sixty miles in two nights. When the British commander, Gen. Proctor, issued his proclamation, requiring all settlers to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, Brown removed with his family to Detroit, where he worked on the construction of the stockade fort. Afterwards he lived on the St. Clair river, his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Brakeman, still residing at Marysville.

The war with Great Britain practically closed in 1813, but the post at Mackinac remained in the hands of the enemy. The first expedition to dispossess them in the summer of 1814 having failed, a well equipped force under command of Commodore St. Clair and Lieut. Col. Croghan, started for the north. Contrary to the advice of experienced men the commanders of the expedition visited Fort St. Joseph first. The British heard of their coming and prepared to defend themselves, with the result that the expedition to Mackinac was a failure. After the defeat of the British in the battle of the Thames, in 1813, it was deemed necessary to provide for a more effective protection to the frontier. Accordingly Major Forsyth, of the regular army, supported by a detachment of the Second infantry, commanded by Capt. Cobb, and a force of militia rangers, under Capt. Joe Roe, with Capt. Charles Gratiot as an engineering officer, left Detroit on May 11, 1814, for the purpose of establishing a really defensive work at the foot of Lake Huron. They reached their destination on the 13th, and found the post occupied by a Canadian Frenchman. Major Forsyth took possession, and commenced the erection of a stockade and earthworks. The work was done under the direction of Capt. Gratiot, and his name

given to the fort. The cost, we are told, was three hundred and five dollars and twenty-five cents.

The military record of Capt. Gratiot, whose name has been thus perpetuated, deserves mention. From the army register of graduates of West Point it is learned that Charles Gratiot was born in Missouri and promoted to second lieutenant, corps of engineers, October 30, 1806. From this time he rapidly rose to be captain under General Harrison, brevet colonel of Michigan militia, major corps of engineers, lieutenant colonel and brevet brigadier general for meritorious services. He was inspector of the military academy from May 24, 1828, to December 6, 1838. He was, however, dismissed from the service on December 6, 1838, by the president, for failing to pay into the treasury the balance of the moneys placed into his hands in 1835 for public purposes, and neglecting to render his accounts in obedience to the law of January, 31, 1823.

From the rapidity of his promotions Gen. Gratiot was evidently a man of ability and even brilliancy, but either by an inexcusable blunder or a fatal dishonesty, this record was marred by his final discharge. Nothing further is known of his career. A steamer built at Black River, Ohio, in 1831, was named the Gen. Gratiot, probably in honor of him.

In 1816 Col. McNeil was in command of the fort. He had borne a gallant part in the war of 1812 and was lame from a wound received at Lundy's Lane. Col. McNeil was connected with various local enterprises of that time, and in 1826 assisted the late Judge Zephaniah W. Bunce in constructing the military road from Fort Gratiot to Detroit. In the same year he purchased from one Antoine LaSalle about one thousand two hundred acres of land for one thousand five hundred dollars. This became the well known McNeil tract at Fort Gratiot. Mrs. McNeil Potter of Washington, is a daughter of Col. McNeil.

From 1816 to 1822 the fort was occupied, but with the reduction of the army in the latter year it was abandoned, and the buildings were used by two Presbyterian missionaries, named Hart and Hudson, who opened a school for the Indians and what few whites were in the vicinity. Andrew Yates, a cousin of "Old Mother Rodd," formerly a familiar figure around Sarnia, attended the school. Yates is still living although at an advanced age.

The stockade having become much dilapidated, Gen. Cass, then Governor, called the attention of the Legislature to its condition. In 1826 it was referred to as a "tumble down affair, with a few block-houses within its embankments, occupied by some fishermen and their fami-

lies." In 1828 troops were again sent to occupy the fort, being detachments of the Fourth Artillery from Green Bay, with Capt. Beall and Maj. Thompson in command. A year later it was rebuilt, the grounds enlarged and inclosed in a stockade, the earthworks leveled and the buildings arranged very much as they afterward remained. The stockade, however, gave place to a fence of pickets. A description of the fort at this time would be about as follows:

The stockade which surrounded it was made by first digging deep trenches, into which were driven the trunks of trees, previously squared and made firm by replacing the earth. This, when completed was about sixteen feet in height and designed as a protection against the Indians, proving a very formidable barrier, as the trees were placed very close together. A small house, also built of hewn logs, was perched upon the top of the stockade and was known as the block-house. It was reached by a flight of steps from the inside of the fort, and contained loop-holes for sighting an enemy. Mrs. Col. Davis, of Port Huron, remembers attending a school, when a child, that was kept in this block-house—a lofty height of learning.

The names of Maj. Thompson, Capt. Cobb, Lieuts. Clendenning and Heinzelman are recalled with pleasure by the residents in the vicinity of the fort at this time. Maj. Thompson appears to have been a gentleman of most genial temperament, and, together with his estimable wife, became the center of a pleasant little social circle. Mrs. Thompson, who was from the east, possessed a piano—the only one in all this western wilderness—and she was accustomed to gather the children about her, and sing and play to them. It was also used for church services, which were held in the quarters, where it was conveyed when required. Mrs. Thompson, it is said, was a very homely woman, a fact upon which her husband would often laughingly comment. It is probable, however, that he fully appreciated the virtues which accompanied her plain looks as he chose his wife from a family of seven or eight sisters.

The late Rev. Oren C. Thompson, of Detroit, who preached at Port Huron from 1840 to 1843, and was a guest of Maj. Thompson for a week on his first visit there, said that some of his most valuable support came from the military post, whose officers attended his services, attired in full uniform.

In 1832 occurred the dreadful cholera scourge. Owing to the rebellion of Black Hawk, nine military companies had been detailed for service on the frontier, under Gen. Scott. The troops arrived at Detroit, July 1, of that year, when two of the men were taken ill and died, within

a few hours, of Asiatic cholera. The command hastily left the scene of danger, and arriving at Fort Gratiot, Gen. Scott garrisoned the fort with two hundred and eighty men. The remainder proceeded to Chicago but thirty died on the way. Of those stationed at Fort Gratiot a large number died, many of them being students from West Point. A long shed a short distance from the barracks was utilized as a hospital, and there the poor fellows remained until relieved by death. A point of land here projected into the river and became known as Cholera Point, a name which clung to it for years. The victims, thirty-six in number, were buried in a little cemetery on the banks of the river, just below the old home of Thomas A. Edison and not far from the location of the city water-works. It was surrounded by a high picket fence, through which, as late as 1884, could be seen a weather beaten monument which marked the resting place of the dead soldiers. In that year their crumbling ashes were removed to the new Lakeside cemetery above the city of Fort Gratiot. The many excursionists and pleasure-seekers who annually visit Pine Grove park may be all unaware of treading on ground once sacred to the soldier dead; but thus it is that the present is ever obliterating the monuments of the past.

The subsequent history of the fort is largely a personal one. The post seems to have played no part whatever in the patriot war of 1837-38, except when one of the cannon was stolen by the patriots. It was taken during the night and the wheels muffled to prevent noise. A daughter of the late Charles Flugal relates that she saw it pass their house. Probably, with other stolen goods which are sometimes recovered, it was secretly returned, and no questions asked.

In 1834 came Maj. Paine to the fort, and in 1837 Maj. Hoffman, and the name of Lieut. Patten is mentioned as being here about that time. Col. Gardner was in command during 1840 and Col. McIntosh in 1834. The latter was bayoneted at Palo Alto, and wounded at Resaca de la Palma, in Mexico. He returned to Fort Gratiot to convalesce and was again wounded at the taking of Mexico. He died in 1847. In 1844 Dr. Charles W. Keeny was surgeon at the fort, being succeeded by Dr. Tripler. Dr. Keeny was a native of Detroit and Dr. Tripler married a daughter of Judge John W. Strane.

In 1849 the fort was again repaired, most of the buildings having been demolished in 1822. Major Ben Alvord, stationed there in the former year, was, for many years, paymaster general of the army, holding the position until his death in 1886. Mrs. Alvord was a lady of most lovely character, and of fine personal appearance, and there were many gayeties during their stay at the post. They also con-

tributed to literary and religious matters in which they took an active interest.

In 1851 the garrison was reinforced by the Fourth Infantry, from Detroit, consisting of two companies under the following command: Maj. G. J. Rains, Brevt. Maj. Ben Alvord, First. Lieut. T. J. Montgomery, Second Lieuts. J. M. Henry and W. A. Slaughter, and Surgeon C. S. Tripler. The headquarters became a favorite resort for young people, where a fine hospitality was ever extended.

Lieut. Montgomery, who carried himself with honor in the Mexican war, married the daughter of Gen. Northup, an early settler and respected citizen of St. Clair county. He lost his life in the service in Oregon, November 22, 1854. His widow returned and the fort, being then unoccupied, was given in her charge by Gen. Jessup. Thus it was that Fort Gratiot was once commaded by a woman, and one who proved quite worthy of the trust. Mrs. Montgomery afterwards secured a position in the War Department at Washington, about 1858, and has since resided there. It was her daughter, Miss Montgomery, who became the wife of Lieut. Eugene Fechet, at present United States Consul at El Paso del Norte, Texas.

Previous to the advent of Mrs. Montgomery, the fort was in charge of Sergt. Townsend. He came from Fort Niagara in 1834, and in 1837 obtained an ordnance appointment which gave him entire control when no troops were stationed at the fort. This appointment he retained until 1854, when he removed to a farm in Clyde township, leaving a subordinate in charge. He resigned in favor of Mrs. Montgomery and died October 18, 1883.

The successor to Mrs. Montgomery was Thomas H. Hunt, afterward a captain in the Seventh Michigan Infantry.

The last of the fort keepers were Henry Hartsuff, father of General Wm. Hartsuff, of Port Huron, and Samuel Edison, father of the great electrician. Mr. Edison still resides at Fort Gratiot, a hale, hearty old gentleman.

After the breaking out of the war the fort came into some prominence again, first as a recruiting station. A long freight shed in the vicinity of the barracks was utilized as the recruiting point, and the fort was made a rendezvous for the Twenty-seventh Michigan Infantry under Col. D. M. Fox. Detachments of the Seventeenth, the Forty-third, and finally the Twenty-second Infantry, under Capt. F. Clarke, successfully occupied the fort until its final abandonment by the military in 1879.

In 1866 the calm tenor of life at the fort was broken by a tragedy.

On the night of May 12 of that year Corporal Frederickson and Private George Bishop, of Company E, Second Battalion, Seventeenth Infantry went out in a row boat. After a time Bishop returned alone, saying that his companion had fallen overboard and drowned. The body was recovered and at the coroner's inquest the fact was developed that Frederickson had been murdered. Bishop was charged with his murder, was tried and convicted before the United States Circuit Court, at Detroit, June 17, 1866, and was sentenced to be hanged at Fort Gratiot on October 7 of the same year. Curiosity to learn if a man had been hanged in Michigan under due process of law at so recent a date impelled an inquiry of Clerk Davison, of the United States District Court, at Detroit. The records were consulted and showed that Bishop's sentence was commuted by the president on October 2, to imprisonment for life at hard labor in the State Prison at Jackson. He died in prison six or seven years later.

In the autumn of 1866 Company H, Forty-third Infantry, Captain Fergus Walker commanding, was stationed at the fort. Company H had the proud record of being the best drilled company in the United States. Capt. Walker, who had the distinction of commanding this company, was afterward removed to the plains, where he marched his men so hard that many of them died. He died at St. Louis, Mo. a few years later.

Gilbert R. Osmun, present Secretary of State, was a member of Company H while at Fort Gratiot, and served both as a private and a corporal. His tall lank figure, attired in a long overcoat of "soldier blue," was a familiar sight around the fort and vicinity during the next year. After obtaining his discharge from the regular army he resided at Port Huron for a number of years. Here he formed many warm and lasting friendships, and met the lady who afterward became his wife—a niece of ex-Senator Omar D. Conger.

Lieut. Atwood was at one time stationed at Fort Gratiot. His wife was a Miss Ella Granger, of Detroit. When her husband enlisted in the war of the rebellion, she donned male attire and accompanied him, going through the war without detection. After leaving the service, Lieut. Atwood located in Ypsilanti, where he opened a law office. An adopted daughter died, and in a fit of melancholy he committed suicide. His lifeless body was found prone upon the little grave. This ended a sad, but somewhat romantic career.

The names of Capt. Tallman and Surgeon Taylor were once familiar. The latter and his charming wife were decidedly popular in society

circles, both at the fort and in Port Huron. Mr. Taylor was afterward stationed at Huntsville, Ala., and San Antonio, Texas.

But little remains to add to the history of the garrison. The fort having outlived the necessity for its establishment, the site became of more value than its occupation. The cities surrounding it were anxious to obtain the land, consisting originally of 612 acres, and, on December 14, 1870, the sale of the reservation commenced. It had been ceded to the United States in 1846, and a portion, consisting of forty acres, had been granted to the City of Port Huron for a cemetery. The first auction of ninety-eight lots brought $17,833. On December 16, there were sold 230 lots at an average price of $172.87, and the remaining portion passed into private hands on August 30, 1881. The garrison buildings were sold and many torn down. A number were purchased by Conductor McIntyre, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and by him utilized as tenant houses. A few are still standing, having been removed from their original locations. Nothing else remains of the old landmarks, but the blue river still flows on the same.

H. C. S.

MICHIGAN'S GREATEST THIEF.

SOME ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF SILAS DOTY.

[A newspaper article, furnished by A. D. P. Van Buren.]

In a quiet country cemetery near the village of Reading, in Hillsdale county, is a grave, to visit which many curious ones have traveled for miles. There is nothing particularly attractive about either the tomb itself or its surroundings. In plain gothic letters upon the unpretentious headstone you read simply: "Silas Doty, born May 30, 1800; died March 12, 1876." But here it is that imprisoned in their last narrow cell repose the remains of one whom Will Carleton has designated as the "most consummate and unmitigated thief that America has ever produced," and those two dates before you are the opening and closing pages of a volume of thefts, burglaries and murders so extraordinary and romantic as to seem at times almost like chivalry.

Twenty, thirty and forty years ago the name of "Old Sile Doty" was heard with a shudder of mingled fear and hatred, and upon his head fell the curses of honest men throughout New England, the middle and the western states. Doty was born a thief. It was as natural for him to steal as for Wesley to write hymns. It is related that before

he could stand upon his feet he would take anything in reach and creep away to hide it. Later he would steal the toys from his playmates and take delight in watching their unsuccessful search for them.

In 1809 the family was removed to Bangor, New York, where Sile was started in school. Here his natural inclinations began to have full sway. To one of Sile's persuasions the surroundings were favorable. Furs were in great demand during the war of 1812, and Franklin county, being new and thinly settled, abounded in hunters and trappers. Doty and a young chum, William Wicks, who proved to be his life long companion, formed a partnership for relieving the traps of their contents. It proved a profitable business, and they carried it on extensively for nearly three years without being so much as suspected. They then joined a band of thieves of whom Sile soon became "bell sheep" in his section of the country. The organization spread throughout the New England and middle states, and numbered in its ranks blacksmiths who forged the tools, innkeepers and farmers who sheltered the guilty while being pursued, and judges, justices and sheriffs who freed them if captured.

Doty was a mechanical genius and could make anything to which he chose to turn his hand. While in his sixteenth year he gained access to a blacksmith shop and turned out a number of false keys and burglar's tools which were the marvel of his companions, and by the use of which almost any door could be opened. Soon after this Doty planned and executed his first burglary, he being the leader in successfully carrying away $200 worth of goods from a country store. For the next four years whenever an opportunity presented itself he was found ready to make the most of it. For a year or two all went smoothly at home on the farm. Sile was on hand each day for work on the farm, though the night before may have seen him on a thieving expedition 20 miles away, but his excuses for late hours constantly grew less plausible to his father and several rows resulted, whereupon Sile determined to go to sea. Spurning the entreaties of his parents he left home in 1820 for Buffalo, intending there to learn a few tricks before embarking in the marine service. He stole a span of horses, emptied a cash drawer of $1,000, took another horse and quit the city, shortly afterward returning and knocking down an interfering officer, escaping with the fourth horse to Rochester. Here he sold his horse, passed $1,300 in counterfeit money, and rode out of the city with a fine team. On the last occasion being closely pursued, he turned officer himself, stopped and took dinner at a farm house representing himself as a certain sheriff in quest of horse thieves, stole the farmer's watch, and afterward returned to relieve him of his team. Disposing of these he boarded a

boat bound for Kingston from Rochester, resolved to try the life of a sailor, which he had so long fancied he would enjoy. He was, however, not satisfied with the pilfering he could do along the ports, but soon conceived the idea of stealing a vessel, loading it with stolen goods, and after selling them at a landing down the river to sink the boat, all of which was successfully carried out. Going next to Albany he escaped with a span of horses after disabling the sheriff with a slung-shot. Thence he went to Boston and passed a few months "very profitably." Later he donned once more his sailor suit and embarked with his friend Wicks for Liverpool. In England they remained about a year until so hotly pressed that they had to return, but not until they had earned the reputation of being two very successful thieves.

Back once more in his own country Doty went straight to his own home where he worked with his father and for a while seemed to have tired of thieving. The power of love had lulled temporarily the sinful propensities of his nature. For six months he courted and in the spring of 1825 was married to Miss Sophia Adams, an estimable young lady of the neighborhood. He determined to quit his evil practices and informed Wicks of his resolution, but the latter ridiculed the idea. Then too, his inherent nature began to assert itself, and he was soon into crime deeper than ever. The next nine years is a continued story of burglaries and horse thefts, for Doty was pre-eminently a horse thief, and he is admitted to have stolen more horses in number and value than any other one man. These years were spent partly in Canada and partly in New York state. In the spring of 1834 he emigrated to Adrian, this State, where he rented a small house. Here he soon became aquainted with all the leading men of his stripe between Toledo and Chicago. He found that a very inefficient ring had been formed between them and at once proceeded to strengthen and perfect the organization, of which he was made the leader and over which he ruled with an iron will. The organization consisted of an immense body of men of every grade of rascals—thieves, counterfeiters, burglars and highwaymen, who were guilty of every act that could be called crime. About the first "business" he undertook in his new field of labor was the smuggling of goods from Canada. In the summer of 1835 he went to Detroit and there in company with Wicks, who had settled in Lapeer county, began operations. At the old United States hotel they found six hundred dollars in the rooms of three drunken legislators. The smuggling business was a profitable one and to carry it on to better advantage, Doty determined to remove to Detroit, which he did, remaining there nearly two years.

In the spring of 1837 Doty with his brother rented the "Patch farm"

near Tecumseh, and went to work in good faith, intending to become an honest farmer. But about the next thing heard of him he was visiting and encouraging a couple of counterfeiters' dens—one near Blissfield in a cave in the bank of the Raisin, the other on Bogus island in Baw Beese lake, near Hillsdale. He then went to Frankfort, Kentucky, stealing and selling several horses on the way and returning with the best pair of horses in the State with a negro, whom he had liberated, riding at his side. Doty's brother was continually looking upon him with suspicion and in the spring of 1838 he bought a farm near Willow prairie, Steuben county, Indiana, and set up for himself. Soon after he hired a farm hand, Lorenzo G. Noyes. The two men were too nearly of the same disposition to get along together, and frequent quarrels took place. Noyes finally left in a rage, declaring that he would "squeal" on Doty and his business, of which he had learned considerable. Doty overtook him in the road after his departure and killed him, burying his body under a log in a marsh. This was the first murder he committed. In a few months the body of the dead man was accidentally discovered and Doty was arrested, tried, and after a lingering trial convicted of murder in the second degree. He was doomed to the penitentiary for life, but in just a week from that night he broke jail, went straight as a bee-line for the sheriff's horse and started for Mexico. He reached Gen. Taylor's army and engaged as a cook, but did not enlist. Daylight found him faithfully at his work, but the nights were spent in the robbery and murder of the "Greasers," he and his accomplices always killing every Mexican they robbed who would make a good soldier. These robberies were daring beyond description. During his absence in Mexico Doty continually wrote to relatives in the north of his experiences in the army, and when he returned he found himself scot-free because of his supposed enlistment in the service. Back at the north again, he removed his family to the southwestern part of Branch county, where he accommodated himself to the necessities of the people, as indeed he had always done to a great extent. If a neighbor wanted anything in the line of groceries, clothing, household utensils, or farming implements, he was ever ready to supply them from his never-failing stock. He went to Coldwater and stole a box of boots in order to fit Representative Colvin, and afterward enjoyed the thought that one of Michigan's law makers had his feet dressed in stolen boots.

In the spring of 1851 Doty was arrested in Indiana and brought to the Hillsdale jail, and after breaking out and being returned, was found guilty of several cases of petty larceny. On the strength of these and his reputation combined he was sentenced by Judge Wilson to a term

of seventeen years' hard labor at Jackson. At the prison he was set at shoemaking, and became a good, steady man. He was several times converted by religious friends and was always ready to be converted again. On September 1, 1866, Doty was set at liberty, having gained about two years by good behavior. His wife had died of a broken heart and he returned to his children in Steuben county, Indiana. He now held a grudge against three men whom he intended to pay off and then settle down to a quiet enjoyment of old age. One of these was Lawyer Parsons of Coldwater, whose horse he at once proceeded to steal. Four days afterwards he was arrested at Bryan, Ohio, and upon conviction was sent to Jackson for four years. Again gaining a little time for good behavior he returned to his relatives in Hillsdale county in 1870. But he was homesick; his old companions had gone. Going into northern Michigan he stole a worthless valise in order to get back to prison. After a two years' service he returned to his son at Reading where he spent the remaining four years of his life with the exception of running a shoe shop for a few months in Cambria village. He continued active in his "profession," as he was proud to style it, to the very last. Only a year before his death he formed a partnership with a young thief, Davis of Hillsdale county, and they made several excursions together, shipping their stolen property to Grand Rapids.

A friend of the writer who was a resident of Reading and a near neighbor of Doty from 1872 to 1876, writes the following: "My first introduction to the man was a rather startling one. I was standing on a street corner in the village, when suddenly he came rushing up, and, stopping in front of me, flourished a roll of greenbacks in one hand and a revolver in the other and exclaimed: 'Now, d—n 'em, I guess they won't get me.' He was a medium-sized man, strongly built and with an iron constitution. He was cross-eyed, but had a very pleasant countenance and would have been the last man in the town to have been taken for a thief and murderer. He had a great genius for making curiosities. One I remember that attracted considerable attention was a complete tree within a small necked can, which he had adjusted in place piece by piece and on each branch of which was hung some object, such as a baby in a cradle, a boy on horseback, and the like. I was told that he was ten months in making it. In his dealings Doty was very exact and he had a rigid regard for the truth. He never yielded to licentiousness and dissipation, and as a neighbor and friend was well liked. I was present at the time of his death and saw him breathe his last. His funeral was the most largely attended of any ever held in Reading. He has many relatives living in Reading, Cambria and Ransom townships, all of whom are highly respected."

GENERAL INDEX

TO

VOLUME XVIII.

GENERAL INDEX.

A.

Page.

Adams, Lois B.:
Memoir of 312
Address:
By John Harris Forster, president 309
Hon. Eugene Pringle 465
Albert F. Morehouse 471
Lewis Starkey 535
Bradley Williams 536
E. T. Mills 541
Alexander Cameron 542
E. Lakin Brown 553
George L. Yaple 558
Aldrich, Edward:
Sketch of 188
Aldrich, Ezra M.:
Sketch of 188
Allen, George:
Sketch of 191
Andrews, Samuel:
Sketch of 266
Anson, Hiram:
Sketch of 187
Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Chester S.:
Sketch of 189
Axford, Mrs. Charity:
Sketch of 267

B.

Baldwin, Gilbert:
Death of 299
Bangs, Rev. Francis B.:
Sketch of 142
Barns, Ebenezer W.:
Sketch of 234
Baumgrass, Jacob:
Death of 171
Bay county:
Memorial report from 108
Residents of, in 1847 433
Beach, Joseph:
Sketch of 288
Beach, Mrs. Reuben Castle:
Sketch of 274
Beebe, Mrs. Calvin T.:
Sketch of 191
Beeman, Phebe W.:
Sketch of 138
Begole, Josiah W.:
Memorial report of Genesee county by 146
Beierle, Constantine:
Sketch of 285

Page.

Belle Isle 646
Benjamin, David E.:
Sketch of 287
Benzie county:
Short history of 502
First white men 502
First sail craft to enter Frankfort harbor 503
First actual settlement 504
Frankfort 504
Benzonia 505
Organizations of townships 506
Berrien, William:
Sketch of 192
Betzner, Ignatz:
Death of 289
Birmingham:
Location of 662
Fifty years continuous business in 663
Bishop, Henry:
Memorial report of Kalamazoo county by 215
Blake, Alexander:
Sketch of 246
Blakely, Leonard:
Sketch of 288
Blodgett, Mrs. D. A.:
Sketch of 248
Bonham, Asher:
Sketch of 298
Branch county:
Memorial report from 111
Settlement of 608
Briggs, Richmond:
Sketch of 192
Brockway, W. H.:
Remarks by 7, 11
Brown, E. Lakin:
Address at pioneer picnic at Long Lake, August 14, 1890 553
Brown, Joseph N.:
Death of 307
Brownson, Mrs. Lucy:
Sketch of 165
Buckham, Dr. Thomas Robson:
Sketch of 163
Buel, Dr. Henry S.:
Sketch of 265
Burmeister, Charles:
Short history of Benzie county 502
Bush, Frederick E.:
Sketch of 132

C.

Page.

Cady, Mrs. Martha S.:
Sketch of ... 195
Caine, Edward C.:
Death of ... 300
Calhoun county:
Memorial report from ... 116
Calkins, John:
Sketch of ... 251
Calkins, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ... 652
Cameron, Alexander:
Address at pioneer picnic at Long Lake, August 14, 1890 ... 542
Cannon, John C.:
Sketch of ... 170
Cantrell, Mrs. Celia:
Death of ... 176
Carpenter, Elisha:
Sketch of ... 125
Carr, Wm. M.:
Settlement of Williamstown—Pioneer life 448
Carter, Allen:
Sketch of ... 108
Carter, Elizabeth Ely:
Sketch of ... 111
Cartwright, Calvin:
Sketch of ... 158
Caskey, Mrs. Caroline W.:
Death of ... 308
Caskey, Mrs. Isaac:
Sketch of ... 264
Casler, Solomon:
Sketch of ... 136
Cass county:
Edwardsburg platted ... 611
Champlin, William:
Sketch of ... 194
Chapin, Jonathan Bement:
Sketch of ... 126
Cherier, Frederick:
Sketch of ... 193
Choate, William N.:
Sketch of ... 194
Christiancy, Judge Isaac Peckham:
Memoir of ... 333
Tribute of the Wayne county bar to ... 338
Church, Mrs. Eliza:
Sketch of ... 195
Church, Frederick Nelson:
Sketch of ... 122
Church, Thomas B.:
Sketch of ... 228
Clark, The Misses:
Female Seminary at Ann Arbor ... 404
Clark, A. Arnold:
Sketch of ... 173
Clark, William H.:
Sketch of ... 294
Clarke, Hovey K.:
Memoir of ... 326
Clemens, Christian:
Sketch of ... 490
Cobb, J. S.:
Remarks by ... 15
Cobb, Thomas S.:
Sketch of ... 224
Coe, Rev. John M.:
Sketch of ... 183
Coleman, Merritt L.:
Treasurer's report by ... 34
Comstock, Dr. O. C.:
Letter from to Geo. H. Greene ... 312
Conner, Richard:
Sketch of ... 487
Cook, Orson:
Sketch of ... 247
Cook, Wm. N.:
Memorial report of Kent county by ... 227
Cooley, Mrs. Mary E.:
Sketch of ... 301
Copper mines:
War times in ... 375
Cowles, Rhoda:
Death of ... 307
Crary, Charles A.:
Sketch of ... 195
Crawford, John Henderson:
Sketch of ... 274
Poem by ... 275
Crawford, Rev. R. C.:
Remarks by ... 2, 19, 23
Sketch of Nelson Tuttle, by ... 181
Memoir of Henry Fralick ... 318
Poem—Michigan then and Michigan now. 1825—1891 ... 422
Crosier, Stephen P.:
Sketch of ... 140
Cross, Stephen R.:
Death of ... 300
Crossett, Mrs. Betsey:
Sketch of ... 652
Cudworth, A. Bernard:
Sketch of ... 268
Culver, Mary M.:
Death of ... 300

D.

Daniel, Mrs. H. C.:
Sketch of ... 656
Darling, Keziah:
Sketch of ... 137
Davis, George:
Sketch of ... 268
Davis, Oliver:
Death of ... 300
Decker, Hon. Grant:
Sketch of ... 148
Decker, Mrs. Truman:
Sketch of ... 264
DeLude, Prof. Alfred A.:
Sketch of ... 296
Detroit:
Childhood recollections of ... 458
In 1796 ... 619
Dewey, Francis A.:
Memorial report of Lenawee county by ... 251
DeWitt:
Poem read at the pioneer picnic, Aug. 25, 1887 ... 525

Dodge, Silas W.: Page.
Sketch of 127
Donations:
List of 30
Donovan, Mrs. Sarah I. (Parker):
Sketch of 173
Doremus, James:
Sketch of 196
Doty, Silas:
Michigan's greatest thief 676
Drury, Mrs. Angeline M.:
Sketch of 169
Dudgeon, John:
Sketch of 220
Duffield, D. Bethune:
Death of 308

E.

Eames, Mrs. Lucia C.:
Principal of young ladies' school at Kalamazoo, with list of pupils 407
Surprise party in honor of 408
Eaton county:
Memorial report from 135
Eddy, Edwin:
Sketch of 290
Edwards, Lewis:
Sketch of 350
Edwardsburg:
Platted and laid out in 1829 611
Eisenstein, Jacob:
Death of 299
Ellison, Owen:
Sketch of 196
Emerson, Hannah P.:
Sketch of 105
Emmet county:
Memorial report from 145

F.

Farmington:
Early elections in 521
Farrand, Mrs. B. C.:
Memorial report for St. Clair county, by 297
Farrell, John:
Sketch of 198
Felch, Alpheus:
Remarks by 3, 21
Fisk, Rev. Ebenezer:
Sketch of 196
Fitch, Rev. Dr.:
Principal of Detroit branch of the University 403
Follansbee, Col. Albert S.:
Sketch of 197
Foreman, Mary:
Poem—Landscape paintings 525
Forster, John Harris:
Closing remarks by 30
President's address 309
War times in the copper mines, by 375
Fort Gratiot:
History of 667
Foster, Robert:
Sketch of 177
Fralick, Henry: Page.
Tributes to 13
Memoir of 318
Frazier, James A.:
Death of 299
Frost, Josiah B.:
Memorial report of Jackson county, by 184
Fust, Jacob:
Sketch of 297

G.

Gazelle, Jeremiah:
Sketch of 649
Geddes, David:
Sketch of 289
Genesee county:
Memorial report from 146
Gerrish, Ebenezer W.:
Death of 301
Gibbs, Melvin:
Death of 300
Gibson, Mrs. Artemisia:
Sketch of 167
Gibson, Samuel W.:
Sketch of 147
Giddings, Theron F.:
Formation of Kalamazoo by townships 548
Gilbert, John T.:
Sketch of 114
Gilbert, William S.:
Sketch of 111
Glidden, A. C.:
Pioneer farming 418
Godwin, G. Chase:
Sketch of 244
Goodale, Hiram J.:
Sketch of 127
Goodenough, George W.:
Sketch of 164
Goodrich, Enos:
Letter from to Albert Miller 11
Goodwin, William R.:
Sketch of 655
Granger, Elizabeth:
Sketch of 138
Grant, Chas. W.:
Memorial Report of Saginaw county by 285
Green, Mrs. Christiana:
Sketch of 292
Green, Theodorus D.:
Sketch of 137
Greene, Geo. H.:
Corresponding secretary's report by 33
Greene, Mrs. Polly:
Sketch of 171
Gridley, Mrs. Caroline W.:
Sketch of 198
Grow, Mary Britton:
Sketch of 159

H.

Hague, Harry:
Sketch of 201
Hale, David B.:
Memorial report of Eaton county by 135

Hall, Tolman W.: Page.
Sketch of ... 120
Tribute to by the bar of Calhoun county ... 121
Hamilton, Mrs. Mary:
Sketch of ... 131
Harlow, Oscar:
Sketch of ... 198
Harrington, Chester R.:
Sketch of ... 199
Harwood, Alanson:
Sketch of ... 136
Haslett, Mrs. Mary Ann:
Sketch of ... 139
Hathaway, Chas. W.:
Sketch of ... 245
Hatt, Almerin:
Sketch of ... 200
Hayden, Mrs. Henry A.:
Sketch of ... 200
Heartt, Wm. A.:
Memorial report of Tuscola county, by ... 299
Hebbard, Thomas William:
Sketch of ... 170
Henderson, Alexander:
Sketch of ... 105
Hewes, Samuel:
Death of ... 299
Hewitt, Cyrus:
Sketch of ... 157
Hibbard, Daniel B.:
Sketch of ... 201
Higby, Frank W.:
Sketch of ... 139
Higgie, Mrs. P. H.:
Death of ... 299
Hill, Arthur:
Death of ... 300
Hinchey, Warren:
Sketch of ... 172
Hines, Sanford:
Death of ... 299
Hinman, John F.:
Memorial report of Calhoun county, by ... 116
Hitchcock, William D.:
Sketch of ... 201
Holden, Mrs. Joanna R.:
Sketch of ... 235
Hollister, Harvey J.:
Letter from, to R. C. Crawford ... 18
Holmes, Mrs. John T.:
Sketch of ... 234
Houseman, Julius:
Sketch of ... 241
Howard, Judge Sumner:
Sketch of ... 152
Huckins, Seth G.:
Sketch of ... 292
Huffman, James Champion:
Sketch of ... 170
Humes, Asa B.:
Death of ... 299
Humphrey, Reuben:
Sketch of ... 289
Hunt, Capt. Abraham V.:
Sketch of ... 115
Hunt, Abram V.: Page.
Sketch of ... 653
Hunt, Mrs. Marie:
Sketch of ... 130
Hurd, Jacob:
Family record of ... 236

I.

Indians:
Something about a vanished people ... 600
Blackhawk war ... 606
Ingham county:
Memorial report from ... 168
Settlement of Williamstown ... 448
Ionia county:
Memorial report from ... 180

J.

Jackson county:
Memorial report from ... 184
Fourth of July celebrations at, in 1829 and 1830 ... 612
Old homesteads and old residents of ... 614
Annual meeting and picnic of pioneers ... 616
Jackson County Pioneer Society:
Annual meeting of, June 12, 1891 ... 465
Jenison, William F.:
Biographical sketch of ... 344
Jenkins, William Baldwin:
Sketch of ... 349
Johnson, Lucius Daniel:
Sketch of ... 173
Johnson, Mrs. Percis:
Death of ... 138
Judd, Henry:
Sketch of ... 167
Judson, Mrs. Marintha:
Sketch of ... 172

K.

Kalamazoo:
History of the Congregational church ... 594
Primitive ... 595
Reminiscences of, as a colony ... 597
Some beginnings in ... 605
Reminiscences of ... 570
A glimpse of, in 1846 ... 589
Early days of the first Presbyterian and Congregational churches ... 592
Kalamazoo county:
Memorial report from ... 215
Pioneer picnic at Long Lake, Aug. 15, 1889 534
14, 1890 540
Formation of ... 548
Karr, Alexander:
Sketch of ... 653
Kelley, Mrs. Bernard C.:
Death of ... 174
Kennedy, Mrs. Ann E.:
Sketch of ... 204
Kent county:
Memorial report from ... 227
King, Eusebus:
Sketch of ... 108
Kingsley, Moses:
Sketch of ... 219

Page.

Kirtland, Frederick W.:
Sketch of 203
Knight, Mrs. Sophie Howard:
Sketch of 179

L.

Lawrence, James H.:
Pioneer Recollections, by 360
Lawrence, Henry N.:
Twice a Pioneer, by 355
Lenawee county:
Memorial report from 251
Leonard, John M.:
Sketch of 123
Leonard, Otis W.:
Death of 300
Leonard, Mrs. Otis W.:
Death of 299
Liebold, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 293
Linderman, Mrs. Caroline:
Death of 172
Longyear, Lois A.:
Sketch of 204
Lounsberry, Mrs. Lucy:
Death of 171
Lord, Henry W.:
Death of 307
Low, Mrs. Spencer F.:
Sketch of 301
Lowe, Peter:
Sketch of 175
Lusk, Wilhelmus:
Sketch of 124

M.

McCracken, S. B.:
The Press of Michigan—A fifty years' view 382
McHose, Mrs. Julia:
Death of 300
McHose, Will S.:
Death of 300
McKay. Mrs. Wm.:
Death of 300
Mackinac:
The island of 641
Mackinac island:
Tales and traditions of 623
Macomb county:
Early history of 485
Private claims in 491
Names of first settlers 493
Malnight, Mrs. John:
Sketch of 205
Marcotte, Camille:
Sketch of 295
Martin, Elliot M.:
Sketch of 182
Martins, Adam:
Sketch of 297
Marvin, Matthew P.:
Sketch of 173
Mather, Hiram:
Sketch of 654
Membership:
List of new members ix
deceased members 33

Page.

Memorial report:
Allegan county 105
Bay county 108
Branch county 111
Calhoun county 116
Eaton county 135
Emmet county 145
Genesee county 146
Ingham county 168
Ionia county 180
Jackson county 184
Kalamazoo county 215
Kent county 227
Lenawee county 251
Monroe county 254
Oakland county 262
Saginaw county 288
St. Clair county 297
St. Joseph county 298
Tuscola county 299
Washtenaw county 301
Wayne county 304
Memoir:
Of Lois B. Adams 312
Henry Fralick 318
Joseph Marvin Sterling 321
Hovey K. Clarke 326
Gen. Henry Hastings Sibley 328
Judge Isaac Peckham Christiancy 333
Michigan:
The press of 382
Edward Tiffin's opinion of, in 1815 660
Miller, Judge Albert:
Remarks by 7, 25
Tribute to Henry Fralick, by 13
Connection of the pilgrims with Michigan institutions, by 374
Residents of Bay county in 1847 433
The old court house in Saginaw 445
Mills, E. T.:
Address of welcome at pioneer picnic at Long Lake, Aug. 14, 1890 540
Minutes:
Of annual meeting, 1891 1
Moiles, George:
Sketch of 290
Monroe county:
Memorial report 254
Montgomery, John:
Sketch of 137
Moore, J. Wilkie:
Memorial report of Wayne county, by 304
Moore, Col. Orlando H.:
Sketch of 217
Morehouse, Albert F.:
Memorial report of Ionia county, by 180
Address by, at semi-centennial celebration of the organization of Baptist church at Portland, June 6, 1890 471
Morehouse, Harvey:
Sketch of 176
Morey, Philinda:
Death of 138
Mormon kingdon on Beaver island:
A Michigan monarchy 628

Morton, Maria W.: Page.
Death of 299
Moshier, Isaiah H.:
Death of 300
Munger, Curtis:
Sketch of 108
Murphy, James:
Sketch of 287

N.

Nan-qua-chic-a-ming, James:
Sketch of 294
Nash, Charles E.:
Sketch of 176
Nichols, Mr. and Mrs.:
Established high school for young ladies at Battle Creek 406
Nichols, John:
Sketch of 128
Nickerson, Jacob L.:
Sketch of 128
North, Isaac Douglass:
Death of 173
Northern Michigan:
Tales and traditions of 623
Northfield:
Some of the early settlers of 507
Battle of the bee-tree at Sutton's corners 509
Old time murder in 511
Northrop, James:
Sketch of 174

O.

Oakland county:
Memorial report from 262
Early elections in Farmington 521
O'Neill, Patrick:
Sketch of 205
Orr, Myron David:
Death of 301
Osband, Melvin D.:
Ypsilanti academy 657

P.

Page, Wellington C.:
Sketch of 181
Palmer, Henry C.:
Sketch of 206
Papineau, Mrs. Sarah L.:
Sketch of 178
Parker, Warren:
Early history of Macomb county 485
Patch, Benjamin:
Sketch of 206
Pearsoll, Orlando K.:
Death of 251
Pelton, James M.:
Sketch of 247
Perry, Mrs. David:
Death of 300
Perry, William W.:
Sketch of 205
Petershams, John M.:
Death of 300
Phelps, Chester:
Sketch of 133
Phelps, Noah:
Death of 176
Phetteplace, Elhanan C.: Page.
Sketch of 145
Phillips, Moses H.:
Death of 299
Pierce, Mrs. Catharine H.:
Sketch of 207
Pilgrims:
Connection of, with Michigan institutions 374
Pioneer recollections:
By James H. Lawrence 360
Pixley, Mrs. Polly:
Sketch of 272
Poppleton, O.:
Memorial report of Oakland county by 262
Biographical sketch of 340
Why Birmingham was not located on the James R. Cooper farm 662
Fifty years continuous business in Birmingham 663
Porter, Philo:
Sketch of 112
Pringle, Eugene:
Address of, at the annual meeting of the Jackson county pioneer society, June 12, 1891 465
Pugh, Mrs. Mary E.:
Sketch of 172
Putnam, Uzziel, Sr.:
Sketch of 347

R.

Ranney, David H.:
Sketch of 208
Reading, Mrs. D. L.:
Sketch of 288
Recording Secretary:
Report of 30
Redpath, James:
Sketch of 106
Reily, Francis:
Death of 307
Remarks:
By R. C. Crawford 2, 19, 23
Alpheus Felch 3, 21
A. D. P. Van Buren 5, 20
W. H. Brockway 7, 11
Albert Miller 7, 25
C. B. Stebbins 12
Elias S. Woodman 14, 15
M. Shoemaker 14
J. S. Cobb 15
John Strong, Lieutenant-Governor 23
John H. Forster, President at closing 30
Renwick, John:
Sketch of 508
Report:
Of Recording Secretary 30
Corresponding Secretary 33
Treasurer 34
Committee of historians 35
Memorial committee 105
Resolution:
Relative to manuscript for publication 14
On the death of Dr. Alfred Isaac Sawyer by the physicians of Monroe 261

Rice, Mrs. Jeannette S.: Page.
Sketch of 207
Richardson, Philo B.:
Death of 300
Richman, Mrs. Charles H.:
Sketch of 293
Richmond, Cyrus C.:
Sketch of 656
Ripley, Mrs. Ruth:
Sketch of 287
Robe, Rev. J. T.:
Preached the first sermon in Kalamazoo 607
Roberts, Mrs. Sally Hurd:
Sketch of 235
Robinson, Rev. Henry:
Sketch of 139
Rockwell, Benjamin W.:
Sketch of 208
Rood, Charles C.:
Sketch of 244
Rouse, John, Sr.:
Sketch of 175
Rowley, Benjamin:
Sketch of 125
Rowley, Norton B.:
Death of 307
Ruggles, James:
Sketch of 113
Rulison, Dr. Cornelius E.:
Sketch of 157
Russell, Alfred:
Tribute to Isaac P. Christiancy 338

S.

Saginaw:
The old court house in 445
Saginaw county:
Memorial report from 285
St. Clair county:
Memorial report from 297
St. Joseph county:
Memorial report from 298
Some of the beginnings of 513
Nottawa township organized 516
Centreville platted 516
Lockport laid out 517
First settlement of Sturgis prairie 518
St. Marys river and Sault Ste. Marie 638
Sammons, Joseph F.:
Sketch of 209
Sanders, Mrs. Ann W.:
Death of 299
Sault Ste. Marie and St. Marys river 638
Sawyer, Alfred Isaac, M. D.:
Sketch of 254
Scammon, Mrs. Minerva:
Death of 168
Schools:
Old academy and seminary, the classic schools of our pioneer days 397
Rev. Dr. Fitch's branch of university, Detroit 403
The Misses Clark's female seminary at Ann Arbor 404
Mr. and Mrs. Nichols' high school for young ladies at Battle Creek 406
Schools—*Continued:* Page.
Jesse E. and Harriet A. Tenney's select school at Homer 406
Mrs. Lucia C. Eames' young ladies school at Kalamazoo, with list of pupils 407
History of co-education in the University of Michigan 411
Our union school—the people's college 561
Ypsilanti academy 657
Shaw, Mrs. Caroline A.:
Sketch of 172
Shaw, Hon. Henry A.:
Sketch of 141
Shepherd, Mrs. Arian:
Sketch of 140
Shively, Andrew J.:
Sketch of 179
Shoemaker, M.:
Tribute to Henry Fralick by 13
Remarks by 14
Shoemaker, Mrs. Sarah Wisner:
Sketch of 211
Sibley, Gen. Henry Hastings:
Memoir of 328
Silsbee, Calvin:
Sketch of 209
Smith, Dr. Charles B.:
Sketch of 232
Smith, Ira:
Primitive Kalamazoo 595
Reminiscenses of Kalamazoo as a colony 597
Smith, Mrs. Julia:
Death of 296
Smith, Mrs. Lydia Brown:
Sketch of 651
Smith, Mrs. Mary J.:
Sketch of 176
Smith, Peter:
Sketch of 209
Smith, William:
Sketch of 286
Snow, David W.:
Sketch of 209
Soule, Milo:
Sketch of 131
Spencer, Immanuel:
Death of 300
Sprague, Roger, Jr.:
Sketch of 263
Spratt, William H.:
Sketch of 213
Spring, Mrs. Henry:
Sketch of 250
Stanley, Oliver:
Sketch of 161
Starkey, Lewis:
Address of welcome at pioneer picnic at Long lake, Aug. 15, 1889 535
Starr, Calvin H.:
Memorial report of St. Joseph county by 298
Some of the beginnings of St. Joseph county 513
Stebbins, C. B.:
Remarks by 12
Memorial report of Ingham county, by 168

Page.

Sterling, Joseph Marvin:
Memoir of ... 321
Stewart, Mrs. E. M. S.:
Childhood's recollection of Detroit ... 458
Stockton, Col. Thomas B. W.:
Sketch of ... 156
Stockton, John:
Sketch of ... 490
Stockwell, Miss Madelon:
First woman to enter the University ... 415
Stone, Mrs. Henry G. Barnes:
Sketch of ... 250
Stone, Joseph:
Sketch of ... 234
Stone, Mrs. L. H.:
Letter to Mrs. Lucia C. Eames ... 409
History of co-education in the University of Michigan ... 411
Storer, Eben:
Sketch of ... 154
Strang, James J.:
Sketch of and the Mormon kingdom on Beaver island ... 628
Strang, King:
The murder of ... 626
Strong, Lieutenant Governor John:
Remarks by ... 23
Memoir of Joseph Marvin Sterling, by ... 321
Stuart, Mrs. Elizabeth:
Sketch of ... 216
Sturgis prairie:
First Settlement of ... 518
Sullivan, Mrs. Daniel:
Sketch of ... 651
Sutton, Benjamin:
Sketch of ... 507
Sutton, George:
Some of the early settlers of Northfield, Washtenaw county ... 507
Battle of the bee-tree at Suttons corners, Northfield, Washtenaw county ... 509
Old time murder in Northfield ... 511
Sweet, Mrs. Martin L.:
Sketch of ... 250

T.

Taylor, Henry W.:
Sketch of ... 134
Tenney, Harriet A.:
Recording secretary's report, by ... 32
Tenney, Jesse E.:
Sketch of ... 171
Tenney, Jesse E. and Harriet A.:
Established select school at Homer ... 406
Thayer, Mrs. Nancy S.:
Death of ... 176
Thomas, John:
Sketch of ... 270
Thurber, Horace C.:
Sketch of ... 265
Thurston, George:
Sketch of ... 222
Tiffin, Edward:
His opinion of Michigan in 1815 ... 660
Tinkham, Mrs. Mattie M.:
Sketch of ... 233
Toland, Robert S.:
Death of ... 299
Toll, Isaac D.:
Memorial report of Emmet county, by ... 145
Torrey, Charles:
Sketch of ... 273
Torrey, George:
A glimpse of Kalamazoo in 1846 ... 589
Townsend, Azariah:
Death of ... 300
Townsend, Goodenough:
Address to his wife on the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding ... 453
Townsend, Mrs. Goodenough:
Sketch of ... 166
Townsend, Thomas Orange:
Sketch of ... 160
Tribute:
To memory of Isaac P. Christiancy ... 338
Tucker, William:
Sketch of ... 487
Turner, Mrs. Eunice:
Sketch of ... 247
Turner, Jesse:
Reminiscences of Kalamazoo ... 570
Turner, Lloyd Nelson:
Sketch of ... 168
Turner, Martin:
Sketch of ... 226
Tuscola county:
Memorial report from ... 299
Tuttle, Nelson:
Sketch of ... 181

U.

University of Michigan:
History of co-education in ... 411
First woman in ... 414

V.

Van Auken, Mrs. P. Ann:
Sketch of ... 172
Van Buren, A. D. P.:
Remarks by ... 5, 20
Memoir of Lois B. Adams, by ... 312
The old Acadamy and Seminary, the classic schools of our pioneer days, by ... 397
Our Union School—the People's College ... 561
Van Tiffin, Peter:
Sketch of ... 164

W.

Ward, Mrs. Olive P.:
Sketch of ... 174
Warner, Mrs. Eva:
Sketch of ... 125
Warner, Mrs. Maria:
Sketch of ... 214
Warner, P. D.:
Early elections in Farmington ... 521
Washburne, Aunt Lodema:
Sketch of ... 267
Washtenaw county:
Memorial report from ... 301
Battle of the bee-tree at Sutton's corners, Northfield ... 509
Some of the early settlers of Northfield ... 507
Old time murder in Northfield ... 511

Watz, Prof. Constantine: Page.
Sketch of 295
Wayne county:
Memorial report from 304
Webber, Mrs. Betsey:
Early recollections 428
Wells, Jonathan:
Death of 138
Whitten, Gilman:
Sketch of 145
Wicks, Hon. Samuel B.:
Sketch of 155
Widden, David:
Death of 300
Wilber, Sylvanus:
Sketch of 180
Wilcox, Eben N.:
Death of 307
Willey, Seth:
Sketch of 291
Williams Brothers:
Three first settlers of Williamstown 449
Williams, Bradley:
Address at pioneer picnic at Long Lake, August 15, 1889 536
Williams, Ephriam S.:
Sketch of 147
Williams, Mrs. S. M.:
Poem read at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Baptist church at Portland 482
Williamstown:
Settlement of 448
Willson, George:
Death of 296
Wilterdink, J. A.:
Sketch of 655
Winchell, John: Page.
Death of 308
Winsor, Zenas G.:
Sketch of 231
Witherbee, Mrs. Louise Brigham:
Sketch of 150
Wixom, Mrs. Constantine:
Sketch of 271
Wood, Mrs. Betsey:
Sketch of 271
Wood, Jonathan:
Sketch of 214
Wood, Tillison:
Sketch of 136
Woodcock, Leman G.:
Death of 300
Woodman, Elias S.:
Tribute to Henry Fralick by 13
Remarks by 14, 15
Early Recollections 455
Woodruff, E. P.:
Sketch of 290
Woolfitt, John:
Sketch of 159
Wright, Horatio:
Sketch of 272

Y.

Yaple, George L.:
Address at pioneer picnic at Long Lake, August 14, 1890 558

Z.

Zeigler, Mrs. Liza:
Death of 168

INDEX OF NAMES.

INDEX OF NAMES.

A.

Page.

Abel, Mrs. A. C. 293
Abbey, Elizabeth 343
Abbey, John 343
Abbey, Sarah 343
Abbott, Dr. 605
Abbott, Benjamin 564
Abbott, Isaac B. 548
Abbott, James 491, 492, 625
Abbott, Julia 408
Abraham, Cornelius 215
Abby, H. 506
Acker Brothers 590
Ackerman, Benjamin 664
Adams, Artemus 253
Adams, F. G. 31
Adams, George J. 636
Adams, H. D. 541
Adams, H. Dale 561
Adams, Isaac 523
Adams, James R. 314, 317
Adams, John Quincy 370
Adams, Lois B. v, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317
Adams, Nathan 495
Adams, Sophia 678
Adams, Wales 609
Adsit, Judge 244
Alcumbrack, Daniel 245
Alexander, Eliz. 277
Alexander, Mrs. Peter 547
Aldrich, ——— 466
Aldrich, Edward 185, 188
Aldrich, Ezra M. 185, 188, 189
Aldrich, Jesse P. 525
Aldrich, Roswell 573
Aldrich, Seth 495
Allard, Jacques 492
Allen, Mr. 611
Allen, Almond 509, 510, 511
Allen, Amos D. 539
Allen, Carrie 511
Allen, D. B. 106
Allen, E. 165
Allen, Electa 106
Allen, George 186, 191, 511
Allen, Hannah 165
Allen, J. Adams 591
Allen, Jane M. 160
Allen, Julia Ann 511
Allen, John 444
Allen, Mrs. John 444

Page.

Allen, Keziah 137
Allen, Mary 444
Allen, Moses 508, 510
Allen, Phebe 511
Allen, Russell 511
Allen, Sarah 511
Allen, William 105, 509, 510, 511, 658
Allen, Mrs. William 509, 510
Allison, J. W. 292, 293
Almy, Mary 228
Almy, John 229
Alsberg, Albert 241
Alvord, Ben 673, 674
Alvord, Mrs. Ben 673
Amberg, Mrs. David M. 243
Amberg, I. 242
Amberg & Houseman 242
Ambroise, Francis 491
Amlah, Sophia 441, 444
Ancram, William 485, 486, 493
Anders, Mrs. Henry 297
Anderson, Capt. 76, 81, 82, 83, 85, 92, 97, 99, 100, 102
Anderson, Samuel G. 477
Andrews, Charles 267
Andrews, Samuel 266, 277
Andrews, Samuel H. 267
Andrews, Theo. H. 267
Andrus, E. 106
Andrus, Elon 499
Angell, ——— 583
Angell, Alexis C. 303
Anson, Cyrus 187
Anson, Hiram 187
Armer, Jacob 252
Armes, George 658
Armitage, James 305, 321
Armstrong, Chester S. 189, 190
Armstrong, Emily 191
Armstrong, Harriet 191
Armstrong, James 191
Armstrong, John 117
Armstrong, Josephine 277
Armstrong, Mary 191
Arnew, Thomas 277
Arnold, Dr. 564
Arnold, Amelia 408
Arnold, Byron 408
Arnold, D. J. 106
Arnold, Edward 501
Arnold, Emily 408
Arnold, Hiram 407

	Page.
Arnold, Oliver P.	30
Arnold & Cobb	590
Arthur, President	153
Ashley, Thomas	494
Askin, Mr.	38
Askin, John	96, 97, 101, 485, 491
Astor, John Jacob	231, 441, 643, 644, 645
Atkins, Mrs. Alex. Sr.	655
Atkins, Elisha L.	498
Atkins, John	655
Atkinson, John	306
Atwood, Lieut.	675
Atwood, Hiram	500
Audrian, Peter	491
Austin, B. M.	590
Austin, John W.	106
Austin, Nathan	363
Austin & King	591
Averill, ——	504
Averill, Mrs. E.	204
Avery, Benjamin	501
Avery, John T.	594
Avery, Newell	291
Avery, Stephen	449
Axford, Charity	267, 277
Aylesworth, Rabeed	252
Ayres, Mrs. A. G.	618

B.

Babcock, Burton	181
Babcock, Henry S.	523
Babcock, Mrs. Otis H.	246
Babcock, Sarah	313
Backus, ——	466
Backus, Charles K.	628
Backus, Fred W.	443
Bacon, Wm.	405
Baer, Ernestine	298
Bagg, David	264
Bagg, M. L.	264
Bagg & Harmon	383
Bailey, Amos	441, 444
Bailey, Asahel	494
Bailey, Chas. E.	505
Bailey, Chauncey	494
Bailey, Hiram	252
Bailey, H. C.	505
Bailey, James F.	505
Bailey, John	505
Bailey, Mrs. J. W.	346, 347
Bailey, Lorenzo	505
Bailey, Richard D.	501
Bailey & Metcalf	505
Bair, William	540, 541
Baird, Mary A.	126
Baker, Mr.	85, 147
Baker, Anna	107
Baker, Mrs. Edward	616
Baker, Elizabeth	185, 343
Baker, John	51, 52, 53, 64, 66, 96
Baker, Lafayette	345
Baker, Uri	107
Balch, Arad	544
Balch, Arad C.	541, 561
Balch, Mrs. A. C.	105
Balch, Elizabeth	215
Balch, J. O.	395, 396
Balch, N. A.	591, 592
Balch, Samuel R.	215, 548
Balcom, R. B.	207, 213
Baldwin, Dr.	260
Baldwin, Cornelius	502
Baldwin, Gilbert	299
Baldwin, Thomas	664
Ball, ——	230, 662
Ball, Richard	506
Bancroft & Davis	323
Bandger, Catherine	252
Bangs, Alanson	143
Bangs, Albert Vale	145
Bangs, C. B. Fisk	145
Bangs, Fannie Ealoner	145
Bangs, Francis B.	33, 136, 142, 143, 144
Bangs, Frank Lorenzo	145
Bangs, Fred Herbert	145
Bangs, Herman	143
Bangs, Isaac	143
Bangs, Joseph	143
Bangs, Nathan	142, 143
Bangs, Wheeler	143
Bangs, Wm. H.	143
Bangs, Wm. M'Kendree	143
Banks, A. E.	506
Barber, A. D.	505
Barber, Mary E.	547
Barber, Pierce	606
Barbour, ——	623
Barbour, Levi L.	338
Barbour, Lucy	165
Barclay, Jonathan S.	439
Barker, Mrs. A.	161
Barker, E. W.	396
Barker, Laurany	119
Barkley, Mrs. R. Y.	160
Barmore, Mr.	663
Barnard-Batteese, John D.	188
Barnes, C. P.	629
Barnes, Ebenezer W.	227
Barnes, Henry	396
Barnes, Isaac	606
Barnes, Jacob	396
Barnes, Jacob, Sr.	250
Barnes, Lucius	605
Barnes, O. M.	viii
Barnes, Tillotson	586
Barney, ——	25, 28
Barney, Cromwell	434, 438, 442
Barney, Mrs. Cromwell	434
Barney, Elizabeth	434, 442
Barney, James	434, 442
Barns, Ebenezer W.	234
Barns, Lucius	517
Barnum, Daniel T.	306
Barnum, J.	590
Barnum, Phineas	609
Barret, Hiram	523
Barrett, Augusta W. H.	215
Barrett, Cornelius S.	30
Barrett, Wm.	183

	Page.
Barrins, N.	506
Barrows, Wm. P.	593
Barry, Gov.	230
Barry, John S.	513
Barshall, John	664
Bartels, Mrs. August	119
Bartholick, Geo.	307
Bartlett, Samuel	321
Barton, John	523
Bascom, ——	466
Bascom, Harley	615
Bass, Freeman	518
Bass, R. R.	120
Bassett, C. B.	396
Bassett, Roxana	277
Bates, Mrs.	518
Bates, George C.	635
Bates, Morgan	396
Bates, Wm. R.	vi, 660
Bathurst	42
Baumbees, J.	514
Baumeister, John	307
Baumgarten, Mrs. Marin	297
Baumgrass, Jacob	171
Bawbeese	373
Baxter, Witter J.	403, 406
Baynes, Col.	36
Beach, Caroline M.	277
Beach, Mrs. Castle	277
Beach, Celia	274
Beach, Danford	274
Beach, D. Porter	274
Beach, James William	360
Beach, Joseph	285, 288
Beach, Mrs. Reuben Castle	274
Beach, Samuel	358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 364, 365, 367, 372, 373
Beach, Sarah L.	372
Beach, William	363, 367
Beal, Elizabeth	297
Beale, C. H.	3, 340
Beall, Capt.	672
Beals, Alexander	548
Beals & Johnson	591
Beaman, Mr.	301
Beardslee, Mrs. Amzi	148
Beardslee, Barbara	277
Beardslee, C. J.	664
Beardsley, Ezra	353, 611
Beaubien, Mr.	611
Beaubien, Jean	492
Beaumont, Francis	277
Becker, Wesley G.	207
Beckley, Clarissa	220
Beckley, Ira	120
Beckwith, D. H.	255
Beckwith, E. C.	255
Beckwith, Mrs. Henry	595
Beckwith, W.	590
Bedford, Thomas	636, 637
Beebe, Alexander	499
Beebe, Burton M.	191
Beebe, Calvin T.	191, 467
Beebe, Mrs. Calvin T.	191, 192
Beebe, Erastus M.	499
Beebe, James	109
Beebe, Mrs. Jeff	442
Beebe, J. E.	189
Beebe, Mary A.	191
Beedle, Michael	517
Beeman, Gilbert, H.	138
Beeman, Phebe W.	135, 138
Beeson, Lewis H.	30
Beers, Dr.	473
Begole, Josiah W.	v, vii, 146, 303
Begole, Samuel	357
Beierle, Albert	286
Beierle, Alma	286
Beierle, Constantine	286
Beierle, Hugo	286
Beierle, Martha	286
Beierle, William	285
Beiswenger, George	186
Belcher, Elisha	588
Belden, John	466
Bell, Alexander C.	466
Bell, A. F.	345
Bement, O. A.	346
Bement, Wm. O.	501
Benedict, R. H.	183
Benjamin, David E.	285, 287
Benjamin, Elizabeth	287
Benjamin, Ellen	287
Benjamin, James	277
Benjamin, Lilian	287
Bennet, Alzina	182
Bennett, ——	466, 634
Bennett, Allen	466
Bennett, Alonzo	466, 615
Bennett, Cyenil	117
Bennett, Daniel	500
Bennett, Edwin	307
Bennett, Isaiah	614
Bennett, Isaiah W.	613
Bennett, Johnston	30
Bennett, Mary	253
Bennett, W. W.	204
Benson, John R.	ix
Berchard, N.	590
Berger, Mrs. Wm.	305
Berrien, William	186, 192, 466
Berry, Jeanette	345
Bertram, ——	577
Betzner, Ignatz	285, 289
Biddleman, Robert	251
Bidleman, Mary	216
Bigelow, ——	238
Bigelow, Elmira J.	264
Bigelow, H. M.	450
Bigelow, J. A.	665
Birney, Dion	443
Biller, Benjamin	500
Billings, ——	466
Billings, Catalina	186
Billings, Josh	12
Billings, Mary	118
Bills, Rebecca	119
Bingham, Kinsley S.	327
Bingham, S. D.	1, 29
Bingham, Sarah E.	107

	Page.
Bingham, Seymour L.	610
Bingham, S. S.	609
Binnings, Ann	186
Bird, William	511
Birhoff, Richard	305
Birney, David	443
Birney, David B.	437
Birney, Dion	437
Birney, Fitzhugh	437, 443
Birney, Florence	437, 443
Birney, George	437, 443
Birney, James G.	437, 443
Birney, Mrs. James G.	437, 443
Bishop, Anna	180
Bishop, George	675
Bishop, Henry	v, vii, 215, 223, 548
Bishop, Jesse	495
Bissell, Albertus A.	548
Black, Miss	115
Black, John	573
Blackett, R.	590
Blackman, Horace	612, 613, 614
Blackman, Lem.	617
Blackman, Russell	613
Blaine, James G.	153
Blair	466
Blair, Gov.	617
Blair, Austin	156, 615, 618
Blanchard, Washington Z.	472
Blake, Alexander	228, 246
Blake Mary	246
Blakely, Kirby	288
Blakely, Leonard	285, 288
Blend, Ezra D.	442
Bliss,——	587
Bliss, W. W.	514
Blodgett, D. A.	30
Blodgett, Mrs. D. A.	228, 248, 249
Blodgett, Irene	131
Blodgett, Jennie S.	248
Blodgett, John W.	249
Blodgett, Sabra	131, 180
Blodgett, Sardius	131
Blodgett, Susan Richmond	249
Bloomberg, Mrs. Henry	664
Bloss, Eunice	155
Boardman, Watson L.	449
Boileau, N.	36
Bonham, Asher	30, 33, 298
Bonome, Francis	492
Bontour, Jeremiah	548
Boody, Hannah	136
Booher, Caroline	408
Booher, Fred	590
Booher, John	408
Booher, Theodore	408
Bookham, Henry	277
Boone, Mary T.	119
Booth, John	183
Booth, Harvey S.	539
Borden, L. W.	223
Borden, Mrs. L. W.	222
Boston, Susan	308
Bostwick, Mary E.	186
Botsford, Abigail	186
Botsford, H. W.	664, 665
Botsford, Mrs. Loina	277
Boughton, Lyman	524
Bowen & Bro.	590
Bowerman, Michael	500
Bowers, David	297
Bowers, Rebecca	239
Bowker, ——	587
Bowlsby, Abram	117
Bowman, John H.	517
Boyle, ——	214
Boynton, Daniel	618
Boynton, J.	178
Brabb, Thomas	499
Bradley, Edwin	591
Bradley, Milton	534, 540, 541, 545
Brady, Gen.	429, 515
Brakeman, Nancy	670
Branch, John	609
Brandt, G. H.	118
Breese, J. W.	591
Breese, John W.	33, 215
Breitmeyers, Messrs	489
Brennan, John	306
Breton, Jno. L.	38
Brett, Frederica E.	409
Brewer, ——	658
Brice, James	569, 570
Briggs, Betsey	192
Briggs, Chas.	664
Briggs, Delia Louisa	193
Briggs, George W.	193
Briggs, John	193
Briggs, Pardon	192
Briggs, Richmond	192
Briggs, Sarah	408
Briggs, William C.	193
Briggs, Zilpha	193
Brigham, Mary	118
Brigham, Mrs. S. B.	126
Brindles, Messrs.	637
Brock, Major	56, 58
Brock, Isaac	35, 36
Brockway, W. H.	7, 11
Brodie, Wm.	305
Bronson, C.	517
Bronson, Jabez	609
Bronson, Sally	577
Bronson, Titus	17, 18, 570, 577, 582, 583, 595, 598, 599, 607
Bronson & Colton	324
Brown, Col.	606
Brown, Gen.	79
Brown, Addison M.	553
Brown, Anna R.	305
Brown, Asahel	363
Brown, Betsey A.	472
Brown, Carlos	501
Brown, C. O.	227, 595
Brown, David	651
Brown, David E.	606
Brown, Delia	658
Brown, Eldridge	516
Brown, E. Lakin	540, 553, 561, 605, 606
Brown, Geo. A.	306

	Page.
Brown, Henry H.	296
Brown, John	106, 472, 558
Brown, Joseph N.	307
Brown, Louise	658
Brown, Lydia	651
Brown, Mahala	119
Brown, Nathan	253
Brown, Ophelia N.	658
Brown, Salmon	253
Brown, Sarah Peck	651
Brown, Stephen	591
Brown, Stephen F.	541
Brown, Thomas	351
Brown, Wm. B.	515
Brown & Flower	665
Brown & Miller	664
Browne, Wm. H.	595
Brownell, Geo.	522, 524
Brownell, Henry	408
Brownell, John L.	523
Brownell, Mary Jane	408
Brownell, Thomas Church	228
Brownson, Lucy	146, 165
Brownson, Luman	165
Brownson, O. M.	165
Brownson, S. N.	165
Brook, R. D.	260
Brooks, David	253
Brooks, Ebenezer	496, 501
Brooks, John	186
Broust, Hiram	253
Bruce, Wm. W.	307
Bruen, George T.	225
Brundage, ——	509
Brusie, Mrs. S. A.	125
Bryan, Alpha Washtenaw	313
Bryan, Eliza	314
Bryan, John	313, 515
Bryan, Samuel T.	525
Bryant, Holden	185
Buchanan, President	148
Bucheringer, Anna	306
Bucheringer, John	306
Buck, Charles	185
Buck, George	515, 517
Buckham, Andrew	164
Buckham, Andrew J.	164
Buckham, Mrs. George	220
Buckham, James N.	164
Buckham, Margaret	164
Buckham, Thomas Robson	146, 162, 163, 164
Buckingham, Lewis	160
Buckout, Elizabeth	548
Budlong, Sarah Ann	31
Buel, Mrs.	516
Buel, A. W.	265
Buel, Henry S.	265, 277
Buel, J. A.	265
Bugbee, Loren	117
Bulger, Capt.	47, 48, 50, 85
Bulger, Lieut.	76
Bulger, A.	40
Bulger, A. H.	39
Bullock, Richard	38
Bunce, Eliza	298
Bunce, Henry C.	398
Bunce, Zephaniah W.	671
Bundy, Amanda	122
Bunker, Polly	136
Bunyon, Ralph	500
Burch, Carolus, H.	117
Burchard, Mary	235
Burdick, Gen.	580, 599
Burdick, Cyren	570, 605
Burdick, Cyrus	608
Burdick, Edwin	541
Burdick, Mrs. Edwin	541
Burdick, George	408
Burdick, Ira	592, 608
Burdick, Justus	408, 607
Burdick, Mary	591
Burgess, German	501
Burhaus, W. P.	181
Burk, Elijah	496
Burk, Hiram	499
Burk, Norman	496
Burk, Mrs. Thomas	307
Burlington, Esther	438
Burlington, Riley	438
Burmeister, Charles	vi, 502, 504
Burnet, ——	572
Burnett, Esther	118
Burnett, Hannah	584
Burr,——	466
Burr, Chas.	505
Burr, Emily	505
Burrell, Elizabeth	202
Burrell, Geo.	227
Burrington, Mrs. R. M.	443
Burrows, J. C.	595
Burt, Alvin	503
Burt, Wm. A.	500
Burton, C. M.	621
Bush, Adella C.	295
Bush, Edwin A.	133
Bush, Eli	132
Bush, Esther C.	132
Bush, Frederick E.	120, 132
Bush, F. W.	133
Bush, Henry Eli	133
Bush, Mrs. H. W.	409
Bush, Rebecca	117
Bush, S. O.	133
Bussey, Calvin	277
Bussey, Mark T.	186
Butler, Col.	50, 51, 56, 57, 59, 61, 63, 67, 73, 74, 75
Butler, A.	64
Butler, A. G.	506
Butler, H.	62
Butler, Richard	494
Butler, Wm. A.	308
Butterfield, Ira H.	497
Butterfield, Isaac	439, 443
Butterworth & Lowe	245
Button, A. L.	295
Button, Charlie W.	525
Button, John H.	522, 524
Button, J. W.	295
Buzzell, Martin	495

C.

Page.

Cable, James F. 642, 644
Cadieux, Archange 307
Cadillac, La Motte 669
Cadle, Rev. Mr. 464
Cadmus, William 252
Cadotte, Lieut. 91
Cady, A. O. 195
Cady, Chauncey G. 493
Cady, Harvey 516
Cady, Horace 493
Cady, H. D. 195
Cady, Jonathan 195
Cady, Martha S. 195
Cahill, Abraham 608
Cahill, Daniel 608
Caine, Edward C. 300
Caldwell, George 152
Caldwell, Wm. 68, 69
Calhoun, —— 231
Calkins, Abram R. 107
Calkins, Mrs. C. 214
Calkins, Frederick Milo 107
Calkins, John 228, 251
Calkins, Mary 652
Callard, Wm. 278
Calley, Mary L. 195
Callow, Mrs. Chas. 278
Calnon, John E. 305
Cameron, Mr. 38
Cameron, Alexander 540, 541, 542, 544, 561, 568
Cameron, Duncan 100
Camis, C. T. 505
Camp, Miss 658
Campau, B. 647
Campau, Cecille 492
Campau, Charles 444
Campau, Henry 444
Campau, Joseph 491, 492, 493
Campau, Louis 491
Campau, Nicholas 493
Campau, Simon 444
Campau, Mrs. Simon 444
Campbell, —— 444
Campbell, Dr. 665
Campbell, Judge 338, 339, 621, 622, 623
Campbell, Edward 305, 444
Campbell, Emma 444
Campbell, Esther 132
Campbell, Harry 441, 444
Campbell, Hugh 610
Campbell, Mrs. John 278
Campbell, Margaret 444
Campbell, Mrs. Marion L. 192
Campbell, Matilda 298
Campbell, Sidney S. 441, 444
Campbell, Mrs. Sidney S. 442, 444
Campbell, Thomas 278, 667
Campbell, Valeria 404
Campbell, Wm. 539
Campbell, Mrs. Wm. 548
Campbell, W. T. 590
Campbell, Zephaniah 500
Canfield, Capt. 342
Canfield, John W. 298

Page.

Canfield, Mary Jane 264
Canfield, Samuel P. 500
Canfield, William 500
Cannon, John 497
Cannon, John C. 170
Cantrell, Celia 176
Capell, Columbus 539
Caplis, Bridget 305
Carder, William 215
Carey, —— 238
Carey, Abigail 235, 236
Cargill, Absolom 119
Carl, Eben 500
Carleton, Will 676
Carlisle, Frederick viii
Carlton, Mrs. R. 664
Carlyle 565
Carman, Isaac N. 476, 477, 478
Carmoney, Sarah A. 140
Carney, Silas 539
Carpenter, Widow 358
Carpenter, Elisha 119, 125
Carpenter, Mrs. Henry 664
Carpenter, Joel 253
Carpenter, Mary 200
Carpenter, Thos. G. 216
Carr, Caleb 449, 450, 451
Carr, C. W. 452
Carr, Francis W. 467
Carr, J. A. 452
Carr, Wm. M. vi, 3, 448, 450, 452
Carter, Allen 108, 111
Carter, Mrs. Allen 108
Carter, Charles 107
Carter, Elizabeth Ely 111
Carter, John 278
Carter, Nathaniel 496
Carter, P. L. 466
Cartright, Calvin 146, 158
Cartwright, Braton 158
Cartwright, George 158, 159
Cartwright, John F. 158, 159
Cartwright, Susan, M. 158
Carver, Mrs. James 186
Case, —— 585, 586
Case, Mrs. Dr. 167
Case, Gabriel 500
Case, Josephus 590
Case, L. W. 505
Case, Mary 120
Case, Morgan 466
Case, Sterling 501
Caskey, Alexander C. 264
Caskey, Caroline 264
Caskey, Caroline W. 308
Caskey, Isaac 264
Caskey, Mrs. Isaac 264, 278
Caskey, S. G. 308
Caskey, Samuel G. 264
Casler, Solomon 135, 136
Cass, Mr. 369, 370
Cass, Mrs. 464
Cass, Gen. 435, 519, 569, 604, 605, 610, 613, 650, 671
Cass, Gov. 350, 461, 464, 465, 640

Page.

Cass, Lewis 104, 223, 518, 648
Castle, Asa 662, 663
Castle, Benjamin T. 501
Caswell, Sarah 252
Catlin, Israel 441, 443
Catlin, Mrs. Israel 443
Cautine, —— 664
Cave, James 215
Chaffin, John E. 119
Chamberlain, Clarissa 292
Chamberlain, Olive S. 539
Chamberlain, Merrick 186
Chambers, Lieut. Col. 85, 86, 87, 89, 94, 95, 96
Chambers, Cornelia 244
Chambers, Nelson 244
Chambers, Peter D. 37
Chambers, W. H. 506
Champion, John 134
Champlin, J. W. 244
Champlin, William 186, 194
Chapaton, Louis 492
Chapaton, Nicholas 492
Chapel, Caleb 466
Chapel, Daniel S. 436, 442
Chapel, Lucretia 442
Chapel, Samuel 618
Chapin, Elam 497
Chapin, Jonathan B. 119, 126
Chapin, Scott H. 126
Chapin, Wm. S. 126
Chapman, —— 466
Chapman, Ann 348
Chapman, Belinda 193
Chapman, Caroline M. 193
Chapman, Chas. H. 640
Chapman, Elizabeth 185
Chapman, Jesse 193
Chapman, John 186, 500
Chapman, Julia A. 186
Chappel, Mrs. 176
Chapple, James 618
Chandler, Senator 335
Chandler, Albert 396
Chandler, Z. 458
Chaney, Henry A. 628
Chase, —— 662
Chase, David 523
Chase, Jeremiah 664
Chase, Philander 610
Chatfield, Mrs. Hiram 274
Cheney, R. S. 396
Cherier, Frederick 193, 194
Chevas, —— 511
Childs, Mrs. 252
Childs, A. W. 251
Chilson, Mrs. 440
Chipman, J. Logan 338, 340
Chittock, Gordon 615
Chovin, Charles 492
Choate, R. W. 345
Choate, William N. 194, 195
Christiancy, Isaac Peckham v, 33, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340
Christie, Mrs. James 117

Page.

Chubb, Joseph 500
Church, Benjamin 228
Church, Chauncey 499
Church, Douglass 122
Church, Eliza 186, 195
Church, Frederick N. 117, 122, 123
Church, Frederick Stewart 228
Church, Frederick Wm. 122
Church, Henry K. 122
Church, John 500
Church, Mary 228
Church, Nelson B. 122
Church, Richard 228
Church, Thomas 228
Church, Thomas B. 227, 228, 230, 231
Churchill, W. L. 623
Cicotte, Edward V. 308
Cicotte, Lucretia 308
Clark, Misses 21, 407
Clark, Abby 325
Clark, A. Arnold 173, 174
Clark, Calvin 126
Clark, Caroline 221
Clark, Chloe 404
Clark, Cornelia 408
Clark, Daniel 430
Clark, Darius 278
Clark, David 345, 430
Clark, Edwin 541
Clark, Elihu 119
Clark, Frank D. 525
Clark, George 408
Clark, Geo. T. 592
Clark, Henry 430
Clark, Jonas 430
Clark, J. C. 260
Clark, Julia I. 149
Clark, Lewis G. 278
Clark, Lillian E. 295
Clark, Margaret 184
Clark, Maria 408
Clark, Mary 21, 22, 23, 404, 505
Clark, Merrills H. 396
Clark, Moses 475, 476
Clark, O. E. 278
Clark, Roger 604
Clark, Samuel 221, 580
Clark, Walter P. 325
Clark, William 277, 408
Clark, Mrs. Wm. 445
Clark, W. B. 590
Clark, William H. 285, 294, 295
Clark, William L. 186
Clark & Balch 591
Clark & Ellis 295
Clark & Gilbert 590
Clark & Starker 295
Clarke, Edwin R. 114
Clarke, Mrs. E. R. 114
Clarke, F. 674
Clarke, Hovey K. v, 135, 326, 327, 328
Clarke, Morris G. 114
Clarke, Ralph E. 114
Clarke, E. R. & Co. 114
Clapham, James P. 590

	Page.
Clarage, Thos.	227
Claus, William	68, 69, 96, 97, 99, 101
Clay, ——	231
Clay, Green	37
Clay, Henry	307, 508, 568
Clay, Simeon	449, 450
Clayton, Mrs. John	293
Clemens, Judge	485
Clemens, Christian	490, 491, 492, 493
Clemens, Eliza	494
Clendenning, Lieut.	672
Cleveland, Judge	203
Cleveland, President	244
Cleveland, Eliza Crump	203
Clitz, Mrs. George	305
Clitz, John	305
Clock, Elijah	664
Clubb, Henry S.	395, 396
Clute, President	340
Clute, Maria	125
Coats, John	278
Coats, Joseph	523
Coatsworth & Lowe	175
Cobb, Capt.	670, 672
Cobb, Charles L.	221, 591
Cobb, Mrs. C. L.	409
Cobb, Henry P.	525
Cobb, J. S.	15, 20
Cobb, Jerome T.	540, 541, 544, 548, 557, 561
Cobb, Joseph	618
Cobb, Merritt D.	541
Cobb, Moses	224
Cobb, M. R.	224
Cobb, Septimus	185
Cobb, S. P.	592
Cobb, Thomas S.	216, 224, 225
Cochrane, Major	85, 92
Cockburn, Eliza	186
Coddington, H. W.	227
Coe, John M.	183, 184
Cogeshall, William T.	315
Coggshall, Wm. H.	504, 506
Colburn, Mrs. Benjamin N.	107
Coldrin, Nehemiah	514
Cole, A. D.	591
Cole, Charles	252
Cole, Curtis A.	308
Cole, Mrs. Isaiah	277
Cole, J. C.	323
Cole, L. W.	396
Cole, Ruth M.	118
Cole & Disbrow	324
Coleman, Charlotte M.	278
Coleman, Emily M.	3, 15, 23
Coleman, Harrison	608
Coleman, James	608
Coleman, Merritt L.	vii, 34
Coleman, Pamelie	608
Colfax, Schuyler	395, 568
Colins, Eli	253
Collar, John	307
Collier, Capt.	56, 57, 58, 59, 69
Collier, Ed.	59
Collins, Chas.	506
Collins, Dennis	305
Collins, Geo. W.	521, 524, 525
Collins, H. P.	114
Collins, John B.	504
Collins, Norman	184
Collot, George Henry Victor	620, 621, 622
Colman, Francis	548
Colman, Mary B.	548
Colt, Mr.	598
Colt, George	539
Colt, Henry	408
Colt, Maria L.	548
Columbus, Christopher	425
Colvin, Representative	679
Comstock, Belinda	193
Comstock, Elkanah	183
Comstock, H. H.	448, 607
Comstock, Horace H.	583, 585
Comstock, Louisa	298
Comstock, O. C.	v, 312
Comstock, Sabrina	408
Conant, Charles B.	185
Conant, Mrs. Harry A.	265
Cone, Harvey	522
Conie, Addine	287
Conger, Omar D.	675
Conklin, Aaron	493
Conkling, Aaron	499
Conley, Mrs. Patrick	119
Connelly, William R.	478, 480
Conner, James	491, 492
Conner, John	490, 493
Conner, Harry	487
Conner, Henry	490, 491, 492, 493
Conner, Margaret	493
Conner, Richard	487, 491, 493
Conner, Susan E.	493
Conner, Susanna	487, 490
Conner, William	487, 492, 493, 516
Converse, Benjamin	252
Coogan, Mr.	584
Cook, ——	466
Cook, Mr.	225
Cook, Ariston J.	247
Cook, Betsey	192
Cook, Cleveland C.	247
Cook, D.	396
Cook, D. B.	30
Cook, Elijah	524
Cook, Elijah F.	522, 523
Cook, Emily P.	32
Cook, Esther	308
Cook, Harvey	493
Cook, Ira E.	247
Cook, Martin V.	247
Cook, Orson	228, 247
Cook, Wm. N.	v, viii, 30, 227
Cook & Blain	245
Cook, Blain & Gunn	245
Cooley, Judge	339
Cooley, Anthony	570, 598, 607, 608
Cooley, Benjamin	547
Cooley, Carlton	117, 185
Cooley, Charles D.	501
Cooley, Charles H.	303

	Page.
Cooley, Dennis	499
Cooley, Edgar A.	303
Cooley, Elias	226, 407
Cooley, Eugene F.	303
Cooley, Fannie C.	303
Cooley, Martha	408
Cooley, Mary B.	303
Cooley, Mary Elizabeth	301, 302, 303, 304
Cooley, Samuel	498
Cooley, Thomas B.	303
Cooley, Thomas M.	301
Cooley, Tim	587
Cooley, William	498
Coombs, John	500
Coon, John W.	117
Coonley, Samuel S.	278
Cooper, Abraham	119
Cooper, Mrs. E. L.	206
Cooper, George B.	467
Cooper, James R.	vi, 662
Cooper, Thomas W.	308
Cope, Elizabeth	548
Cope, Elizabeth N.	215
Coppersmith, Michael	307
Corbus, John	609
Curbus, R. W.	609
Corey, Archibald	501
Cornell, A.	184
Cornell, Alfred	476, 477, 478
Cornell, Frank W.	595
Cornell, Mrs. H. L.	409
Cornell, Lucinda	136
Cornwell, Mrs. M. J.	160
Corrigan, Georgiana	297
Corson, J. R., Sr.	665
Cottrell, Charles B.	438
Cottrell, Mrs. C. B.	443
Cottrell, Elizabeth	438
Cotton, Mrs. Dudley K.	118
Coulson, Mrs. J. T.	120
Coulson, Thomas	185
Covey, Adaline	145
Covill, William	253
Cowan, May	298
Cowden, E. Jennie	195
Cowen, ———	48
Cowles, Darius N.	522
Cowles, Rhoda	307
Cox, Susan	406
Coyle & Benjamin	665
Crain, Wm. M.	590
Crandall, John	500
Crandall, Justus R.	500
Crandall, Lavina	494
Crane, Elijah	659
Crane, Flavius J. B.	523
Crane L. W.	506
Crane, Roswell	583, 608
Crary, Byron	196
Crary, Charles A.	195
Crary, I. E.	574
Crawford, Mrs. Alfred	278
Crawford, C. A.	271
Crawford, David	501
Crawford, Enoch	500
Crawford, George	277
Crawford, Isaac, Sr.	278
Crawford, Jacob C.	500
Crawford, John	444, 500
Crawford, Mrs. John	444
Crawford, John H.	2, 275, 276
Crawford, R. C.	v, vi, viii, 1, 2, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, 23, 181, 246, 318, 422, 455
Crawford, Robert S.	501
Crawford, Mrs. S. W.	272
Crego, Richard J.	466
Creque, Jean Baptiste	492
Crittenden, Charles	493, 499
Crittenden, John	501
Crittenden, Louisa	494
Crittenden, William S.	185
Crissman, Benjamin	499
Crissman, Jonas	499
Crofoot, Hannah L.	277
Croghan, Lieut. Col.	670
Croghan, Geo.	603
Cronk, Maria	181
Crooks, Dr.	665
Crooks, Ramsey	330, 644, 645
Crooks, William	330, 523
Crosby, Susan	246
Crosier, Burt	140
Crosier, Charles	140
Crosier, G. W.	140
Crosier, Stephan P.	136, 140
Crosier, W.	140
Crosier, Wm.	140
Cross, Judge	223
Cross, Betsey S.	203
Cross, R. J.	609
Cross, Stephen R.	300
Cross, Thomas	203
Cross, Wm.	659
Crossett, Betsey	652, 653
Crossman, John A.	30
Crouch, Jackson	186
Crouch, Mary	200
Crouch, Mrs. M. E.	118
Crouse, Mrs. Chauncey L.	277
Crowell, ———	587
Crozier, James A.	viii
Cuddey, John	516
Cuddey, Samuel	516
Cudney, Amelia	155
Cudworth, Aggie	270
Cudworth, A. Bernard	268, 277
Cudworth, Philip C.	496
Culbertson, Charles	252
Cullen, Susan P.	267
Cullen, Thomas	306
Culver, Mr.	663
Culver, George	522
Culver, Mrs. George	293
Culver, Mary M.	300
Culver, Orange	522
Cundy, Mrs. Mary	277
Cunning, Mary	186
Cunningham, Bernard	444
Cunningham, Geo.	308
Curtis, Dr.	665

	Page.
Curtis, D.	664
Curtis, F.	664
Curtis, H. M.	156
Curtis, Mrs. W. F.	160
Cushman, H. D.	515
Custer, Gen.	335
Custer, Mary	155
Cutcheon, Otis E. M.	vii
Cuthbert, Mrs. Joseph	278
Cutler, ———	519, 520, 611
Cutler, Mrs. Dwight	234
Cutler, Leonard	513
Cutler, Sarah	185

D.

Dack, Edward	204
Daggett, Mr.	188
Daigneau, Mrs. Domitile	117
Dailey, Arthur H.	119
Daily, Jos.	307
Daily, Martin	185
Daily, Michael	109, 110, 434, 439, 443
Daines, G. E.	664
Daines, J.	664
Daley, ———	163
Dalrymple, Mrs. C. W.	120
Danby, L. A.	504, 506
Daniel, Mrs. H. C.	656
Daniels, ———	214
Daniels, John	613
Daniels, Joseph B.	539
Daniels, Mrs. J. B.	541
Dansard, Benj.	260
Darling, Mr.	605
Darling, C. W.	31
Darling, Keziah	135, 137
Darling, Simon	137
Darling, Sylvester	497
Darrah, Esther	202
Darrah, James	324
Dart, E. W.	173
Daubney, Ellen	408
Daubney, Mary	408
Daugherty, Henry	443
Daugherty, Mrs. Henry	443
Daugherty, Walter G.	114
Davenport, O.	590
Davidson, Mary	408
Davis, ———	658, 680
Davis, Mrs. Col.	672
Davis, Ammos	664
Davis, Calvin	498
Davis, Mrs. E. P.	200
Davis, George	268, 278
Davis, Henry K.	268
Davis, Mrs. H. S.	595
Davis, John	664
Davis, Joshua	274
Davis, Leonard	278
Davis, Lewis R.	547, 590
Davis, Nellie	268
Davis, Mrs. Oliver	300
Davis, Rebecca	274
Davis, Thomas	278
Davis, Will A.	268
Davis & Crittenden	590
Davis, Humphrey & Co.	589
Davison, Clerk	675
Davison, Mrs. J. S.	147
Davison, Zephaniah	500
Dawe, Dr.	260
Dawe, D.	261
Dawe, Wm.	217
Dawson, George	396
Dawson, Rich'd	278
Day, Erastus	499
Day, E. H.	548
Dean, Allen	658
Dean, Dorcas	253
Dean, Oliver S.	595
Dearborn, Henry	37
DeCallot, ———	620
Decker, Betsey Lusk	186
Decker, Grant	146, 148, 149, 150
Decker, Jesse	523
Decker, Julia	149
Decker, Kate	149
Decker, Sabrina Bagg	264, 278
Decker, Mrs. Truman	264
Deering, John	306
Defoe, Francis	444
Defoe, Mrs. Francis	444
Defoe, John	444
Defoe, Katharine	444
De Forest, Mr.	515
De Forest, Ezekiel	501
De Forest, Samuel	501
Defreese, John	514
De Graff, Ebenezer	500
Deits, William	430
Deitz, James P.	501
Delaham, Seth	609
Delahue, Helaman	307
Delamater, A. H.	618
Delamater, Anson H.	466
De Land, C. V.	396
De Land, W. R.	613
Delane, E. B.	592
Delbridge, James B.	120
Delling, John W.	306
Delona, Isaac	502
Delona, Leonard	502
Deloney, Amelia	444
Deloney, Charles	444
Delpice, Leonard	308
De Lude, A. A.	285
De Lude, Alfred A.	296
De Lude, Moses	296
De Mass, John	305
Deming, Dr.	586
Demming, Cyrus P.	216
Den Herder, Jacob	30
Denison, John	501
Dennis, Elmore	618
Dennis & Kelsey	664
Dennison, Rev. Mr.	593
Dennison, Francis	590
De Nonville	668
Denton, Solomon W.	382

Page.

Depew, Chauncey 401, 402
De Peyster, ——— 485
De Peyster, Major 646, 647
Derby, Peter 252
De Rottenburg, Gen. 38
Derr, Frederick 437, 443
Dew, Mary Ann 618
De Watteville, Maj. Gen. 103
Dewey, Francis A. v, viii, 251
Dewey, J. B. 260
De Yarmond, Hulda 120
De Yoe, W. H. 591
De Yoe, Mrs. M. H. 221, 409
Diamond, Lucretia 442
Dibble, Mrs. C. P. 119
Dibble, Philo 122
Dicken, John 500
Dickey, Emeline 116
Dickinson, Mr. 592
Dickinson, Ann 140
Dickson, Mr. 49, 50, 77, 83, 98
Dickson, Edwin T. ix
Dickson, Robert 37, 40
Dilley, David S. 582
Dillingham, Mrs. Sylvanus 118
Disbrow & Grinnell 324
Diver, Mary M. 185
Dixon, Betsey 118
Doan, Bishop 211
Dodge, Mrs. 443
Dodge, Daniel O. 581
Dodge, Silas W. 119, 127
Dodge, Smith 443
Dodge, Mrs. W. M. 204
Donaldson, Hannah 278
Doney, Loring 522, 524
Donlan, Mrs. John 154
Donovan, Jeremiah 118
Donovan, Sarah I. 173
Donovan, Wm. 173
Doolittle, Mr. 662
Doremus, James 196
Doremus, Thomas O. 196
Dorr, Albert H. 7
Dorr, Mrs. T. E. 291
Doty, Silas 676, 677, 678, 679, 680
Douglas, ——— 231
Douglas, C. C. 500
Douglas, Mrs. Eli 539
Douglas, Elizabeth 186
Douglas, Robert 502
Douglas, Stephen A. 172
Douglass, Mrs. 445
Douglass, Lydia Peck 122
Dousman, Michael 625
Dowed, Patrick 306
Dowley, Martha 298
Downing, Major 445
Downs, J. 506
Dox, Peter 664
Drake, Mr. 597
Drake, Randall 118, 215
Drake, Sidney 665
Drake, T. J. 456
Draper, C. Stewart 265

Page.

Draper, Mrs. C. Stewart 265
Draper, Daniel 496
Draper, Hiram viii, 30
Draper, William 523
Drummond, Gordon 38, 42, 43, 47, 48, 49, 52, 57, 68, 71, 74, 75, 79, 87, 100
Drummond, John 215
Drury, Angeline M. 169, 170
Drury, Samuel T. 169
Dryer, Isreal 501
Dryer, Thomas F. 500
Dube, Joseph 491
Dubois, Miss 404
Dubois, Lizzie 185
Duchesne, Michael 492
Dudgeon, Bessie 221
Dudgeon Frank C. 221
Dudgeon, John 215, 220, 221
Dudgeon & Cobb 221
Dudley, Orsel 495
Duell, Charles 444
Duell, Jesse 444
Duell, Hulette 444
Duell, Mrs. Hulette 444
Duffield, D. Bethune 308, 338
Duffy, Margaret 198
Du Lhut, M. 668, 669
Dumont, Frances 105
Dumont, J. B. 105
Dunbar, A. E. 260
Duncan, Rebecca 306
Dunham, Esther 113
Dunham, Hannah 113
Dunham, William 186
Dunks, George K. 662
Dunneback, John A. 308
Dunston, Thomas B. vi
Dunton, Mrs. Thomas O. 117
Durand, John T. 467
Durantaye, ——— 669
Durkie, Mrs. Thomas 215
Dutton, William 591
Dwight, ——— 466
Dwight, John N. 186
Dye, Margaret 278

E.

Eames, L. 591
Eames, Lucia C. 407, 408, 409, 410
Earl, Mrs. Jesse 539
Earl, Lyman 571, 572
Earl, Sarah 408
Earl, Thomas 251
Earle, Miss 658
Earle, J. Edward 244
Easterly, Hannah G. 119
Eastland, Sam. 598, 599
Eastman, Sherman 466
Eaton, ——— 573
Eaton, Ira 186
Eaton, Jerome B. 467
Eaton, William 499
Eaton, W. N. 190
Eberle, Carl 193, 194

	Page.
Eberstein, Conrad	547
Eckert, Maria	185
Eckert, Mariah	118
Eddy, Mrs. Albert	149
Eddy, Celia A.	291
Eddy, Charles A.	291
Eddy, Charles F.	291
Eddy, Edwin	285, 290, 291
Eddy, Eleazer	290
Eddy, Ellen A.	291
Eddy, Jonathan	291
Eddy, J. Frank	291
Eddy, Selwyn	291
Eddy, Sylvia	290
Eddy, Avery & Co.	291
Eddy, Avery & Eddy	291
Eddy, Avery & Murphy	291
Eddy, Murphy & Co.	291
Edgar, W. H.	592
Edgerton, Harriet A.	171
Edgerton, Jemima	608
Edgerly, James C.	494, 501
Edgett, Albert	498
Edgett, Peter	498
Edison, Samuel	674
Edison, Thomas A.	673
Edmunds, Lewis	539
Edmunds, Pamelia Guilford	547
Edwards, Alexander	408, 610, 611, 612
Edwards, Clarisa	350, 354
Edwards, F. A. H.	612
Edwards, Henry	354
Edwards, Jane	354
Edwards, Joseph	350, 354
Edwards, Mrs. J. M.	409
Edwards, Lewis	v, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355
Edwards, Lewis, Jr.	351, 354
Edwards, Martha	354
Edwards, N. & A. K.	593
Edwards, Oliver	590
Edwards, Patience	354
Edwards, William	354
Eisenstein, Jacob	299
Eldred, Thomas	498
Eldredge, Charles M.	382, 383
Eldredge, Robert P.	494
Eldridge, I. N.	258
Ellicott, Mrs. L. M.	233
Elliott, Col.	35
Elliott, Dora	174
Ellis, ——	664
Ellis, Mrs. Harry	233
Ellison, F. M.	196
Ellison, Owen	196, 466, 618
Elwood, S. Dow	641
Elsworth, Nate	535
Ely, A. L.	135
Ely, Elizabeth	108
Emerson, ——	565
Emerson, Daniel	105
Emerson, Hanna E.	215
Emerson, Hannah P.	105
Emerson, Lucy	105
Emmons, H. H.	307
Emmons, J. H.	618
Emmons, Jonathan H.	615
Emmons, Sarah	307
Emery, Alice	131
Emory, A. P.	515
Eno, Mary	279
Estabrook, J.	406
Estabrook, Joseph	30
Estes Rufus	251
Ethridge, Ahira	119, 122
Eustis, Isaac	500
Eustis, W.	36
Evans, Major	37
Evans, Mrs. E. M.	201
Evans, James	279
Evans, Mahala	116
Evans, Margaret E.	279
Evans, R.	506
Evarts, Wm. M.	232
Everard, J. H.	590
Everett, Cornelius	498
Everett, Jane	591
Everett, M.	227, 541
Evitts, Myron	408
Exelby, Joseph	251

F.

	Page.
Fairchild, John	501
Fairchild, Lucius	307
Fairfield, John A.	30
Fales, John	106
Fanckboner, Elizabeth	539
Fargo, ——	466
Faribault, Alexander	331
Farmer, John	507
Farnham, Robert	253
Farnum, Elijah	185
Farnum, Mrs. R. E.	147
Farr, Samuel	501
Farrand, Mrs. B. C.	v, 297
Farrand, Fairchild	466
Farrand, Helen W.	viii
Farrand, Jacob S.	308
Farrand, Phineas	466
Farrar, Charles	496
Farrar, Mrs. C. C.	165
Farrar, Sullivan	501
Farrell, John	198
Farrell, Laurence	198
Farrell, Michael	198
Farrer, James	252
Farwell, William	547
Faulkner, Mrs. T. C.	205, 206
Fechet, Eugene	674
Felch, Gov.	5, 6, 7, 20, 21, 23
Felch, Judge	10
Felch, Alpheus	3, 405, 654
Fellows, Abial	547
Fellows, James M.	216
Fenner, William E.	499
Fenton & Newton	152
Ferguson, ——	664
Ferguson, Mr.	444
Ferguson, Maggie	198
Fernane, Michael	307

Page.

Ferris, Jesse O. 494
Ferris, Nelson 618
Ferris, Olive L. 186
Ferry, Thomas W. 24
Field, Cephas 106
Field, Wells 106
Fields, O. J. 456
Fillion, Priscilla 305
Fillmore, Julia 279
Fillmore, Millard 468
Finley, John 539
Finney, Charles 267
Fish, Fanny 166
Fish, Hanford 664
Fish, Mary Ann 166
Fish, M. W. 166
Fish, Reuben 166
Fish, Mrs. Walter 616
Fisher, David 225
Fisher, Mrs. David 409
Fisher, Mrs. E. B. 245
Fisher, Luther 500
Fisher, Susan M. 225
Fisher, Mrs. Willard 264
Fisher & Cook 224
Fisk, D. M. 196, 204
Fisk, Daniel M. 197
Fisk, Ebenezer 186, 196, 197
Fisk, Franklin 184, 618
Fisk & Clark 295
Fitch, Rev. Dr. 403, 404, 407
Fitch, Abel F. 466
Fitch, Sherman 252
Fitch, Stephen H. 495
Fitzpatrick, James 664
Flagler, Daniel 499
Flanders, Joseph 539
Fleming, D. S. 190
Fleming, Elmira 308
Fletcher, Miss 516
Fletcher, John W. 516
Fletcher, Thomas 308
Flint, Mary 279
Flint, Mary E. 308
Flower, Alanson 501
Flower, James 496
Flower, T. A. 664, 665
Flugal, Charles 673
Flumerfelt, Bethul 279
Follansbee, Albert S. 197
Follansbee, Dan 298
Foote, —— 466
Foote, Albert 153
Foote, Mrs. Byron 199
Foote, C. C. 308
Foote, May Howard 153, 154
Forbes, W. H. 331
Ford, Charles T. 193
Ford, David 208
Ford, F. 594
Foreman, Abraham 357
Foreman, Mary vi, 525
Forster, John Harris v, vi, vii, 1, 3, 11, 29, 104, 312, 375
Forsyth, Major 670

Page.

Forsythe, Mrs. Robert A. 306
Fosdick, Esther 279
Fossmire, Julia A. 279
Foster, Mrs. 178
Foster, Captain 38
Foster, Lieut. Col. 56, 59
Foster, Major 73, 75, 92, 93
Foster, Secretary 54, 58, 90, 92, 101, 102, 103, 104
Foster, Cornelia 245
Foster, Evarissa 408
Foster, E. D. 505
Foster, F. D. A. 245
Foster, Fred M. 615
Foster, G. L. 466
Foster, Nathaniel 605
Foster, Robert 177, 178
Foster, Sam 579, 587, 588
Foster & Fish 590
Fournier, Elizabeth 441, 444
Fowler, Fanny H. 235
Fowler, John W. 152
Fowler, S. W. 235
Fox, D. L. 664
Fox, D. M. 674
Fox, Jabez 396
Fralick, Henry v, 12, 13, 14, 33, 228, 246, 308, 318, 320
Francer, Mrs. John 293
Francisco, George 314
Francisco, Hortensia 199
Francisco, Sarah 313
Frank, Stephen W. 547
Franklin, Benjamin 395
Franks, Mr. 86
Fraser, James 414
Frazer, —— 434
Frazer, Jack 331
Frazier, —— 29
Frazier, James A. 299
Frederickson, Corporal 675
Freeman, Aaron H. 548
Freeman, Benjamin 500
Freeman, Cynthia 494
Freeman, Moses 500
Freer, Noah 37
Frelinghuysen, John 116
Fremont, Gen. 334
Fremont, John C. 331
French, Ethan 608
French, Richard T. 548
French, Mrs. R. 547
Frink, —— 466
Frink, Sophrona 118, 306
Frisbie, Mrs. Philip 279
Frith, Mrs. 548
Fritz, Catharine 158
Frost, Mrs. 252
Frost, Electa 265
Frost, Mrs. E. A. 117
Frost, E. B. 506
Frost, Geo. S. 306, 504
Frost, Josiah 265
Frost, Josiah B. v, vii, 1, 184, 612, 614, 616, 617, 618
Fuller, —— 587
Fuller, Mrs. 303

Page.

Fuller, Luman 664
Fuller, Martha M. 193
Fuller & Sons 323
Fulson, Benwell 253
Funston, Geo. A. 307
Furton, Deminique 502
Furton, Dennis 502
Furton, Julian 492
Fust, Henry 297
Fust, Jacob 297, 285
Fust, Mary 297
Fust, Wilhelm 297

G.

Gage, Myra 522
Gage, Mrs. L. 279
Gale, James N. 610
Gale, Samuel S. 525
Gale, Wm. J. 279
Galloway, Nancy C. 129
Gallup, Edward C. 494
Gamage, Mr. 473
Gamber, Benjamin 493, 499
Gamble, James 279
Gant, Samuel N. 523
Ganung, Stuart 3, 19, 20
Gardiner, E. P. 396
Gardner, Col. 673
Gardner, Amanda M. 220
Gardner, Franklin 279
Gardner, Jeremiah H. 30
Gardner, Ransom 504
Garfield, ——— 398
Garner, John 279
Garrison, Wm. Lloyd 178, 398
Garver, ——— 520
Garwin, John 499
Garwood, Elizabeth 351
Garwood, Jesse 352
Garwood, John 351
Garwood, Patience 351
Garwood, William 351, 352
Gass, Duncan 500
Gass, John 500
Gass, John, Sr. 500
Gass, Nelson 500
Gass, William 500
Gatchell, Dr. 260
Gates, Parley W. O. 523
Gates, S. G. M. 441
Gazelle, George 650
Gazelle, Jeremiah 649, 650
Geddes, David 285, 289
George, Mrs. W. S. 178
Gerish, Dr. 255
Gerrish, Ebenezer W. 301
Gibbs, Amanda 306
Gibbs, Harriet 408
Gibbs, Melvin 300
Gibney, Owen 305
Gibson, Secretary 88
Gibson, Arsemisia 146, 167
Gibson, A. B. 467
Gibson, Caroline 167

Page.

Gibson, Charles 548
Gibson, Charles De Witt 167
Gibson, Charles F. 167
Gibson, Chauncey 167
Gibson, Gordon De Witt 167
Gibson, Francis A. 167
Gibson, James 147, 279
Gibson, Jane W. 167
Gibson, John E. 167
Gibson, Mary A. 167
Gibson, Robert 658
Gibson, Samuel W. 146
Gibson, Sarah J. 167
Gibson, Stamford 167
Gibson, Thornton W. 167
Gibson, William L. 147
Giddey, James 305
Giddings, Mrs. Ethana 279
Giddings, Lester 499
Giddings, Theron F. 548
Gidley, Townsend E. 466
Gifford, Louise Ann 539
Gilbert, Henry 396, 541
Gilbert, Henry E. H. 115
Gilbert, John T. 111, 114, 115
Gilbert, Martha 408
Gilbert, Nathan Strong 115
Gilbert, William S. 111, 112
Giles & Hebbard 170
Gilkey, J. F. 578
Gillett, Jesse 497
Gillispie, Ira 118
Gilmartin, Honore 298
Gilmore, Mrs. 595
Ginick, William 308
Girard, Mrs. Moses 107
Gladwyn, Major 488, 603
Gleason, Dr. 665
Gleason, J. P. 664
Glidden, A. C. vi, 12, 418
Glover & Earl 515
Goddard, Mrs. L. O. 325
Godfrey, Julia Ann 199
Godwin, G. Chase 227, 244
Godwin, Wm. R. 244
Goff, Edwin 251
Goff, Orrin 497
Goff, Sylvester D. 279
Going, Mrs. Henry 274
Gold, Judge 153
Goodale, Galard 430
Goodale, Hiram J. 119, 127
Goodale, Israel 252
Goodell, John 500
Goodenough, George W. 146, 164
Goodenough, James W. 164
Goodenough, Lucien G. 164
Goodrich, Enos 12
Goodrich, M. H. 1, 11
Goodrich, Reuben vii
Goodrich, Thomas 216
Goodsell, Jesse 501
Goodwin, Mrs. 326
Goodwin, James Junius 31
Goodwin, Lewis 252

Page.

Goodwin, Ozias 31
Goodwin, William 31
Goodwin, William F. 467
Goodwin, William R. 655
Gordon, Mr. 85
Gordon, J. W. 591
Gordon, James Wright 229
Gordon, Lucy A. 186
Gordon, Miriam A. 197
Gordon, Wm. 306
Gore, Gov. 96
Gore, Lieut. Gov. 100
Gorham, —— 466
Gorton, Aaron T. 466
Goss & Darling 590
Gotée, Miss 147
Gould, —— 424
Gow, Jas. 665
Grace, Benjamin F. 525
Graecen, Mrs. John 279
Grager, F. M. 345
Graham, James 185
Granger, Mr. 627
Granger, Aden 500, 501
Granger, Amgrad 500
Granger, Elizabeth 135, 138
Granger, Ella 675
Granger, William 138
Granger, Zara 500
Grant, Gen. 381
Grant, President 153, 327
Grant, Abbie 442
Grant, Alexander 492
Grant, Charles 523
Grant, Chas. W. v, viii, 285
Gratiot, Chas. 670, 671
Gravelink, J. W. ix
Graves, Mrs. B. F. 406
Graves, Eben W. 119
Graves, Ephraim 499
Graves, John 106
Graverod, Abraham 445
Graverod, Jacob 441, 445
Graverod, Mrs. Jacob 445
Graverod, Kisiowkow 445
Graverod, Noah 445
Gray, A. B. 590
Gray, George 274
Gray, Noah 590
Gray, W. H. 590
Gray, Zalmon H. 501
Greeley, Aaron 645
Greeley, Horace 395, 422, 467
Green, Col. 23
Green, Amy 308
Green, Christiana 285, 292, 293
Green, Daniel D. 308
Green, Edward 293
Green, Katherine 293
Green, Leland 524
Green, Richard 252
Green, Roswell 502
Green, Sarah L. 178
Green, Theodorus 135, 137
Green, Uncle Billy 568

Page.

Greenaway, Mr. 295
Greenaway & Clark 295
Greene, Geo. H. vii, 1, 2, 31, 33, 312
Greene, Polly 171
Greene, S. R. 171
Greenfield, Nellie 158
Greenly, Mrs. Wm. 156
Greenwood, John 505
Greenwood, Mrs. John 506
Greer, Mrs. John, Sr. 279
Gregg, Miss 204
Gregg, Fannie 408
Gregg, Mrs. H. L. 615
Gregg, Lizzie 207
Gregg, Mary 408
Gregg, Oscar 408
Gregg, Theodore 408
Gregory, John 279
Gregory, Mary E. 173
Gridley, —— 466
Gridley, Caroline W. 198
Gridley, G. Thompson 198
Gridley, Mrs. G. T. 615
Gridley, Norah 198
Griffard, Laurent 491
Griffard, Pierre 492
Griffen, Amos 658
Griffen, Charlie 658
Griffen, Cloe 659
Griffen, Henry H. 657, 658, 659
Grimes, P. S. 590
Grindmann, John 308
Grinley, James 664
Grinley, Mrs. James 664
Grinnell, D. T. 466
Grinnell, Henry 325
Griswold, Henry 254
Griswold, Stanley 491
Groger, S. B. 430
Grosenbaugh, L. 15
Grover, M. 408
Grow, Anna E. 159
Grow, Mary Britten 146, 159
Grow, M. D. 159
Grow, M. Miranda 159
Grow, Stillman T. 159
Grow, Wm. B. 159
Gruets, Mr. 86
Guernsey, —— 183, 578
Guillet, Alex. 444
Guillet, Joseph 444
Guillet, Louis 444
Guillet, Mrs. Louis 444
Gullford, —— 596
Gully, Alfred Denison 308
Gunn, Uncle 575
Gunther, —— 163

H.

Haben, Ferdinand 285, 289
Hackley, Julius 541, 561
Hackley, Mrs. Julius 548
Hackney, Aaron 350
Hackney, Hannah 350

	Page.
Hackney, Mary	350
Hadden, Mrs. George	210
Haddock, Ray	396
Hadley, ———	583
Hadley, Mrs. Joseph	279
Haff, Edwin	280
Hagerman, F.	665
Hague, Edmund H.	201
Hague, Edrick H.	201
Hague, Harry	201, 615
Haight, Benj.	500
Haight, Olive J.	214
Haines, Benjamin	499
Haines, Mrs. D. H.	595
Hale, ———	466
Hale, David B.	v, vii, 135
Hale, Edward Everett	564
Hale, H. J.	206
Hall, Deacon	2
Hall, Argentine	253
Hall, B. K.	438
Hall, Catharine	119
Hall, Daniel	499
Hall, Daniel M.	107
Hall, Elias	499
Hall, Elisha	605
Hall, Experience	120
Hall, Francis	408
Hall, Henry	515
Hall, Henry H.	121
Hall, Isaac	500
Hall, Israel R.	357, 360, 372
Hall, Jacob E.	501
Hall, John	500
Hall, J. W.	307
Hall, Lucien B.	359
Hall, Moses	120
Hall, Nathan	618
Hall, Polona	185
Hall, Samuel H.	118
Hall, Tolman W.	116, 120, 121
Hall, W. E.	595
Halladay, Austin C.	118
Halsey, Silas	501
Hamilton, Abram	131
Hamilton, Flavius S.	120
Hamilton, John	131, 664
Hamilton, Mary	119, 131
Hamilton, Milo D.	396
Hanaw, Joseph	615
Haner, Edward	301
Haner, Mrs. Edward	301
Hanks, Lieut.	36
Hanks, Cyrus D.	186
Hanna, Thomas	664
Hanshue, W. E.	595
Harding, Emily	134
Hardy, Miss	658
Hare, Jonathan	252
Harger, Oscar S.	525
Harland, Oscar	618
Harlow, Oscar	198, 199
Harlston, Haff & Co.	324
Harmon, John H.	396, 636
Harmon, Lydia	252
Harper, Joseph	354
Harrington, Mr.	486
Harrington, Chester R.	185, 199
Harrington, Elisha	487
Harrington, Mrs. E. F.	248
Harrington, Jerome	199
Harrington, Michael	119
Harrington, Morey	496
Harrington, V. M.	618
Harris, Benton	232
Harris, Bishop	260
Harris, Edward P.	269
Harris, Eloch	598
Harris, Frederick	305
Harris, Mason	501
Harris, Solon	279
Harris, Wm.	598
Harris, Mrs. W. J.	267, 268
Harrison, Dr.	406
Harrison, Gen.	38, 604, 671
Harrison, Judge	17
Harrison, Bazel	519, 607
Harrison, Emily	156
Harrison, Eph.	606, 607
Harrison, John	541
Harrison, Margaret	539
Harrison, Mary	198
Harrison, Nathan	570, 573, 574, 588, 598, 606, 607
Harrison, William H.	254
Harrison and Morton	135
Harrison and Tyler	135
Harsha, Wm.	396
Hart, ———	671
Hart, Abram	279
Hart, B. B.	440, 444
Hart, Chester	502
Hart, James	501
Hart, J. B.	440, 444
Hart, Peter	501
Hart, Wm.	279
Hartsuff, Henry	674
Hartsuff, Wm.	674
Harvey, Col.	43
Harvey, Lt. Col.	48, 54
Harvey, John	46, 47
Harwood, Alanson	135, 136
Hascall, Mrs. Charles	148
Hascall, H. C.	149
Hascall, Mrs. H. C.	149
Hascall, John	598, 607
Hascall, Volney	396, 592, 598
Haskell, Reuben S.	118
Haskins, Hiram	500
Haslett, James	139
Haslett, Joseph	139
Haslett, Mary Ann	136, 139
Haslett, Samuel	517
Hatch, Barnabas C.	466
Hatch, Ella P.	343
Hatch, Mrs. H.	139
Hathaway, Mr.	212
Hathaway, C. S.	246
Hathaway, Chas. W.	228, 245, 246
Hathaway, H. A.	246
Hathaway, Lucretia	245

	Page.
Hathaway, Nehemiah	245
Hathaway, Susan	211
Hatt, Almerin	200
Hatt, Isaac	200
Hatt, James	200
Hatt, Nathan	200
Hatton, James W.	525
Hauphfhauer, F.	665
Hause, Lydia	251
Hausmann, Solomon	241
Havens, Mary	658
Hawkins, ——	184
Hawks, Moses	396
Hawley, Mrs. Dr.	548
Hawley, Caroline	408
Hawley, Julia	408
Hayden, ——	616, 618
Hayden, Mr.	617
Hayden, Annie	200
Hayden, Henry A.	200, 467, 614
Hayden, Mrs. Henry A.	200
Hayden, Zebulon	500
Hayden & Co.	188
Hayes, ——	466
Hayes, President	337, 660
Hayes, Catharine	186
Haynes, Sarah	219
Haynes, F. E.	204
Haynes, Harvey	v. vii, 111
Hays, Mr.	598
Hays, John	608
Hays, Lydia	408
Hazard, James	499
Hazard, Wm., Jr.	516
Haze, Wm. H.	525
Hazelton, Thaddeus	501
Heald, A.	513, 514
Healey, Mrs. Azro	547
Hearneye, Jane	251
Heartt, William A.	v, viii, 30, 299
Heath, Amerilla	181
Heath, Enos	305
Heath, Geo. F.	261
Heath, Jane	352
Heath, Mrs. Lucien	354
Heaton, Mrs. E. W.	616
Hebbard, Thomas Wm.	170
Hebert, Jonas L.	444
Hecox, Adney A.	514
Hecox, Catharine	514
Hedges & L. Eames	590
Heinselman, Lieut.	672
Hemans, Enoch	616
Hemens, Sylvester	184
Hemenway, Sumner	539
Hempel, Chas.	257
Hendee, J. H.	618
Hendershot, Michael	253
Henderson, Adelaide M.	232
Henderson, Alexander	105
Henderson, Chas. L.	232
Henderson, David	306
Henderson, Don C.	v, vii, 105, 396
Hendy, Guy	185
Hennepin, Louis	669
Henry, J. M.	674
Herriman, John	501
Herriman, Joseph	501
Herring, Caroline	297
Hersey, James	279
Hertkorn, John	117
Hewes, Samuel	299
Hewett, Sybil	136
Hewitt, Dr.	665
Hewitt, Albert B.	157
Hewitt, Cyrus	146, 157
Hewitt, Edmund	658
Hewitt, J. W.	616
Hewitt, Mary	658
Hewitt, Melvin D.	157
Heydenburgh, Martin	593
Heydenburgh, Minerva	408
Heydenburgh & Warner	593
Heydenburk, Deacon	608
Heyel, Catherine	488
Hibbard, Daniel B.	186, 201, 202, 467
Hibbard, William	202
Hibbard, W. B.	268
Hibbard & Davis	268
Hickie, Anna	298
Hicks, Eliz.	279
Hicks, John	499
Hicks, V. R.	216
Higby, ——	466
Higby, Clement	140
Higby, Frank W.	136, 139
Higby, Pitt M.	140
Higby, Mrs. Samuel	615
Higgie, Mrs. P. H.	299
Higgins, Gilbert	578
Higham, Elvira	307
Hildreth, Mrs. C. C.	345
Hill, ——	583
Hill, Arthur	300
Hill, Asa	446, 447
Hill, Cornelia	215
Hill, Dow G.	31
Hill, Hudiah	252
Hill, Jacob	492
Hill, John	501, 583, 584
Hill, Mary	308
Hill, Mrs. O. C.	548
Hill, Wm. H.	308
Hilliard, Ebenezer	500
Hinchey, Warren	172
Hinchman, Theodore	302
Hinds, Neil	598
Hines, Sanford	299
Hinman, John F.	v, vii, 116
Hinsdale, E. C.	32, 541, 557
Hinsdill, M.	593
Hirschman, John F.	186
Hitchcock, Eliza A.	142
Hitchcock, Lois Mary	120
Hitchcock, T. J.	475
Hitchcock, William D.	201
Hite, Cordelia	155
Hix, Mrs. Frederick	280
Hoag, John	618
Hoag, Martin	251

	Page.
Hock, Jos.	306
Hockwell, Benjamin	500
Hodge, Hiram C.	30, 618
Hoffman, Maj.	673
Hogeboom & Burrell	591
Holbrook, Col.	193
Holbrook, Arthur G.	114
Holbrook, Mrs. E. G.	114
Holbrook, John T.	114
Holbrook, Henry B.	318
Holbrook, Silas A.	361
Holcomb, Harry	466
Holden, Charles H.	235
Holden, Joanna R.	33, 227, 235
Holden, Libbie Bulkley	595
Holdridge, Austin	500
Holdridge, Nelson	500
Holland, Josiah Gilbert	114
Hollister, Harvey J.	12, 13
Hollister, Isaac T.	33
Holloway, F. M.	vii
Holman, Mrs. G. H.	165
Holmes, Elijah P.	118
Holmes, Hiram C.	279
Holmes, John T.	244
Holmes, Mrs. John T.	227, 234
Holmes, Lizzie	234
Holmes, Smith	496
Holmes, Thomas	120
Holt, Almanon	185
Holt, Henry H.	viii, 31
Hook, ——	580
Hooker, Mrs.	599
Hooker, Cortez P.	501
Hooker, Reuben R.	548
Hooker, Sarah	498
Hopewell, Samuel	186
Hopkins, Gilbert	505
Hopkins, James W.	549
Hopkins, Mark	398
Hopkins, Stephen	441, 445
Hopkins Bros.	245
Horner, Gov.	21, 22, 23
Horner, John	405
Horton, David	301
Horton, Mrs. Heman	267
Horton, Hix	525
Horton, Mary E.	279
Hoskins, Ebenezer	591
Hosmer, Martha	112
Hough, David	118
Hough, E. A.	190
Houghton, Mrs. Lify J.	117
Hounsom, Mr.	607
Hounsom, Matilda	608
Hounsom, Marcus B.	570, 573, 577
House, Geo. H.	170
Houseman, Joseph	242, 244
Houseman, Julius	227, 241, 243, 244
Houseman, Mary	241
Houseman, William	243
Houseman, Alsberg & Co.	242
Houseman, Donally & Jones	242
Houseman & May	242
Hovey, A. W.	396
Hovey, Gordon	500
Hovey, John	522
Hovey, Suel	498
Howard, Dr.	591
Howard, Mrs. C. A.	264
Howard, Elizabeth	445
Howard, Frank	153
Howard, George E.	31
Howard, Mrs. George	441
Howard, Hattie	153, 154
Howard, J. Earle	153
Howard, Jacob M.	327
Howard, Lucy	152, 153, 154
Howard, Lydia	547
Howard, May	154
Howard, Parley	500
Howard, Sumner	146, 152, 153, 154
Howard, Mrs. Sumner	154
Howard, Waldo	152
Howard, Wheaton W.	153
Howard, William A.	660
Howarth, George	305
Howe, Mrs. G. L.	114
Hoyloot, Eliza C.	443
Hoyt, Rev. Mr.	593
Hoyt, Elizabeth	408
Hoyt, H. H.	292
Hoyt, O. P.	591, 594
Hoyt, Stephen	607
Hoyt, W. C.	590
Hoyt, Wm. C.	280
Hubbard, David	592
Hubbard, Samuel	135
Hubbard, Silas	541
Hubbard, Mrs. Silas	541
Hubbell, W. S.	505
Huckins, Mrs. J. D.	442
Huckins, Seth G.	285, 292
Hudson, ——	671
Huffman, James Champion	170
Hulbert, John	329
Hulett, Oratus	496
Hull, Gen.	462, 490, 645
Hull, Levi T.	396
Hull, William	35, 36, 38
Humes, Asa B.	299
Humphrey, Rev. Mr.	593
Humphrey, Reuben	285, 289
Humphrey, Mrs. S. B.	232
Humphrey, William J.	215
Humphrey, William S.	452
Humphreys, A. A.	335
Hungerford, Mrs. Lora	133
Hungerford, Mary A.	457
Hungerford, Samuel	523
Hunt, Mr.	463
Hunt, Abraham V.	111, 115, 116, 653
Hunt, Benjamin	115
Hunt, Hannah	115
Hunt, James B.	523
Hunt, John	506
Hunt, J. M.	664
Hunt, Levi	664
Hunt, Lorenzo	130
Hunt, Mrs. Maria	119

	Page.
Hunt, Marie	130, 131
Hunt, Moses	115
Hunt, Phineas	608
Hunt, Thomas H.	674
Hunter, Lieut. General	35
Hunter, John W.	664, 665
Hunter, W. H.	109
Huntoon, G. W.	252
Hurd, Amanda	236
Hurd, Caroline M.	236
Hurd, Clarissa	236
Hurd, Fanny	236
Hurd, Jacob	235, 236, 238, 239
Hurd, James C.	236
Hurd, Newell	236
Hurd, Randall	236
Hurd, Sally	236, 237
Hurd, William	236
Hurd, William A.	236
Hurlbut, Thankful	238
Huston, ——	580, 587
Huston, Col.	600
Huston, Major	606
Huston, H. B.	554, 606, 608
Huston, Hosea B.	570, 583
Huston, Smith & Brown	605
Huston & Sweetland	590
Hutchinson, Dubois	134
Hyatt, Mrs.	2
Hyde, Mr.	270

I.

Ingersoll, Harley	525
Ingersoll, John N.	396
Inman, John	500
Innes, Wm. P.	234
Innis, Capt.	444
Insley, ——	596, 607
Inwood, Wm.	500
Irish, Benj.	280
Irish, Mrs. Benj.—Julia	280
Irwin, Mary	184
Irwing, H.	664, 665
Ismon, ——	466
Ismon, Horace S.	615
Israel, M.	590
Ives, Mrs. Albert	308
Ives, Eva	118

J.

Jackson, ——	466
Jackson, Gen.	22, 82, 93
Jackson, President	405, 609
Jackson, Erastus	577
Jackson, James A.	251
Jackson, Mrs. John	118
Jacobs, Mrs. Morris	305
Jacokes, T. H.	11
James, Col.	61, 62, 63, 68, 69
James, Lieut. Col.	67, 73, 74, 75
James, Edmund	280
Jefferson, Thomas	643
Jekyll, Dr.	270
Jenison, Henry H.	345, 346
Jenison, N. F.	346
Jenison, William F.	v, 344, 345, 346, 347
Jenkins, Harriet	445
Jenkins, Hugh	290
Jenkins, John	350
Jenkins, Nimrod	350
Jenkins, Silas	350
Jenkins, William Boldun	v, 349
Jenks, C. W. & Wm.	665
Jenney, Almond D.	500
Jenney, Lyman T.	497
Jenney, R. W.	396
Jenney, Royal W.	152
Jenney, Mrs. Royal W.	147
Jennings, E. L.	664
Jennison, Mrs. Charles E.	437, 443
Jennison, William	340
Jenny, Mr.	154
Jerard, Sarah	442
Jersey, Henry	500
Jersey, Richard	500
Jessup, Gen.	674
Jessup, Albert H.	476, 477
Jewell, Mr.	664
Jewell, Leonard	445
Jewell, Walter Scott	445
Johns, Almira	306
Johnson, ——	230, 330, 466, 575
Johnson, Dr.	124
Johnson, Vice President	457
Johnson, Albert Sidney	218
Johnson, Andrew	121, 333
Johnson, Charles	107
Johnson, F.	637
Johnson, Mrs. J. F.	166
Johnson, Joshua Solomon	152
Johnson, Lucius Daniel	173
Johnson, Mary A.	126
Johnson, Percis	136, 138
Johnson, Mrs. Pershall	595
Johnson, Peter	138
Johnson, Richard	160
Johnson, Richard M.	571
Johnson, Wm. F.	616
Johnson & Stewart	517
Johnson, F. & Co.	637
Johnston, Mr.	640
Johnston, John	645
Johnston, John MacDougall	640
Johnstone, R. F.	315
Jones, Mr.	610
Jones, Mrs. Henry N.	280
Jones, James	500
Jones, John	435
Jones, Lucy	442
Jones, Samuel	188
Jones, Sarah	222, 307
Jones, Teressa	280
Jones, Wm. R.	280
Jones & Fredericks	665
Jordan, H. S.	190
Joslin, Perry	383
Joy, A.	506
Joy, James F.	305
Joy, Mary Bourne	305

	Page.
Judd, Henry	146, 167
Judd, Miles	167
Judd, William	167
Judson, Albert	541
Judson, D. H.	276
Judson, Elnathan	172
Judson, Mrs. Frank	157
Judson, Marintha A.	172
Judson, Willis	539
Julf, Frederick	305

K.

Kane, Elias K.	211
Kapunkey, Jacob	298
Karr, Alexander	653
Kassick, ———	466
Kassick, Latham	615
Katner, Wm. B.	117
Kaywood, Mrs. J. P.	214
Keal, John	366
Keech, George	515
Keefe, Mrs.	652
Keeler, Mrs. D. D.	288
Keeler, John	499
Keeler, Nathan	500
Keeney, Charles W.	673
Kedzie, A. S.	viii, 594
Keivley, William	501
Kelley, Mrs. Bernard C.	174
Kelley, Bridget	185
Kellogg, Chauncey P.	591
Kellogg, I.	590
Kelly, John	193
Kelsey, S. R.	664, 665
Kendal, N. N.	260
Kendall & Camp	590
Kennedy, Mrs. Dr.	191
Kennedy, Ann E.	204
Kennedy, George W.	204
Kennedy, J. W.	167
Kent, William	211
Kern, Fred	506
Kerns, Patrick J.	306
Kessler, Mrs. W. S.	191
Kerr, John A.	170
Ketchum, Charles	116
Kibbee, Jared	298
Kidd, Mr.	662
Kidder, Mrs. G. F.	409
Kidney, Jane	118
Kieger, Christian	306
Killicher, Jeremiah	305
Kimball, ———	466
Kimball, Elizabeth	186
Kimball, Nelson H.	253
Kinckorner, Cath.	280
King, Miss	658
King, Eusebus	108
King, Eustabus	307
King, E. R.	664
King, George	108
King, James	280
King, Robert	258
King, Russo	608
King, Solomon	583
King, T. A.	618
Kingman, Mrs. J. O.	160
Kingman, Mrs. J. R.	160
Kingsbury, Peas	234
Kingsbury, S. O.	233
Kingsley, Chester M.	220
Kingsley, Daniel Webster	219, 220
Kingsley, F. W.	220
Kingsley, Homer H.	220
Kingsley, Mary	219
Kingsley, Moses	33, 215, 219
Kinney, Alfred B.	452
Kinney, Lidia P.	215
Kinney, Orrin	436, 445
Kinney, Mrs. Orin	443
Kipp, Mrs. E.	159
Kirby, Mrs. A.	280
Kirby, Geo.	305
Kirk, Mr.	351
Kirkham, Robert	501
Kirkland, C. E.	506
Kirtland, Frederick W.	203
Kirwan, James	297
Klinger, Peter	519
Klocksiem, Henry	171
Knaggs, Phyllon	306
Knapp, Calvin R.	280
Knapp, James	514
Knapp, Jared	120
Knapp, Morris	202
Knapp, Mrs. Morris	616
Knapp, Samuel O.	467
Knapp, Mrs. S. O.	615
Knappen, Frank	595
Kneeland & Allison	664
Knerr, Amos	570
Knickerbocker, C. R.	194
Knickerbocker, Mrs. E. L.	151
Knight, Mayor	210
Knight, Florence	198
Knight, Frances	119
Knight, Robert W.	501
Knight, Sophie Howard	179, 180
Kohler, Rev. Father	31
Kohler, A. H.	305
Kopmosee	576
Koppayah	573

L.

Lacey, Oliver B.	306
Lacomas	511
Lacroix, Henry	308
Lacroix, Rose	308
LaDow, Joseph C.	120, 186
Ladd, Flizabeth	305
Ladd, Thomas M.	396
LaFleur, Andrew	193
LaFleur, Delia Louise	193
LaForest, ———	601
Laforge, Louis	486, 502
LaGrave, Edmund	608
Lain, Joseph	509
Lake, Robert	615

Page.

Lamb, C. A. 183
Lamb, Otis 500
Lamb, Roswell 251
Lambert, H. 323
Lambert, Mrs. J. E. 234
Lambie, Francis 308
Lancaster, Columbia 513, 515, 516
Landen, Mary 409
Langley, Albert 216
Langley, Thomas W. 516, 517
Langley, William H. 305
Lankenaw, Prof. 438
Lankenaw, Mrs. F. W. 443
Lanning, Ann 280
Lansdale, Betsey 254
Laperriere, Francois 305
Lapham, Cornelia 406
Larrabee, Mrs. M. S. 206
Laraux, Chas. 506
Larkin, Daniel 618
Larkins, Daniel J. 185
Larned, Sylvester 338
La Salle, —— 503, 601, 602, 610, 668
La Salle, Antoine 671
La Seur, —— 669
Lathrop & McNaughton 209
Latson, Helen 145
Laurent, Joseph 493
Laverty, Alex. 612, 613, 614
Lawrence, Amos 355
Lawrence, Henry N. v, vii, 12, 15, 355
Lawrence, James 357
Lawrence, James H. v, 12, 360
Lawrence, Joseph William 15, 355, 356, 357, 358, 360, 372
Lawrence, Sybil 360
Lawrence & Chapin 226
Leach, Benj. 280
Leach, Mrs. Benj.—Marilla Page 280
Leach, Payne 497
Leach & McLellan 224
Leasia, James A. 452
Lee, Albert 324
Lee, Daniel S. 524
Lee, Geo. L. 664, 665
Lee, John D. 153
Lee, Mrs. Horatio 280
Lee, Leonard 500
Lee, Zekiel 573
Leeland, John M. 515
Lees, Benj. 306
LeDuc, Louis 492
Ledyard, William B. 243, 319
Lefevre, A. N. 541
Lefevre, J. N. 541
Lefler, John 253
Leland, George 556
Leland, Mrs. Sidney 112
Lemon, Jacob 540
Lennon, Mrs. J. 140
Leonard, Emily 299
Leonard, Eunice 123
Leonard, J. M. 117
Leonard, John Milton 123, 124
Leonard, Mrs. John M. 116

Page.

Leonard, Lyman 123
Leonard, Otis W. 299, 300
Leonard, Silas 501
Lephart, —— 576, 580
Lerich, Peter D. 497
Lester, Elizabeth 119
Leutz, Karl 298
Lewis, —— 204, 433, 466
Lewis, Adeline 655
Lewis, Benj. 308
Lewis, Benj. J. 308
Lewis, C. H. 190
Lewis, Eliza 308
Lewis, Jonah R. 119
Lewis, Lucy 190
Lewis, Nicholas 253
Lewis, Mrs. Pershall 595
Lewis, Seth 396
Lewis, Wesley 500
Lewis, W. C. 204
Liebold, John 293
Liebold, Mrs. John 285, 293
Liebold, Michael 293
Light, Edward 305
Light, James P. 501
Lilly, Amos 547
Lilly, William 287
Linabury, Mrs. H. C. 280
Lincoln, President 269
Lincoln, Abraham 6, 121, 127, 381, 558, 563, 568
Lincoln, George 117
Linderman, Caroline 172
Lippincott, J. B. & Co. 163
Little, Col. 447
Little, Frank 540, 561, 595
Little, Henry 546, 548, 586
Little, John T. 525
Little, Norman 445, 447
Little, Robert 489
Little, Wm. T. 501
Livermore, —— 466
Livermore, Mrs. Fidus 616
Livermore, John S. 523
Livingstone, Helen 307
Livingstone, Wm., Sr. 307
Lock, D. R. 172
Lockwood, Mrs. 118
Lockwood, Jeremiah 500
Lockwood, Mrs. John O. 280
Lockwood, Thomas W. 326
Lomasney, Wm. 305
Lone Arm 511
Long, Charles D. 153
Longfellow, —— 641
Longyear, Lois A. 204, 618
Loomis, —— 170, 466
Loomis, Hubbell 513, 514
Loomis, P. B. 615, 618
Loranger, P. B. 260
Lord, —— 466
Lord, Henry W. 307
Lothrop, Emily 408
Lothrop, G. V. N. 153, 338
Lounsberry, Edward 403

Page.

Lounsberry, Lucy 171
Lounsbury, Betsey 450
Lounsbury, Isaac 449
Lounsbury, James 449
Lounsbury, Lewis H. 449, 450
Lounsbury, Lucy A. 450
Louis, Richard 430
Lovell, Judge 152
Lovell, Squire 608
Lovell, Cyrus 577, 607
Loveridge, Mrs. H. C. 219
Low, Julia Maria 301
Low, Spencer F. 301
Lowe, Charles 176
Lowe, Edward 176, 249
Lowe, Eugene 176
Lowe, N. C. 204
Lowe, Peter 33, 175, 176
Lowe, Rachael 176
Lowe, Richard R. 176
Lowe, Near & Co. 175
Lowe, Sayers & Phelps 175
Lowe, Smead & Co. 175
Lowes, Wm. 665
Luce, Gov. 308
Luce, Mrs. Chas. A. 121
Luke, Elisha 251
Lundy, Benjamin 398
Lusk, John 501
Lusk, Wilhelmus 117, 124
Lybrook, Rebecca 350
Lyel, Miss 404
Lyon, Henry 320
Lyon, James D. 246
Lyon, Lucius 599, 607
Lyon, Mary 412
Lyon, May 320
Lyon, Theodatus T. viii
Lyons, Mrs. G. 293

M.

Maas, Mrs. William 297
Mabin, Mrs. John 210
McAlister, James 453
McAllister, Mrs. 595
McAllister, Ira 573
McAllister, John 587
McArdle, Edward 439
McArthur, Duncan 104
Macatawa 106
McBlair, Capt. 636, 637
McBride, Abbie H. 253
McBride, Emma 444
McCamly, Elizabeth Ann 120
McCamly, Sands 120, 574
McCamly & Crary 574
McCarthy, John 525
McCary, —— 245
McCay, John D. 406
McClelland, Robert 636
McCollum, G. B. 261
McColman, John 253
McComb, D. B. 647
McComb, Wm. 647
McCormick, Andrew 443

Page.

McCormick, Andrew V. 437
McCormick, Ann 436
McCormick, Archibald 443
McCormick, Archibald L. 437
McCormick, Elizabeth 436, 443
McCormick, Ellen 436
McCormick, James 436, 443
McCormick, Mrs. James 443
McCormick, James J. 436, 443
McCormick, Mrs. James J. 443
McCormick, John P. 107
McCormick, Owen 306
McCormick, Sarah 436, 437
McCormick, W. R. v, vii, 108, 436
McCoy, Isaac 604, 605
McCoy, Mrs. Isabell 281
McCracken, S. B. vi, 23, 382
McCreery, Wm. B. 152
McCreery, Mrs. Wm. B. 149
McCulloch, H. D. 636, 637
McCullum, Sabina 547
McDonald, Robert 658
McDonall, Col. 43
McDonall, Lieut. Col. 39, 47, 48, 62, 63, 64
McDonall, Jennette A. 118
McDonall, Robert 50, 51, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104
McDougall, —— 658
McDougall, Lieut. 646, 647
McDougall, Mrs. 646
McEldowney, John 154
McEldowney, Mrs. John 154
McElroy, Mrs. Edward 220
McEnterfer, Mr. 517
McFarlane, John 445
McFarlane, Mrs. John 445
McFarland, Hugh 306
McGaffey, Neal 513
McGaffney & Humphreys 607
McGee, Melville 616
McGee, Moses 188
McGee, Wm. 188
McGillivray, Mr. 40
McGillivray, W. 43, 46, 47
McGowan, Mrs. 293
McGowan, Andrew J. 114
McGraw, Mrs. A. C. 307
McGraw, John M. 306
McGraw, Margaret 306
McGraw, Roger 305
McGurk, Eliza 297
McHenry, James 620, 621
McHose, Julia 300
McHose, Will S. 300
McHugh, Susannah 117
McIntosh, Col. 673
Mackintosh, Alexander 38
McIntosh, Angus 621
McIntosh, George 621
MacIntosh, Robert 608
McIntyre, —— 676
Mack, Dr. 260
McKay, Lieut. Col. 83
McKay, Wm. 39

	Page.
McKay, Mrs. Wm.	300
McKinley, Andrew, Sr.	280
McKinney, Mary	252
McKnight, ———	244
McKnight, Sheldon	396
McLauchlin, Dr.	260
McLaughlin, Patrick	297
McLean, ———	466
McMartin, D. D.	215
McMaster, Sarah	215
McMath, Fleming	252
McMillan, James	621
McNair, David A.	590
McNair & Eames	591
McNaughton, Moses A.	467
McNeal, Marie	130
McNeil, Col.	671
McNulty, Thos.	281
Mackie, Oakley, Jennison & Co.	445
McPherson, Mr.	123
McPherson, M. H.	30
McReynolds, A. T.	635
McRoberts & Lowe	175
Madden, Capt.	109
Madison, Mrs. Alzina	247, 248
Madison, Zilpha	193
Magee, George Green	307
Mainzer, Mrs. Simon	243
Mallery, Charles Payson	31
Mallory, William A.	298
Malnight, John	205
Malo, Sisarie	307
Malo, Valentine	307
Malo, Xavier	308
Malone, John	436, 443
Malone, Mrs. John	443
Maltz, George L.	623
Malnight, Mary	618
Manly, Joel W.	497
Mann, Ernest	280
Mann, Horace	564
Mann, Wm.	273
Manning, Gov.	6
Manson, H. S.	106
Manwaring, Joshua	viii
Mapes, Mrs. Caleb	252
Marcotte, Camille	285, 295
Marantette, Frank D.	306
Marantette, Maria Louisa	306
Marean, Josiah	213
Marean, Lizzie	213
Marest, Father	602
Marhoff, Henry	540
Mark, Dr.	255
Markham, Ann A.	185
Markham, Horace	347
Markham, Israel	348
Markham, Samuel	347
Marquette, Father	503, 610, 624
Marquette, Jacques	502
Mars, Thomas	vii
Marskley, Annie	267
Marontate, Antoine	298
Marsac, Captain	493
Marsac, Cecil	443
Marsac, Charles F.	443
Marsac, Daniel	443
Marsac, Francis	493
Marsac, Israel	443
Marsac, Jean	491
Marsac, Jean Baptiste	492
Marsac, Joseph F.	436, 438, 439, 440, 443
Marsac, Mrs. Joseph F.	443
Marsac, Rene	492
Marsh, H.	505
Martin, ———	230
Martin, Miss	658
Martin, Mrs.	654
Martin, Amos	281
Martin, Mrs. Edwin	409
Martin, Elder	141
Martin, Elliot M.	182
Martin, Frank	505, 506
Martin, William	608
Martinez, Madame	404
Martins, Adam	285, 297
Martins, Charles	297
Martins, Henry	297
Martins, John	297
Marvin, ———	466
Marvin, Matthew P.	173
Marvin, Midwell	281
Masey, Geo. A.	281
Masey, Mrs. Geo. A.	281
Mason, Gov.	22, 457
Mason, Charles B.	153
Mason, Edwin	541
Mason, Mrs. Edwin	215
Mason, Henry R.	525
Mason, Jared	153
Mason, Stevens T.	405, 523
Massey, A. E.	517
Masters, ———	664
Masters, Martha C.	135
Masters, Thomas	135
Mather, Uncle	574. 586
Mather, Asher E.	476, 477, 478
Mather, Hiram	654
Mativia, Alex	444
Mativia, Andrew	444
Mativia, Charles	444
Mativia, Joseph	444
Mativia, Mrs. Joseph	444
Mativia, Oliver	444
Matthews, Charles B.	501
Mattoon, Rev. Dr.	321
Maure, Laurent	492
Maxfield, Mrs. J. E.	268
Maxwell, Wm.	500
May, Moses	242
May, Rockwell	546
May, Mrs. Rockwell	547
Mayet, Pierre	493
Maynard, Benajah	501
Maynard, Caroline	253
Maynard, John	333
Maynard, John J.	480
Mayo, George	613
Mead, Amos	524
Mead, Mrs. Henry	281

	Page.
Mead, Josiah	547
Mead, Walter S.	253
Mears, Charles	24
Meek, Wm.	514
Meeks, Rev. Mr.	608
Meldrum, David	501
Meldrum, George, Jr.	501
Meldrum, James	501
Meldrum & Parke	486, 492, 501
Melick, James O.	306
Mellen, Harvey	viii
Mellen, Leander	501
Merrill, R. T.	664, 665
Merrill, Mrs. R. T.	664
Merrill & Allen	665
Merriman, ———	466
Merylees, Sarah	142
Metcalf, Ezekiel	513
Micheals, Williams	253
Mickly, Charles	251
Millar, George Henry	639
Millard, D. E.	473
Millard, J. B.	548
Millard, Orestus	497
Miller, ———	230
Miller, Col.	70, 71, 73
Miller, Judge	11, 13, 29
Miller, Albert	v, vi, viii, 1, 3, 7, 11, 25, 32, 374, 433, 434, 438, 439, 445
Miller, Charles R.	302
Miller, Daniel	495
Miller, E. R.	544
Miller, Henry	524
Miller, Horace	308
Miller, Hugh	567
Miller, Joe	586
Miller, Marietta	112
Miller, Mary	306
Miller, M. B.	595
Miller, Sidney D.	324
Miller, Simon	501
Miller, Mrs. S. W.	198
Miller, Wm.	190, 498
Milliard, Mrs.	273
Mills, E. T.	541, 542
Mills, George	230
Mills, Henry	594
Mills, Warren	230
Milton, Joseph	501
Milton, Robert O.	501
Miner, Mrs. William S.	107
Minton, Wm.	591
Mitchel, John	252
Mitchell, Mrs.	86, 89
Mitchell, Jacob	225
Mitchell, John	609
Mitchell, R. J.	664
Mitchells, Dr.	83, 86
Mitresse, Joseph	491
Moe, John	509
Moiles, Bart	290
Moiles, Catherine B.	290
Moiles, Charles	290
Moiles, George	285, 290
Moiles, James	290
Moiles, John	290
Molthrop, Clark	444
Molthrop, Grannis	444
Monfore, Isaac	498
Monlux, ———	370
Monroe, Freedom	495
Monroe, Haven	592
Monroe, James	38, 51, 52, 53, 64, 66, 96
Monroe, Miss M.	345
Monroe, Rachel	308
Montague, Henry F.	595
Montgomery, Miss	674
Montgomery, Mrs.	674
Montgomery, John	135, 137
Montgomery, T. J.	674
Moody, W. H.	280
Moon, Hiram	547
Moon, Mrs. Stephen	281
Mooney, E. W.	185
Mooney, Geo.	281
Mooney, Geo. W.	185
Moore, ———	658
Moore, Rev. Mr.	659
Moore, A. G.	592
Moore, Allen Y.	219
Moore, Elizabeth	306
Moore, Hiram	555, 556
Moore, Johnny	586
Moore, J. H.	506
Moore, J. Wilkie	v, viii, 304, 307
Moore, Lovell	588
Moore, Orlando H.	215, 217, 218, 219
Moore, Philander	118
Moore, Press	406
Moores, Robert B.	172
Morehouse, Albert F.	v, vi, 1, 180, 471
Morehouse, A. M.	vii
Morehouse, Harvey	33, 176, 177
Morehouse, Lewis C.	480
Morey, Philinda	135, 138
Morey, Platt	138
Morgan, Major	78, 79, 83, 87
Morgan, Mrs. Benjamin	118
Morgan, Hannah	115, 308
Morgan, John	218
Morley, Mary Ann	201
Morris, Judge	260
Morris, B. B.	265
Morris, Benjamin B.	523
Morris, Elizabeth H.	114
Morris, James K.	430
Morris, William	265
Morrison, Patton	467, 614
Morse, Capt.	152
Morse, John	607
Morse, W. R.	157
Morton, Emeline	306
Morton, Eurotus	299
Morton, E. G.	396
Morton, Julius D.	306
Morton, J. Sterling	306
Morton, Maria W.	299
Morton, W. D.	306
Morton, Burch & Co.	324
Morton & Walbridge	324

	Page.
Morton & Wing	324
Moses, Arden	447
Moses, Henry M., Jr.	220
Mosher, B. G.	467
Mosher, Oliver C.	467
Moshier, Isaiah H.	300
Moss, Mrs. I. H.	216
Mossau, ——	575
Mott, Dr.	255
Mower & Webster	591
Mowrey, Wm.	444
Moyers, Henry	500
Mugford, E. T.	ix, 24
Muir, A. C.	36
Mulvaney, Peter	132
Munger, Algernon S.	109
Munger, Curtis	108, 109, 110, 440, 444
Munger, Daniel	396
Munger & Kellogg	221, 590
Munn, Miss	452
Munn, Joseph	472
Munn, Matilda	472
Munroe, Jesse	429
Munroe, Marian	429
Murphy, Eliza	350
Murphy, James	285, 287
Murphy, Michael	306
Murray, Mr.	514
Murray, Albert A.	525
Murray, Elias	348
Murray, George	56, 57, 58, 59, 64, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73
Murray, Mrs. John A.	308
Mussey, Dexter	495
Myers, Miss	487

N.

	Page.
Nantay, Jean Baptiste	491
Napoleon	622
Nash, Abner D.	547
Nash, Charles E.	176
Nau-qua-chic-a-ming	294
Nau-qua-chic-a-ming, George	294
Nau-qua-chic-a-ming, James	285, 294
Neafie, Margaret	116
Neale, Mrs.	117
Neden, Jane Frances	187
Nega	230
Nelson, N. W.	504
Nelson, Richard	501
Nelson, Mrs. S. A.	281
Nelson, Matter & Co.	233
Nevins, Alfred	592
Nevys, Josiah	645
Newark, ——	69
Newkirk, Mrs. Benj.	190
Newkirk, C. C.	515
Newland, George P.	308
Newland, Henry A.	308
Newland, Lucinda Smith	308
Newman, John	587
Newman, Sarah, E.	161
Newman & Rice	473
Newmans, Messrs.	474
Newton, Judge	153
Newton, Luther	514
Nichol, Col.	100
Nicholet, Jean	668, 669
Nichols, Mrs.	191
Nichols, Mr. and Mrs.	406
Nichols, Eliakim	129
Nichols, E. C.	128, 130
Nichols, John	119, 128, 129, 130
Nichols, Sabin M.	546, 547
Nichols, Sally	129
Nichols & Shepard	130, 578
Nicholson, Mrs. Henry	281
Nickerson, Jacob L.	119, 128
Niles, Anthony	430
Niles, Ezekiel	345
Niles, Helen	347
Niles, L. S.	345
Nimecance or Lightning	669
Nixon, Mrs.	251
Nixon, Robert	345, 346
Noble, Mrs. Boardman	248
Noble, Chas. W.	308
Noble, H. S.	260
Noble, W. A.	324
Noble, D., & Co.	324
Noble & Sterling	324
Norris, Mrs. James H.	293
Norris, Mrs. Mark	314
North, Miss	406
North, Isaac Douglass	173
North, Lot	598, 599
Northrop, H. H.	156
Northrop, James	174
Northrup, Rev.	260
Northup, Gen.	674
Norton, John	499
Norton, Maria	185
Noyes, Jas.	606
Noyes, Lorenzo G.	679
Nursey, Walter R.	31
Nusome, Daniel	429
Nye, Heman	500
Nye, Jefferson	500

O.

	Page.
O'Brien, Mrs. Thomas E.	337
Odell, Polly	253
O'Flynn, Cornelius	15
O-ge-ma-bo-no-qua	294
Oglesby, Richard	563
Olcott, Mrs. John	118
Olds, Mr.	520
Olds, S. B.	452
Olds, S. N.	452
Oliver, Elizabeth	548
Oliver, John F.	546, 547
Olliver, Joseph	503, 506
Olmstead, Frederick Law	648
O'Malley, Charles	625, 626
O'Neill, Patrick	205
Onsted, Estien	253
Onsted, Louise	253
Opdyke, Helen	665
Opdyke, R. F.	665
Opdyke & Gardiner	665

	Page.
O'Riley, Sopha	186
Ormsby, Mrs. Philip R. J.	281
Orr, Charles M.	281
Orr, Myron David	301
Osband, Melvin D.	vi, 657
Osborn, Caroline	252
Osborn, David	476, 477, 478
Osborn, Grover	480
Osborn, Jane	177
Osgood, ———	230
Osmun, Gilbert R.	675
Osterhout, Henry	18
Owen, Commodore	59
Owen, Lewis D.	525
Owen, Mrs. Olive	281
Owens, Alonzo H.	viii
Owens, R. W.	452

P.

Packard, Edson	505
Packer, Mary	406
Page, Dr.	515
Page, Mary A.	181
Page, R. Lee	181
Page, Wellington C.	181
Page, Bates & Co.	181
Page & Turney	171
Paige, T.	590
Paine, Capt.	68
Palmer, D. Gibbs	615
Palmer, Miss E. M.	406
Palmer, Mrs. F. A.	208
Palmer, Henry C.	206, 207, 618
Palmer, Oscar	vii
Palmer, Polly	206
Palmer, T. W.	548
Palmer, Thomas W.	153
Palmerlee, Heman	498
Pangborn, Sophia	181
Papineau, Daniel	178
Papineau, Henrietta	178
Papineau, Jeannette	178
Papineau, Sarah L.	178, 179
Pare, Jean Baptiste	491
Park, Edwin	109, 110, 440
Park, Eliza	195
Park, Jason	195
Parke, Judge B.	60
Parke, E. S.	665
Parker, Andrew	348
Parker, D. W.	305
Parker, George	185
Parker, Helen E.	305
Parker, Hiram	432, 433
Parker, James	498
Parker, John M.	608
Parker, Joshua C.	501
Parker, Sarah I.	173
Parker, Warren	vi, 485
Parker, Wm. W.	501
Parkerson, Joseph	109, 110
Parks, Edwin	444
Parks, Mansfield	281
Parks, Moses	449
Parks & Warner	430
Parr, John	281
Parrish, Asa	112
Parrish, Aurelia	113
Parrish, Hannah	112
Parrish, Jennie	112
Parrott, William	187
Parsons, ———	163, 680
Parsons, James M.	118
Parsons, Mrs. Philo	306
Parsons, J. & Co.	590
Partridge, A.	665
Partridge, Mr. and Mrs.	664
Patch, Anthony	206
Patch, Benjamin	206
Patch, George	206
Patch, Gifford	206
Patch, Joseph	206
Patch, Stephen	206
Patenaude, Nicholas	491
Patenaude, Nicholas, Jr.	492
Patenaude, Nicholas, Sr.	492
Patrick, Caroline	408
Patrick, Eliza	408
Patrick, Henry	408
Patrick, J.	590
Patrick, Lydia	408
Patrick, Marcia	408
Patrick, Theodore	408
Patten, Lieut.	673
Patten, Richard	554
Patterson, ———	230
Patterson, Almon	467, 615
Patterson, George	500, 539, 608
Patterson, Mary M.	300
Patterson, George W.	396
Patterson & Benson	590
Paulding, M.	260
Payn, Real	253
Payne, Capt.	57, 69, 85, 92, 100
Payne, Reed	253
Payne, W. H.	651
Payne, Mrs. W. H.	651
Peacock, Nicholas	281
Pearsall, Clark	662
Pearsall, Orlando K.	228, 251
Pearsell, Sally	281
Pearson, Sarah	308
Peck, Ed. W.	523
Peck, George W.	171
Peck, Joseph	651
Peck, O. W.	665
Pee-wy-tum	613
Peltier, Phillis	491
Pelton, Daniel	253
Pelton, James M.	247
Pelton, Phineas D.	501
Penfield, J.	506
Penniman, Mr.	319
Pennington, H. F.	141
Penny, ———	466
Perkins, Ephraim	281
Perkins, Mrs. E.	106
Perkins, George	499
Perkins, Joseph	39

	Page.
Perkins, Reconcile	185
Perrin, Sarah	32
Perrott, Hannah	443
Perrott, John S.	443
Perrott, Osmond	443
Perrott, Patrick J.	434, 435, 439, 443
Perrott, Mrs. P. J.	442
Perrott, Wm.	618
Perry, Mrs. David	300
Perry, Mrs. Geo. R.	246
Perry, Norman	496
Perry, O. H.	38
Perry, William	185
Perry, William W.	205, 206
Petershans, John M.	300
Petit, Jean Baptiste	492
Petit, Louis	491
Pettee, E. N.	147
Pettibone, Col.	344
Pettibone, Anson	496
Pettit, Dumont	480
Pettit, Harvey	476, 477, 478
Pettit, Marshal	480
Phelps, Judge	171
Phelps, Asa	133
Phelps, Chester	120, 133, 134
Phelps, David	449
Phelps, Edward	171
Phelps, Noah	176
Phelps, Wm. H.	281
Phelps & Lowe	175
Phenix, Pierre	491
Phetteplace, Elhanan C.	145
Philbrick, David G.	443
Philbrick, Mrs. David G.	443
Philbrick, Mary	281
Philbrick, Nathan S.	522, 523, 524
Philips, John,	252
Phillips, ———	230
Phillips, Ira	496
Phillips, Jane	281
Phillips, Moses H.	299
Phillips, S. W.	189
Phillips, Wendell	178, 558
Phippany, Henry C.	117
Pickett, Mrs. Marietta	281
Pier, Wm. E.	522, 524
Pierce, Deacon	329
Pierce, President	148, 638
Pierce, Alice	253
Pierce, B. F.	442
Pierce, Benjamin F.	435
Pierce, Catharine H.	207
Pierce, Charles D.	207
Pierce, Charles L.	207
Pierce, Cordelia	442
Pierce, Cyrenus	442
Pierce, C. M.	442
Pierce, Mrs. C. M.	443
Pierce, Daniel M.	442
Pierce, Don. W.	207
Pierce, Frank C.	207
Pierce, George E.	207
Pierce, Harry C.	207
Pierce, Inez L.	207
Pierce, Jeanette	306
Pierce, Jefferson	449
Pierce, John	117
Pierce, John M.	207
Pierce, Mrs. John W.	238
Pierce, Joshua	442
Pierce, Lotta S.	207
Pierce, Mary	442
Pierce, Nathan	442
Pierce, Mrs. Nathan	442
Pierrepont, Judge	232
Pink, E. J.	31
Pitcher, Zana	403
Pitchim, Wm.	252
Pixley, Eliza Salona	113
Pixley, Jonathan	272
Pixley, Polly	272, 281
Platt, ———	658
Pollock, Robt.	281
Pomeroy, Charles H.	445
Pomeroy, Harriet	445
Pomeroy, William	441, 445
Pomeroy, Mrs. Wm.	445
Pond, E. B.	396
Pontiac	603
Pool, Alanson	251
Pope, Elizabeth	186
Pope, Wm. A.	281
Poppleton, Edgar C.	343
Poppleton, Herbert A.	343
Poppleton, O.	v, vi, viii, 1, 3, 262, 284, 340, 341, 342, 343, 619, 623, 638, 641, 646, 649, 660, 662, 663, 665, 667
Poppleton, Wm.	523
Porter, ———	664
Porter, Cass	112
Porter, Charles	112
Porter, Dacon	582
Porter, James	593
Porter, Mrs. J. B.	169, 170
Porter, J. D.	123
Porter, Philo	111, 112, 113
Portland, Peter	481
Portlock, Lieut.	100
Portman, James G.	476, 477, 488
Post, Dr.	665
Post, Eliza	658
Post, Henry	516
Post, Lucy	120, 658
Post, Russell	516
Posyth, Hannah	252
Pothier, Louisant	645
Pothier, Tanpoint	36
Potter, Mrs. David	234
Potter, Liddie	263
Potter, Mrs. McNeil	671
Powell, Mrs.	618
Powell, Abram	498
Powell, E. R.	396
Powell, L. M.	618
Powell, Timothy	118
Power, Abram L.	524
Power, Nathan	522, 524
Powers, ———	620
Powers, Rev. Mr.	659

	Page.
Powers, Henry	516
Powers, J. H.	590
Powers, Russell H.	282
Pratt, Eliza	508
Pratt, Samuel	514
Pratt, S. W.	166
Predmore, Alanson	281
Prentiss, S. S.	401
Presley, Martha	176
Preston, Ira	498
Prevost, George	36, 37, 38, 40, 42, 52
Price, Catherine	307
Price, Charlotte P.	187
Price, John V.	195
Priest, D. S.	500
Prince, Erie	524
Prindle, Mrs. George	220
Pringle, Eugene	vi, 465, 615, 618
Pritchard, B. D.	106
Proctor, ——	604
Proctor, Gen.	670
Proctor, Henry	36, 37, 38
Proctor, John L.	496
Proper, James W.	501
Prouty, Elizabeth	408
Prouty, Loretta	408
Prouty, Martha	408
Pugh, Mary E.	172
Pullen, Henry	305
Pursel, Mrs. Robert	215
Puthoff, Major	83
Putney, M.	506
Putoff, William Henry	89, 90, 93, 94, 95, 96
Purdy, Azem	368
Purdy, Horace	368
Purdy, Ira	368
Purdy, Preston C.	525
Putnam, Hiram	448
Putnam, Joseph	347, 448
Putnam, Polly	347
Putnam, Sally	176
Putnam, Uzziel	347, 348, 352, 353
Putnam, Uzziel, Sr.	v, 347

Q.

	Page.
Quackenboss, Catherine	182
Quick, Joseph	253
Quivey, Mrs. Amasa	210

R.

	Page.
Raby, George	440, 443
Raby, Hannah	440, 443
Raby, John	443
Raby William	440, 443
Rains, G. J.	674
Ramsdell, T. J.	viii
Ramsey, Gov.	332
Ramsey, Jane	305
Randall, Felix	499
Randall, James	502
Randall, M.	665
Rankin, Francis H.	396
Ranney, David H.	208
Ranney, Mrs. D. H.	618
Ranney, Geo. W.	396
Ranney, Peyton	546
Ransford, Sarah	282
Ransom, Judge	280
Ransom, Alexis	592
Ransom, Antoinette	408
Ransom, Arthur	167
Ransom, E.	167
Ransom, Mrs. E.	166
Ransom, Epahhroditus	513
Ransom, Mary	166
Ransom, Reuben	167
Rathbone, ——	230
Rawles, Aaron B.	495
Rawls, Paul W. H.	591
Ray, John A.	306
Raymond, Alva	253
Raymond, Mrs. Geo. E.	250
Raymond, Lucy	307
Raymond, Oliver	517
Raynale, C. M.	665
Raynale, E.	665
Rayner, John	175
Raynor, J. T.	523
Reading, D. L.	285, 288
Reading, Mrs. D. L.	288
Recollet, ——	573, 576, 585
Rector, Parmelia	252
Redfield, Mrs. Benjamin	282
Redpath, James	106
Reed, D. C.	556
Reed, Henry	251
Reed, Nancy	126
Reed, Willard	188
Reeves, ——	451
Reeves, Luther	658
Reid, Whitelaw	621
Reily, E. F.	307
Reily, Francis	307
Reily, Thos. J.	307
Remington, Daniel	500
Remington, Mrs. L. C.	234
Reneau, Antoine	492
Rennie, John J.	305
Renwick, Chas. F.	245
Renwick, John	508
Rexford, Roswell B.	466
Reynolds, ——	466
Reynolds, Chester	665
Reynolds, Jerry	466
Reynolds, Nelson	443
Reynolds, Simon	443
Rhymes, John	117
Riall, Gen.	38
Rice, Caleb	474, 476, 477
Rice, Mrs. C. W.	325
Rice, Edmund	539, 591, 592
Rice, Elias H.	500
Rice, Ellen	408
Rice, Ethan H.	207, 615
Rice, Geo. W.	592
Rice, Gertrude	306
Rice, Jeannette S.	207, 208
Rice, Julia	408
Rice, Mary	408
Rice, Milton	443

Page.

Rice, Samuel 591
Rice, S. A. 591
Rice, Pratt & Gibson 188
Rich, Col. 455
Rich, A. L. 501
Rich, Daniel K. 480
Richards, Adolphus 501
Richards, James 213
Richards, John 252
Richardson, Eunice 119
Richardson, Ezra 291
Richardson, John 43, 46, 47
Richardson, Josiah 500
Richardson, Lloyd Q. 291
Richardson, Origen D. 523
Richardson, Philo B. 300
Richardson, Mrs. Sabra 131
Richardson, Samuel 501
Richardson, Stephen H. 607
Richart, Selinda 514
Richman, Charles H. 293
Richman, Mrs. Chas. H. 285, 293
Richman, Kate 293
Richmond, Cyrus C. 656
Richmond, Matthew 445
Richmond, Mrs. Matthew 445
Rigdon, ——— 630
Riggs, Jeremiah 445, 446
Riley, Mary 618
Ring, Paul B. 202
Ring-Nose 597
Ripley, Ruth 285, 287
Ripley, T. C. 287
Risdon, Orange 503
Risdon, Sally 503
Ritchie, Ann 282
Rivard, Abram 502
Rivard, Antoine 501
Rivard, Jean Baptist 492
Rivard, Leon C. 502
Rivard, Michael 501
Rix, Geo. 592
Rix, Oel 499
Roaraback, Dr. 190
Robar, Wm. 505
Robarge, John 503
Robbins, James 658
Robe, J. T. 607
Robertjean, Fabian 501
Robertjean, Joseph 491, 492
Roberts, Amos 237
Roberts, A. C. 592
Roberts, Charles 36, 97
Roberts, Daniel 119
Roberts, E. J. 396
Roberts, Russell 500
Roberts, Sally Hurd 227, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241
Robertson, John 31
Robertson, Wm. 492
Robinson, Major Gen. 81, 83, 84, 85, 87, 88, 90, 92, 95, 96
Robinson, Mrs. 307
Robinson, Albert 282
Robinson, Bissell 500

Page.

Robinson, Caroline Wetmore 308
Robinson, David G. vii
Robinson, Elisha S. 466
Robinson, Gen. Fred'k 75, 76, 79, 80
Robinson, Henry 136, 139
Robinson, James 282
Robinson, Jane 408
Robinson, J. A. 616, 618
Robinson, Josiah T. 500
Robinson, Rix 231, 232, 571, 576, 591
Robinson, Samuel 139
Rockwell, Benjamin W. 208
Rockwell, Edward 208
Rockwell, Sarah 208
Rockwell, Thomas 208
Rodd, Old Mother 671
Rodney, Cæsar A. 31
Rodney, Thomas 31
Roe, Mr. 431
Roe, Charlotte W. 307
Roe, Emeline 282
Roe, Joe 670
Roe, Joseph 36
Roe, N. J. 170
Roff, Anson 251
Rogers, Dr. 255
Rogers, Mrs. 136
Rogers, Bettie 443
Rogers, David 448
Rogers, Ellen 438
Rogers, Esther 443
Rogers, Hellen 443
Rogers, Hial 443
Rogers, Hial B. 438
Rogers, Jacob V. 107
Rogers, John A. 438, 443
Rogers, Mrs. Leonard 618
Rogers, Peter L. 438, 443
Rogers, Thomas 438, 443
Rogers, Mrs. Thomas 438, 443
Rogers, Thomas A. 438
Roland, Henry 430
Rolette, Joseph 40
Roller, Mrs. John P. 119
Rood, Charles C. 244, 245
Rood, Charles Conant 228
Rood, Chas. F. 245
Roof, John 118
Root, ——— 466
Root, Edmond 106
Root, Mrs. J. L. 220
Root, John M. 616
Roraback, Amanda 137
Rose, Mrs. Calvin 282
Rose, Harry 117
Rose, James H. 500
Rose, John 500
Rose, John F. 282
Rosebrook, James W. 215
Rosenberg, Mrs. John 247, 248
Rosenkrans, Aaron 509
Rosenkrans, John 509
Rosenkrans, Joseph 509
Rosenkrans, Levi 509
Ross, Mrs. John 247

	Page.
Ross, Susanna	298
Roul, Elizabeth	507
Rounds, Caroline	251
Rouse, A. F.	175
Rouse, John, Jr.	175
Rouse, John, Sr.	175
Rouse & Lee	664
Routher, Leon	307
Rowe, Joseph	491
Rowley, Benjamin	118, 125
Rowley, Byron C.	207
Rowley, Fred A.	125
Rowley, Nathan	497
Rowley, Norton B.	307
Rowley. William	125
Rowlson, Harvey B.	396
Rudolph, Sarah	251
Ruggles, Alonzo	113
Ruggles, Charles	113
Ruggles, Edward W.	113
Ruggles, Esther	113
Ruggles, Eugena	113
Ruggles, Henry J.	113
Ruggles, James	111, 113
Ruggles, J. Francis	113
Ruggles, N. Byron	113
Rulison, Cornelius E.	146, 157, 158
Russell, Col.	85
Russell, Alfred	338, 339
Russell, Frank	595
Russell, Jason	590
Russell, Joseph	30
Russell, Thomas R.	548
Russell, Mrs. T. R.	215
Russell, Mrs. Will	226
Rutson, Wm.	307
Ryan, Hiram	618
Ryan, John	118
Ryder, Prof.	304

S.

	Page.
Sackett, Lemuel	494
Sackett, Marilla	195
Sage, Sarah M.	117
Sagendorph, Mrs. Jacob	187
Sager, George	547
Saig, Elizabeth	216
St. Aubin, Francis	491
St. Barnard, Alex	626, 636
St. Clair, Commodore	670
St. Clair, Arthur	620, 621
St. John, James B.	500
St. Laurent, Jean Baptiste	492
Salliger, Francis	184
Sammons, Arthur N.	210, 211
Sammons, Cora E.	211
Sammons, Cornelius	210
Sammons, J. F.	618
Sammons, Joseph F.	209, 210, 211
Sammons, Mary L.	210
Sanburn, Mary Higbee	595
Sanburn, Rosa A.	595
Sanders, Ann W.	299
Sanders, Joel D.	117
Sanders, John A.	494
Sanford, Acel	252
Sangster, Rev. Mr.	476
Santee, Thomas	31
Sargeant, ——	230
Satherwait, Samuel	253
Satterlee, Mary	506
Satterlee, Samuel	523
Savery, Asahel	514
Savory, Mr.	519
Sawtelle, Z. T.	117
Sawyer, Mr.	515
Sawyer, Alfred Isaac	254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 321
Sawyer, Asahel	516
Sawyer, Charles	260
Sawyer, Mrs. Charles	260
Sawyer, Dorothy	254
Sawyer, James	260
Sawyer, Stephen	254
Sawyer, Walter	260
Sayers, Mrs. Cooper	203
Sayles, Douglas	440
Sayles, D. G.	443
Sayles, Mrs. D. G.	443
Scammon, Minerva	168
Schlosser, Ensign	603
Schoolcraft, H. R.	640
Schoolcraft, Mrs. H. R.	640
Schoonhoven, Nicholas	509
Schmidt, Aug.	504
Schmidt, John W.	305
Schultz, A. M.	117
Schuyler, Sarah H.	118
Schwartz, Mrs. Theodore	297
Scott, Gen.	673
Scott, Andrew	444
Scott, A. H.	539
Scott, C. W.	260
Scott, David	496
Scott, Henry. Sr.	444
Scott, Mrs. Henry	444
Scott, Mrs. H. A.	270
Scott, Henry J., Jr.	444
Scott, Mrs. Joseph	119
Scott, Rhoda Sweet	595
Scott, Silas	500
Scott, Mrs. W. J.	273
Scout, Priscilla	117
Scudder, Emma	595
Seage, Florence	3, 11
Seaman, Julia Maria	301
Seaman, Rensselaer	501
Sears, Peter	509
Sears, Mrs. Peter	509
Sebring, Lewis	282
Secord, Isaac	509
Seely, J. O.	595
Seelye, Mrs. Abel	161
Selden, David	237, 238
Selden, Henry M.	237
Selkrig, S. K.	590
Servis, Wm.	282
Sessions, Mr.	183
Sessions, Fanny Ealoner	145

Page.

Severance, R. A. 505
Seward, ——— 6
Seward, Secretary 568
Seward, William H. 211
Seymour, Eliza 539
Seymour, Maria L. 264
Seymour, Rodney 593, 608
Seymour, Mrs. R. 608
Shaddock, Andrew 430
Shaffer, Alcy J. ix
Shaffer, George T. vii, ix
Shafter, Hugh 572
Shafter, J. Newton 539
Shank, Ella W. 2
Sharbaguay, George 106
Shattuck, Daniel 501
Shattuck, Samuel 501
Shaver, ——— 596
Shaver, Abram I. 606
Shaw, Birney 146
Shaw, Caroline A. 172
Shaw, Ellis 142
Shaw, George 606
Shaw, Henry A. 33, 136, 141, 142
Shaw, Jacob 172
Shaw, James 144
Shaw, Mary Ann ix
Shaw, Marvil 500
Shaw, Mrs. M. B. 535
Shaw, Sophia 113
Shaw & Chandler 225
Sheafe, Roger H. 37
Shear, John 282
Sheers, John B. 430
Sheldon, A. J. 590
Sheldon, Chas. A. 590, 592
Sheldon, Harriet 252
Sheldon, John P. 396
Sheldon, Martha 408
Sheldon, Thomas C. 599, 607, 612
Sheldon, T. P. 591
Sheldon, Theodore P. 607
Sheldon, Lyon & Burdick 599
Shepard, Mr. 21
Shepard, David 129
Shepard, Warren 134
Shepherd, Lieut. 100
Shepherd, Mrs. Arian 136, 140, 141
Shepherd, Mrs. James 139
Sherman, ——— 466
Sherman, Caroline S. 117
Sherman, Emeline 215
Sherman, Hiram 498
Sherwood, Heber 579
Sherwood, L. M. 3, 23, 30
Sherwood, M. C. 106
Sherwood, Thomas R. 557
Shether, Wm. 282
Shetterly, Henry 500
Shierson, James 253
Shiveley, Andrew J. 179
Shoemaker, Bowen Wisner 213
Shoemaker, J. P. viii
Shoemaker, Lucy 408
Shoemaker, Margaret Winifred 213

Page.

Shoemaker, Michael viii, 1, 3, 13, 14, 15, 104, 211, 213, 467, 615, 618
Shoemaker, Sarah Wisner 211, 212, 213
Shoff, Abijah 429
Shook, Peter L. 502
Shumway, Mrs. David A. 616
Shutes, J. R. 664
Sibley, Alvah 497
Sibley, Henry Hastings v, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333
Sibley, Maria 187
Sibley, Mark H. 134
Sibley, Solomon 329
Sill, Dr. 591
Sill, Joseph 591
Sillimon, Judge 232
Silsbee, Calvin 209
Simmons, Cyrus B. 501
Simmons, Michael 118
Simons, B. F. 346
Simonson, Alvin D. 282
Simonson & Merrill 664
Sinclair, Mrs. 434
Simpson, Thomas 382, 440, 444
Sipley, Mae 15
Sissins, Wm. 160
Skerrett, Mrs. Robt. 117
Skinner, Adolphus 429
Skinner, Mrs. John 159
Slaght, Mathias 283
Slate, Lt. 100
Slater, Leonard 604
Slaughter, Mr. & Mrs. 595
Slaughter, W. A. 674
Slayton, Mrs. 234
Slayton, J. A. 253
Sloat, Mary B. 185
Slyfield, A. J. 506
Smead, Dr. 665
Smith, ——— 466
Smith, Col. 580
Smith, Dr. 665
Smith, Mr. 440, 505
Smith, Mrs. 115
Smith, Aaron 439, 444
Smith, Addison 554
Smith, Alexander 548
Smith, Allen 596
Smith, Betsey A. 618
Smith, Chas. B. 227, 232, 233
Smith, Chauncey C. 185
Smith, Edward 598
Smith, Elisha 500
Smith, Eunice 123
Smith, Mrs. E. L. 541
Smith, Mrs. E. R. 202
Smith, Frank H. 117
Smith, Geo. H. 651
Smith, Geo. W. 297
Smith, Henry 253
Smith, H. C. 106
Smith, Henry R. 651
Smith, Henry T., Sr. 547
Smith, Hosea 444
Smith, Hyrum 629
Smith, Ira vi, 547, 595, 596, 597, 598, 600

	Page.
Smith, Isabella A.	211
Smith, I. N.	296
Smith, Jacob	147
Smith, James H.	186
Smith, Joe	440
Smith, John	608
Smith, Joseph	629, 630, 631, 632, 633
Smith, Julia	285, 296
Smith, Louisa	408
Smith, Lydia Brown	651
Smith, M.	664
Smith, Mrs. M.	664
Smith, Mary D.	651
Smith, Mary J.	176
Smith, Niles F.	514, 517
Smith, Peter	209
Smith, Phoebe	215
Smith, Prudence	408
Smith, Thaddeus	554
Smith, Thaddeus G.	152
Smith, William	282, 285, 286, 287, 630, 651
Smith, Wm. H.	176, 618
Smith, Winfield L.	324
Smith, Aaron & Son	664, 665
Smith & Co.	590
Snell, Kezia	164
Snow, Capt.	504
Snow, Alpheus	216
Snow, David W.	209
Snow, Jas. T.	618
Snow, Mrs. Jas. T.	618
Snow, Polly M.	117
Snow & Hunt	665
Snyder, Mrs. Lewis	618
Snyder, Sarah A.	283
Socier, Baptiste	493
Socier, Etienne	492
Socier, Joseph	492
Solomon, ———	97
Soule, Cynthia Carter	131
Soule, Geo. H.	131
Soule, Harrison	131
Soule, Isaac	131
Soule, Lester	131
Southard, W. B.	147
Southworth, E. N.	119
Spafford, Mary E.	252
Spalding, H. H.	452
Spear, Moses G.	282
Spencer, D. B.	505
Spencer, George	140
Spencer, Mrs. George	139
Spencer, Immanuel	300
Spencer, Ira	497
Spencer, Job	118
Spencer, J. C.	590
Spencer, John C.	134
Spencer, Mrs. M. J.	282
Spencer, Samuel B.	498
Spicer, Nathan	534, 535
Sprague, Dr.	591
Sprague, Ebenezer	269
Sprague, E. J.	618
Sprague, Mrs. Ferdinand	406
Sprague, Henry	283
Sprague, J. W.	658
Sprague, Roger	263, 282
Sprague, Roger, Jr.	263
Sprague, Mrs. Roger, Jr.	263
Sprague, Sarah	658
Sprague, Wm.	591
Spratt, William H.	213, 214
Spring, Fred	250
Spring, Henry	228, 250
Spring, Mrs. Henry	250
Spring, Willard S.	250
Sproat, Ebenezer	329
Squanda, John	294
Squier, Hiram	494, 498
Squier, Nathaniel	498
Stamm, Benj. F.	ix, 30
Stanlake, Robt.	282
Stanley, Alice	162
Stanley, Clara	162
Stanley, Emily	162
Stanley, Eugene	162
Stanley, Fred	162
Stanley, Hamilton	162
Stanley, Irene	162
Stanley, Jessie	162
Stanley, Millie	162
Stanley, Minnie	162
Stanley, Oliver	146, 161
Stannard, David	662
Stanton, ———	466
Stark, Aaron	282
Starker, D. F.	295
Starkey, Dr.	591
Starkey, Henry	396, 539
Starkey, Lewis	535
Starkey, Lewis C.	540
Starks, Eliz.	282
Starks, Jane	429
Starkweather, Dr.	591
Starkweather, James	495
Starkweather, Sarah C.	408
Starkweather, Sarah E.	408
Starr, ———	662
Starr, Calvin H.	v, vi, 298, 513, 517
Steadman, E. C.	402
Stealy, Genevieve	1, 3, 12, 15, 23
Stealy, John J.	3, 23, 30
Stearns, Mrs. Willard	112
Stebbins, Mrs.	303
Stebbins, C. B.	v, vii, 1, 12, 168
Steele, Edward	521, 522, 524
Steere, Judge	639
Steffy, A.	512
Steinrod, Senator	457
Stephens, Capt.	85, 92
Stephenson, ———	305
Stephenson, Dr.	255
Stepson, Andrew	252
Sterling, Azariah	500
Sterling, Frank S.	325
Sterling, Joe C.	325
Sterling, Joseph Marvin	v, 3, 33, 321, 322, 323, 324
Sterling, Walter P.	325
Sterling, Wm. C.	325
Stevens, Abner	501

Page.

Stevens, A. C. 148
Stevens, Ebenezer G. 525
Stevens, Elizabeth 148
Stevens, Hannah 306
Stevens, Horace 494
Stevens, Jerome P. 547
Stevens, L. F. 593
Stevens, L. P. 594
Stevens, Mary P. 200
Stevens, Sherman 148, 523, 666
Stevens, Walter G. 516
Stevens, Willard 658
Stewart, Dr. 591
Stewart, Alexander 38
Stewart, A. C. 516
Stewart, Mrs. E. M. S. vi, 30, 458
Stewart, George 305
Stewart, Harvey L. & Bro. 514
Stewart, John 422, 525
Stewart, Lizzie 124
Stewart, Mary 229
Stewart, William H. 590
Stickney, David 500
Stiles, Margaret 106
Stiles, Minerva 187
Still, Andrew 500
Stillwell, Lavina 457
Stimson, John 215
Stimson, M. M. 539
Stirling, David 140
Stitt, Mrs. A. W. 190
Stocklander, Mrs. August 297
Stockton, John 490
Stockton, Thomas B. W. 146, 156, 157
Stockwell, Madden 415, 416, 417
Stone, Dr. 414, 415
Stone, Dr. & Mrs. 407
Stone, Aaron 500
Stone, Charles 234, 235
Stone, Chas. S. 618
Stone, David 499
Stone, Mrs. Henry Barnes 228
Stone, Mrs. Henry G. Barnes 250, 251
Stone, Isaac 500
Stone, Joseph 227, 234
Stone, J. A. B. 591, 592
Stone, Mrs. J. A. B. 592
Stone, Mrs. L. H. vi. 409, 410, 411
Stone, Normandus A. 235
Stone, Solomon 444
Stone, Mrs. Solomon 444
Stone, Zelotes 500
Storer, Albert 155
Storer, Eben 146, 154, 155
Storer, George 155
Storey, —— 466
Storey, W. F. 396
Stork, Jacob 306
Storrs, L. C. 31
Story, Judge 229
Stoughton, A. J. 450
Stoughton, Dillucena 449, 450
Stoughton, E. V. 449
Stoughton, Sophrona 450
Stout, Sarah 252

Page.

Strang, Charles J. 628
Strang, James J. vi, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 634, 635, 636, 637
Strand, Almira 184
Straight, Zachariah 658
Strane, John W. 673
Strass, Julius 241
Strattan, Jonathan F. 513
Straus, Henrietta 241
Strectch, Jesse 253
Streeter, J. B. 106
Strickland, —— 432
Strickland, J. 518
Striker, Daniel 30
Striker, Sarah E. 30
Strong, Caroline M. 237
Strong, John v, 3, 23, 321
Strong, T. A. 260
Stroup, Daniel 499
Stroup, George 499
Stroup, Jacob 499
Stuart, David R. 216
Stuart, Elizabeth 215, 216, 217
Stuart, Elizabeth H. 548
Stuart, George 216
Stuart, Gilbert 216
Stuart, Mary 408
Stuart, Merissa 408
Stuart, Robert 644
Stuart & Miller 591
Stubbs, Micheal 508
Sturgis, David 517
Sturgis, John 222, 513, 516, 517, 518, 519
Sturman, Wm. 282
Sulley, Z. L. 283
Sullivan, Mrs. Daniel 651, 652
Sullivan, Mary 305
Sumner, —— 466
Sumner, John 215
Sunday, Margaret 287
Surles, John W. 305
Sutfin, Louisa 206
Sutherland, Donald 439, 443
Sutherland, William 292
Sutton, Benjamin 507, 508, 510, 512
Sutton, George vi, 507, 509, 511
Sutton, Nathan 508, 509
Swan, Dr. 591
Swan, Horace 521
Swan, Robert T. 31
Swart, W. J. 117
Swayze, Deacon 598
Sweet, Martin L. 250
Sweet, Mrs. M. L. 228
Sweet, Mrs. Martin L. 250
Sweet, Wm. H. 118
Swick, John G. 187
Swift, C. C. 119
Swift, John M. 658
Swift, Marcus 659
Swift, Mary 193
Swift, Orson R. 658
Swift, Polly 193
Swift, Theodosius 193
Swift & Lockwood 289

	Page.
Swing, Prof.	410
Sykes, Joseph	500
Sykes, Richard	220

T.

Tabor, Susannah	185
Taft, ———	579
Taft, Aden	500
Talbot & Co.	517
Talcott, Eunice K.	182
Tallman, Capt.	675
Tallman, Aaron	540
Talmadge, Mrs. J. S.	252
Tascol, P. J.	186
Tate, Eliza	445
Tate, Mary	445
Tate, Peter	443
Tate, Mrs. Peter	443
Taylor, Mr.	611
Taylor, Surgeon	675, 676
Taylor, Andrew	590
Taylor, Mrs. Cyrus	547
Taylor, C. V.	267
Taylor, Edward	594
Taylor, Elias	513, 514
Taylor, Henry W.	134, 135
Taylor, James	590
Taylor, Mrs. James R.	118
Taylor, John	270
Taylor, Jonathan B.	452
Taylor, N. W.	232
Taylor, Mrs. Rodman	252
Taylor, Mrs. Wm. G.	267
Taylor, W. M.	252
Tecumseh	604
Teft, ———	214
Teller, John	500
Tennant, W. S.	292
Tenney, Harriet A.	viii, 1, 14, 15, 32, 104, 406
Tenney, Jesse Eugene	30, 33, 171, 406
Thackery, Mrs.	544
Thayer, Artemas	149
Thayer, John	521, 522, 524
Thayer, Nancy S.	176
Thayer, Simeon	187
Thomas, Eliza	408
Thomas, George W.	345
Thomas, Jacob	491
Thomas, John	270, 283
Thomas, Joseph E.	467
Thomas, W. H.	595
Thompson, Major	672
Thompson, Mrs.	672
Thompson, E. F.	430
Thompson, James	500
Thompson, Maurice	32
Thompson, Nathaniel	501
Thompson, Oren C.	672
Thompson, William D.	467
Thorington, James	495
Thorn, J. L.	618
Thorne, Jonathan O.	106
Throop, Gov.	317
Thurber, Daniel D.	265
Thurber, Horace C.	265, 283
Thurber, Lizzie	265
Thurman, Judge	302
Thurman, Mrs.	302
Thurston, George	33, 216, 222, 223, 224, 517, 519, 520, 521, 611
Thurston, Matilda J.	223
Thurston, Samuel B.	222
Thurston, Valorus F.	506
Thwing, Dr.	567
Tibbals, Mr.	665
Tibbits, Allen	514, 609
Tibbits, George	522
Tiffany, ———	466
Tiffany, Bennett	118
Tiffin, Edward	vi, 660, 661, 662
Tift, George W.	504
Tift, John	255
Tilden, Samuel J.	232
Tillaman, Huldah	143
Tillotson, Jeremiah	609
Tinkham, Frederick	233
Tinkham, John F.	233, 234
Tinkham, Mattie M.	227, 233
Tisdale, Henry	467
Toby, H. D.	548
Todd, A. M.	515
Todd, Elizabeth	186
Todd, John R.	198
Todd, Samuel	184, 187
Togush	511, 512
Toker, Sophronia	185
Toland, Robert S.	299
Toll, Charles P.	260
Toll, Isaac D.	v, vii, 145
Toll, Nancy D.	261
Toll, Phillip R.	261, 517
Tolman, Experience	120
Toms, M. M.	664
Tompkins, Daniel D.	356
Tompkins, J. B.	609
Tomlinson, J. B.	618
Tomlinson, Joseph B.	614
Tomlinson, W. A.	590, 592
Tonti	610, 669
Toole, Mr.	609
Torrence, Mrs. S. J.	159
Torrey, Mrs.	204
Torrey, Charles	273, 283
Torrey, George	vi, 316, 538, 540, 545, 548, 561, 588
Torrey, Mrs. George	409
Torrey, Luther	215
Totten, Chauncey	283
Totus, E. P.	227
Tower, David J.	449
Towers, Maria Douglass	547
Town, S. P.	474
Town, Samuel P.	476, 477, 478
Towne, Nora	1, 14
Townley, Anson	466
Townley, Nicholas	466
Townley, Richard	466
Townsend, Sergt.	674
Townsend, Abram	348

	Page.
Townsend, Alice E.	161
Townsend, Andrew	161
Townsend, Azariah	300
Townsend, Emilie	161
Townsend, Fannie E.	166
Townsend, Gamaliel	352
Townsend, George W.	166
Townsend, Goodenough	vi, 15, 161, 453
Townsend, Mrs. Goodenough	146, 166
Townsend, Hattie M.	166
Townsend, Hiram	161
Townsend, Isaiah	160
Townsend, James	161
Townsend, John	498
Townsend, Maria	283
Townsend, Melancthon	166
Townsend, Polly	160
Townsend, Rebecca	161
Townsend, Reuben F.	166
Townsend, Thomas O.	146, 160, 161
Townsend, William F.	166
Townsend, W. H.	161
Townsend, W. S.	166
Tracy, Mr.	227
Tracy, Addison	246
Tracy, Mary T.	246
Trask, Hannah	408
Trask, L. H.	593, 594
Trask, Luther H.	539, 606
Trask, Mrs. Luther H.	215
Trask, Polly	347
Treadwell, Seymour B.	466
Tremaine, Elizabeth	298
Tremble, Ambrose	493
Tremble, Francis	491
Tremble, Michael	492
Tripler, Dr.	673
Tripler, C. S.	674
Tripp, A. A.	288
Tromble, Abbie	442
Tromble, Adeline	442
Tromble, Ann	435, 442
Tromble, Mrs. Benjamin	442
Tromble, Benoit	435, 442
Tromble, Mrs. Benoit	442
Tromble, David	442
Tromble, Elizabeth	436, 442
Tromble, James	442
Tromble, Mrs. Job	442
Tromble, Joseph	435, 442
Tromble, Mrs. Joseph	442
Tromble, Joseph, Jr.	442
Tromble, Julia	442
Tromble, Leon	433, 435, 436, 443
Tromble, Mrs. Leon	443
Tromble, Leon, Jr.	435, 442
Tromble, Leon, Sr.	435, 442
Tromble, Lois B.	442
Tromble, L. L.	442
Tromble, Louis L.	435
Tromble, Lucy	435
Tromble, Medor	436, 437
Tromble, Mrs. Medor	443
Tromble, Richard	442
Tromble, Sarah	442
Tromble, Sylvester	436, 443
Tromble, Theodore	442
Trombley, ——	110
Trowbridge, Charles	431
Trowbridge, C. C.	135
Trowbridge, R. E.	665
Trowbridge, Silas	608
Trowbridge, Stephen V. R.	11
Trudell, Benj.	443
Trudell, John	443
Trudell, Mrs. John	443
Trudell, John, Jr.	443
Trudell, Mellissa	443
True, Samuel	548
Truesdall, S. W.	517
Trufant, Emery	494
Trumbull, ——	586
Trumbull, David D.	466
Tryon, Miss	408
Tuckaman, ——	573
Tucker, Catherine	491
Tucker, Charles	489, 491
Tucker, Mrs. D. R.	664
Tucker, Edward	489, 491
Tucker, Ellen	408
Tucker, Henry	489
Tucker, Jacob	489, 491
Tucker, John	489, 490, 491
Tucker, Joseph	488
Tucker, Laura	283
Tucker, Luther	408
Tucker, Mary A.	184
Tucker, William	487, 488, 489, 491
Tucker & Dorr	8
Turck, Wm. S.	30
Turnbull, David	215
Turner, Mrs.	429
Turner, Arron B.	248, 395
Turner, Chester B.	248
Turner, Christina	226
Turner, Eunice	228, 247, 248
Turner, Frank	226, 227
Turner, Isaac	247, 248
Turner, Mrs. James	345
Turner, Jesse	vi, 226, 570, 587
Turner, J. M.	345
Turner, Joel W.	226
Turner, Kate	226
Turner, Lloyd Nelson	168
Turner, Martin	226, 227
Turney, Tracy	107
Turner, White & Co.	226
Turner, Willard S.	248
Turner, Wm. J.	227
Turrell, John R.	495
Tuthill, ——	585
Tuthill, Burr	618
Tuttle, J. B.	616
Tuttle, Nelson	181
Tuttles, Ralph	586
Twamley, Benjamin	9
Twiss, J. S.	183
Tylee, Sarah	208
Tyler, Deacon	479, 480
Tyler, Caroline	472

Page.

Tyler, Dean M. Jr. 472
yler, Dean M. Sr. 472, 475
yler, Elizabeth 472
Tyler, Isaac E. 472
Tyler, James 449
Tyler, Laura 472
Tyler, Mary 472
Tyler, Noah 264
Tyler, Phebe 472
Tyler, Sarah 472

U.

Ulmer, C. D. 148
Underwood, Celestia E. 546
Underwood & Foster 590
Updyke, Anson 184
Updyke, Emily 214
Upton, Sally 127
Ure, Andrew 446
Utley, Ephriam 431

V.

Vail, Ellen 658
Valentine, Dr. 255
Valentine, E. H. 664
Valler, Edmond 283
Van Auken, P. Anna 172
Van Buren, A. D. P. v, vi, viii, 1, 5, 15, 20, 21, 104, 134. 226, 312, 317, 326, 328, 333, 397, 518, 534, 540, 545, 548, 561, 570, 588, 592, 594, 595, 597, 600, 605, 608.
Vanderbilt, ——— 424
Vander Bogart, Abraham 466
Vanderpool, ——— 280
Van Dusen, Dr. 665
Van Fossen, Abby 658
Van Houten, ——— 664
Van Order, Louisa 194
Van Platten, F. B. 506
Van Raalte, Mr. 592
Van Syckle, Wm. K. 283
Van Tiffin, Peter 146, 164
Vantyne, Mrs. Peter 283
Van Vleet, Mrs. Jared 147
Van Vlick, Harriet 215
Van Vranken, ——— 579
Van Wirt, Mrs. 326
Van Wyck, Frances 221
Van Wyck, Mrs. F. C. 409
Van Zanten, Mrs. K. 106
Vaughn, ——— 466
Vendere, Mary 408
Vernier, Jean Baptiste 491
Vestal, Nathan 119
Vet, C. M., Sr. 307
Videto, James 466
Viets, Oliver P. 118
Vickery, Stephen 570, 606, 608
Voorheis, Chas. A. 506
Voorheis, Isaac 506
Voorheis, Jacob 506
Vosburg, Sarah B. 108
Vradenberg, Philo 539

W.

Page.

Wade, Havilah 500
Wade, Marcus 618
Wadsworth Brothers 355
Wager, Daniel E. 31
Waite, Morrison R. 232
Wakefield, Daniel B. 523
Wakeman, Isaac V. 186
Walbridge, D. S. 590
Waldo, Dr. 665
Waldo, J. B. 452
Waldo, J. W. 452
Waldron, Richard 253
Waldron, Wm. B. 192
Waldron, Mrs. Z. W. 207
Walker, C. I. 264, 308, 338
Walker, D. C. 30
Walker, Emiline 161
Walker, E. C. 264, 308
Walker, Fergus 675
Walker, Henry F. 525
Walker, Mrs. Hiram 148
Walker, J. B. 505
Walker, Mrs. J. L. 539
Walker, Mrs. John 541
Walker, Levi 153
Walker, Mary D. 305
Walker, Samel S. vii
Walker, Walter 161
Walker, William 615
Walker, Wm. H. 618
Wall, A. A. 161, 167
Wall, Bridgett 198
Wall, Chester 466
Wall, Mrs. Wm. 117
Wallace, Andrew C. 283
Wallace, Mrs. James 283
Walldorf, F. 260
Wallingford, Mr. 611
Walsh, James 306
Walter, Caroline E. S. 120
Walter, J. A. 590
Walters, Tamar 608
Walton, Isaac 641
Walton, J. 665
Walton, P. J. 273
Walton, Mrs. P. J. 273
Wansey, Mrs. 440, 445
Ward, Alanson 174
Ward, Charles 306
Ward, Olive P. 174
Ward, Sarah 306
Ward, Thos. 283
Wardwell, Granville 594
Wareham, Philip 252
Warner, A. L. 522
Warner, Eva 117, 125
Warner, Gustavus 214
Warner, Harriet T. 118
Warner, Iddo 497
Warner, Maria 214
Warner, P. D. vi, 521, 525
Warner, Philura 408
Warner, Reuben 500
Warner, Robert 500

	Page.
Warner, Sam	26
Warner, Seth A. L.	523, 524
Warner, William	500
Warren, ——	620
Warren, Abel	498
Warren, Perry,	283
Wartenberg, Mrs. C.	293
Warwick, Richard	502
Washburn, Minister	302
Washburne, Albert H.	268
Washburne, George D.	268
Washburne, Lodema	267, 283
Washburne, William	267
Washington, President	620
Washington, George	371, 654
Waterbury, Archibald	283
Waterman, W. A.	595
Waters, Mrs.	148
Waters, Robert	260
Watkins, Philinda	185
Watson, Mrs. C.	253
Watson, Thos.	506
Watson, Samuel J.	446
Watson, Wingfield	632
Watson, W. R.	591
Wattles, Prudence	216
Watts, J. W.	658
Watz, Constantine	285, 295, 296
Waugh, Mrs. Charles	283
Wayne, Gen.	604
Weare, John	107
Weare, John, Jr.	107
Weatherwax. Eliza P.	187
Weaver, Elijah	183
Weaver, Sarah	408
Webb, Catherine Hall	145
Webb, Dr.	586
Webber, Mrs.	345
Webber, Betsey	vi, 3, 428
Webber, Israel	306
Webber, Parker	430
Webster, ——	231
Webster, Major	500
Webster, Claudius B.	119, 123
Webster, Daniel	219, 544, 568
Webster, Edward	408
Webster, Sarah	355
Weed, Rev. Mr.	659
Weed, Elias	325
Weed, Mrs. J. E.	172
Weed, Thurlow	395
Weightman, Dr. G. R.	215
Weiss, Julius	260
Welch, William H.	187
Weller, Elisha	501
Wells, ——	462
Wells, Mr.	662
Wells, Charles	497
Wells, H. G.	591, 592
Wells, James M.	251
Wells, Jonathan	135, 138
Wells, Wm. H.	325
Wells, Wm. P.	308, 338
Welmerd, Mary	307
Welsh, Mary	185
Wendell, Cornelius	396
Wentworth, Alexander	636, 637
Wesson, Leonard	151
Wesson, Wm. B.	305
West, Elizabeth	119
West, George	430
Weston, Richard	506
Wetmore, Edward A.	307
Wetmore, Mary E.	270
Wheat, Hiram	119
Wheaton, Emeline E.	175
Wheaton, U. D.	227
Wheeland, Mrs.	232
Wheeland, George W.	231
Wheeler, Elizabeth	112
Wheeler, Emily Ann	174
Wheeler, I. P.	618
Wheeler, Morris	284
Wheeler, Nehemiah	184
Whipple, ——	596
Whipple, Abraham	329
Whitcher, Bert	120
Whitcomb, Luke H.	111
Whitcomb, Simon	347
White, Mrs.	117
White, Rev. Mr.	593
White, Andrew D.	232
White, Elihu	501
White, George H	228
White, James	608
White, James H.	30
White, Maria	117
White, M. Augustus	525
White, Oliver K.	viii
White, Orrin	613
White, Mrs. Patrick	307
White, Peter	viii
White, Samuel	547
White, Wm.	283
White, W. E.	608
White, William E.	226
White, Zebine	253
White & Turner	590
Whitehead, A.	665
Whitehill, Mary	307
Whitehill, Wm.	307
Whitford, Mariette	128
Whiting, Henry	448
Whiting & Hildreth	590
Whitmore, Gideon O.	523
Whitney, Abel	31
Whitney, George L.	396
Whitney, Isaac	499
Whitney, Jesse	499
Whitney, John	499
Whitney, Newton	187
Whitney, Samuel	499
Whitney, Stebbins	540
Whitten, Gilman	145
Whittet, ——	574
Whitwell, ——	466
Wickham, Charles	292, 293
Wickham, John	293
Wickham, Reuben	293
Wicks, Samuel B.	146, 155, 156

	Page.
Wicks, William	677, 678
Widden, David	300
Wight, Lyman	630
Wilber, James L.	525
Wilber, Sylvanus	180
Wilcox, Dr.	438
Wilcox, D.	665
Wilcox, David	498
Wilcox, Eben N.	307
Wilcox, Mrs. George	210
Wilcox, Jane A.	123
Wilcox, O. B.	307
Wilcox, W. S.	650
Wilcoxson, Gideon	613
Wilder, George	408
Wilder, Lucia	408
Wildses	598
Wilkie, Margaret Campbell	307
Wilkins, James	283
Wilkins, W. D.	635
Wilkins, Ross	635
Wilkinson, James	38
Willard, Mrs.	412
Willard, Cynthia M.	133
Willard, George	415, 539, 542, 545
Willcox, Prosecuting Attorney	339
Willcox, John	283
Willett, Joseph	444
Willett, Marinus	31
Willett, Samuel	444
Willett, Mrs. Samuel	444
Willey, James	292
Willey, Seth	285, 291, 292
Willey, William	500
Williams, ——	29
Williams, Mr.	431
Williams, Bradley	534, 536, 540
Williams, Elias G.	148
Williams, Ephraim, Jr.	148
Williams, Ephraim S.	33, 147, 148, 283, 445
Williams, George F.	446
Williams, Hannah	219
Williams, Harvey	440, 444
Williams, Mrs. Harvey	444
Williams, James	148, 498
Williams, James M.	450, 451, 452
Williams, Jennie	148
Williams, John	106
Williams, Olive	658
Williams, Oliver	148
Williams, Oscar	658
Williams, Oswald	450
Williams, Mrs. S. B.	287
Williams, Mrs. S. M.	vi, 482
Williams, T.	489
Williams Brothers	449, 450, 452
Willis, Richard Storrs	647
Willitts, Elijah	664
Willitts, Mrs. R.	664
Willson, George	285, 296
Wilson, ——	658
Wilson, Judge	679
Wilson, Mrs.	307, 655
Wilson, Elizabeth	440, 445
Wilson, George	445
Wilson, Mrs. George	107
Wilson, Hannah	283
Wilson, Henry	544
Wilson, Henry H.	284
Wilson, Mrs. H. H.	274
Wilson, H. J.	181
Wilson, James	252
Wilson, John S.	440, 445
Wilson, Malina	445
Wilson, Malissa	440
Wilson, M. & Co.	590
Wilterdink, J. A.	655
Wiltse, Geo.	506
Winchell, ——	611
Winchell, Judge	519, 520
Winchell, John	308, 513
Winchell, Martha	514
Winchester	348
Winchester, Gen.	37, 261
Winchester, Polly	193
Wing, Mrs. A. E.	325
Wing, Talcott E.	321
Winkfield, Lieut.	59
Winpenny, J. Bolton	213
Winpenny, Susan Gertrude	213
Winsor, E. E.	232
Winsor, Henry	232
Winsor, Zenas G.	227, 231, 232
Winterhalter, Mrs. George	443
Winters, George	308, 440
Winton, O. F.	205
Wisner, Chauncey W.	viii, 152
Wisner, Henry	212
Wisner, Henry A.	211
Wisner, Polydore B.	212
Wisner, Sarah	211
Witcomb, Clarissa	226
Witherbee, Austin B.	150
Witherbee, Mrs. Austin	151
Witherbee, Elisha Brigham	150, 151
Witherbee, Louise Brigham	146, 150, 151
Witherell, B. F. H.	462
Withington, W. H.	189, 214
Withington & Cooley	189, 209
Witthauer, Mrs. B.	444
Wixom, Abijah	271
Wixom, Ahigah J.	525
Wixom, Benjamin P.	522, 524
Wixom, Mrs. Constantine	271, 272
Wixom, Isaac	521, 522
Wixom, Lucy	283
Wixom, Robert, Sr.	524
Wixom, Willard	272
Wolcott, H. A.	505
Wood, Dr.	260
Wood, Betsey	271, 283
Wood, Chas.	214
Wood, Chas. M.	viii
Wood, Clara L.	248
Wood, Mrs. Constantine	271, 272
Wood, Ezra	498, 501
Wood, George	214
Wood, Jacob	271
Wood, J. C.	617
Wood, James C.	615

Page.
Wood, Jay J. 214
Wood, John 184, 248
Wood, Jonathan 214
Wood, Joseph 608
Wood, Jothan 214
Wood, Lincoln 214, 618
Wood, Ransom E. 242
Wood, Reuben 272
Wood, Rollin 608
Wood, Samuel L. 608
Wood, Mrs. Smith L. 409
Wood, Tillison 135, 136
Woodard, Chas. S. 658
Woodard, John 501
Woodard, Jones 592
Woodbridge, William 53, 513
Woodbury, S. 594
Woodbury, Silas 593
Woodcock, Leman G. 300
Wooden, Mrs. 442
Woodhams, W. H. 570
Woodman, Elias S. vi, 13, 14, 455
Woodman, George 456
Woodman, Joseph 455
Woodman, Stephen 183
Woodruff, Almira 185, 187
Woodruff, Charles 659
Woodruff, F. P. 285, 290
Woodruff, Henry vii
Woodruff, Jeanette 320
Woodruff, John E. 616
Woodward, A. B. 36, 37
Woodward, David 117
Woodward, H. 506

Page.
Woolcott, Kate N. 119
Woolfitt, A. J. 160
Woolfitt, Mrs. E. A. 160
Woolfitt, John 146, 159, 160
Woolfitt, W. E. 160
Woolnough, W. W. 396
Worcester, William 114
Worden, Alvah 134
Worsley, Lt. 57
Worthington, Wm. L. 30
Wright, Ann 187
Wright, Horatio 272, 273, 284
Wright, Margaret 187
Wright, Phebe 138
Wright, Sally 456
Wyman, Asa 185
Wyllis, Ira C. 466

Y.

Yacques (Yax) Pierre 486, 492, 501
Yaple, George L. 558, 561
Yates, Andrew 671
Yerkes, Joseph 284
Yerkes, William 524
Yook, Christian 509
Young, Brigham 153, 630
Young, Nathaniel 349
Young, Wm. 118, 253
Youngs, Mrs. M. A. 162

Z.

Zeigler, Liza 168

9707